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EDITOR'S NOTE.


NUMEROUS as are the portraits of the illustrious President Lincoln, we beg to adorn our present number with one just engraved for the purpose, as a tribute to his greatness and his worth.

Among the articles in the letter-press specially worthy of attention, we name the first on "The Court of Rome," "Michael Angelo," Taine's History of English Literature, and "Essays in Criticism," from the *North British*. These articles are ably written, and on subjects of unusual interest. The shorter and lighter papers will help to while away pleasantly the odd moments.

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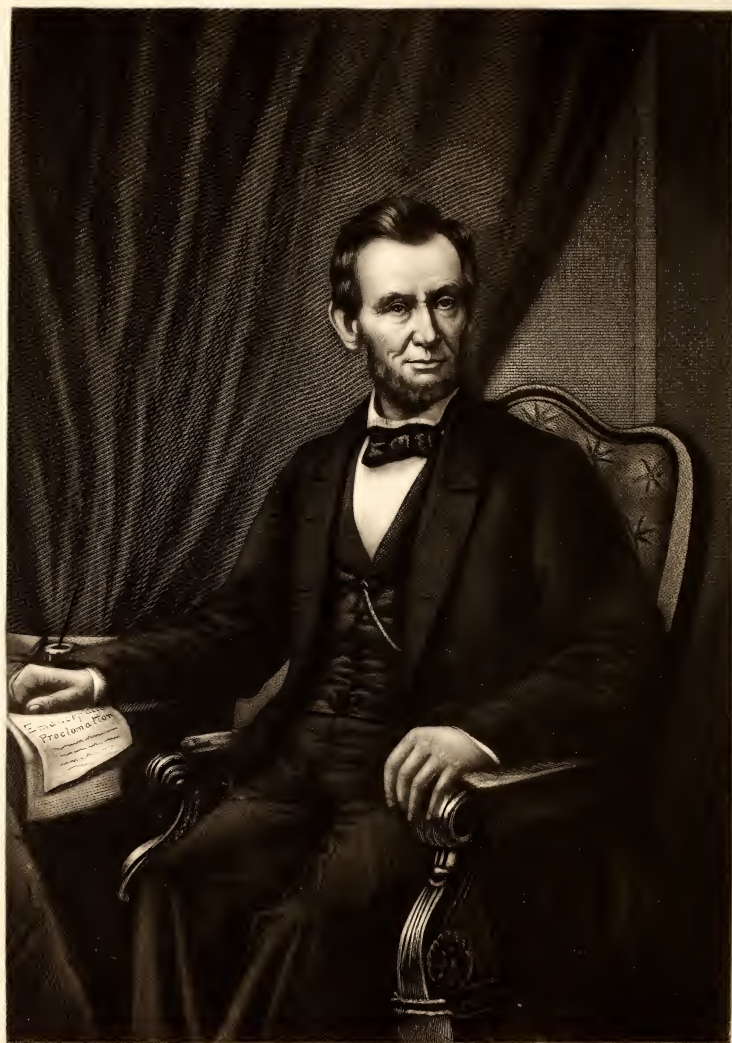
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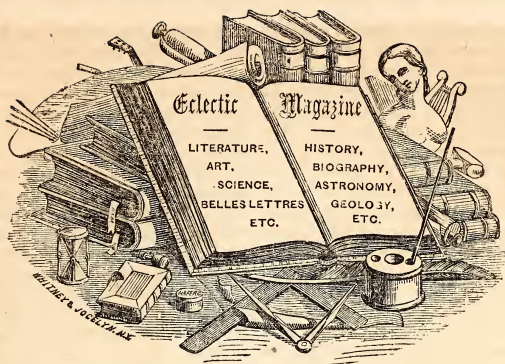
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A. Lincoln

16TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



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Fraser's Magazine.

THE COURT OF ROME—ITS PARTIES AND ITS MEN.

It is not our purpose to enter into an exposition of the facts which have contributed by a long course of action practically to modify the present constitution of the Court of Rome from what it was before the French Revolution. so as to substitute for bodies of more or less independent authority, capable of exercising a wholesome exchange of controlling influence on the State, the one all-engrossing and all-centralizing figure of an autocratic Pope. We take the Court of Rome as we find it, without caring to show how it has grown into its present shape, and we are content to look at the features of the political group which has the Convention of September and the Encyclical of Christmas for a frame. In its political aspect the Court of Rome of the present season lies wholly compressed between these two great facts, that clasp it like a ring whose setting gives its character to the object enclosed. What-

ever lies without the pale of this circle is matter of no immediate bearing, for either it has dropped away into the rapids of the past, or it is still lying in the cloudy horizon of a future that perplexes with enigmatic possibilities. But between these two capital facts, the Convention and the Encyclical, that stand forward like flanking supporters, there is to be found concentrated for the moment all that survives of the figure and organization of the Court of Rome as a living and acting political body. If we can succeed in grasping the features of the group thus presented us, in rightly comprehending the force of the inward instincts that have resulted in the attitude which meets the eye, then we may reckon on being able to estimate the relative value of the elements which are circulating in the system, and from which, in critical moments, action must unavoidably derive its character.

We start from the premiss that the Encyclical and Syllabus of the 8th December were essentially a move made by

Rome under the idea of thereby meeting the provocation offered in the Convention. In affirming this we advisedly reject the explanations freely circulated in Rome, with the view of ascribing to the document an origin wholly foreign to the grave measure on the heels of which it followed so closely. The grounds on which we rest our incredulity as to the validity of these explanatory assertions will appear in the course of this paper. The reader will then make up his own mind as to their value. All we care to do here is clearly to define our starting point, in the belief that the Encyclical owes its publication entirely to the previous publication of the Convention between France and Italy for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops. Had that Convention not been concluded, we hold that no Encyclical of that precise shape would have seen the light at that particular moment; consequently that it is the counter-move made to the great political measure aforesaid by the Court of Rome. But this Court of Rome that has thus spoken, what is it? How is it constituted? When we refer to it as a political entity, of whom is this composed? Who are the individuals that make it up in the body; and when we talk of a proclamation by its organs, what are the elements that have found a mouthpiece? In short, that Court of Rome, the sound of whose mysterious name rings so widely through the world, where does it actually dwell and live and work in the flesh and blood? If we turn for information towards the imaginary group we have conceived to be flanked by the Convention and the Encyclical, then what strikes the eye so sharply, as to make all else sink into the dimness of a mere back-ground, are the apparently interclasped figures of a Pope and a mighty Cardinal Secretary of State; the one beaming with the expanded ecstasy of mystic autocracy, and the other shrewdly sparkling with the solid massiveness of real and absolute ascendancy, but the two linked together, it would seem, in an indissoluble tie of mutual confidence and intimate concord of feelings. Distinct as this combination would look, closer approach will show that in great part it is only the effect of deceptive foreshortening. On looking into the group we shall perceive that these two

personages—apparently so indissolubly knit together—are really at some distance asunder, and that between them there stand well forward figures which at first had been quite hidden from sight—figures that materially modify the aspect of the group, and detract considerably from the commanding importance which had seemed to belong to the conspicuous figure of the splendid Cardinal. These two men—Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli—whom the world looks upon as the twin divinities dividing in love the Roman Olympus, stand really to each other in relations that are close without being any longer truly cordial, and owe their continuance before the world in an attitude of unimpaired intimacy, to a singular combination of qualities in their respective characters—in the Pope to an indwelling weakness that has always made him unequal to the effort of openly breaking with an influence he has long undergone, although often chafed at—and in the cardinal to an imperturbable evenness of temper, which renders him happily indifferent to slights from his excitable sovereign that would have stung a more punctilious Secretary of State into angrily stripping himself of the baubles of high office.

The natures of these two men are indeed strangely unlike for partners in so protracted an alliance. In fact this alliance rests now on the defects, not on the qualities of each. Since some time the union lasts only because both parties are wanting in certain senses—the Pope in that of moral courage to break to his face with a man, the spell of whose unruffled equanimity he has felt for years—the Cardinal in that of moral dignity to throw off the emoluments and emblems of high office after its substance has in great degree been taken from him. Once the case was otherwise, and originally the alliance, now kept up but by mutual inabilities, was cemented by the attraction which the Cardinal's quality of imperturbable self-possession was calculated under certain circumstances to exercise on a mind so fluctuating and so liable to flighty transports as the Pope's. But the attraction thus exercised depended necessarily for its hold on the continuation of those favorable circumstances which had caused it to be first felt. These have, however,

changed, and the consequence is that the attraction has also lost much of its zest. The cause of the modification is to be found in this, that the natures of the two men are not of commensurate range, and that there are sides in Pius IX.'s character which, when elicited, fail utterly to meet in Cardinal Antonelli's nature with an appropriate response. Those sides were in abeyance when Pius IX. was drawn towards the Cardinal; but of late they have been developed by events, and it is precisely as this has happened and as they have not met with congeniality in Cardinal Antonelli, that the Pope has felt his original cordiality of feeling towards him somewhat chilled. Pius IX. has a highly sensitive surface organization, which is necessarily excitable and liable to hasty transport; while the essentially weak and womanish cast of his monkish nature is always prone to fits of mystic enthusiasm, and always is disposed to look at things excitedly through the prism of a visionary and childish fancy which is for ever ready to take fire. But as these raptures—so quick to flare up—spring from a mere surface sensibility, they are as shallow in substance as they are passing in their manifestations. Pius IX. will burst into vehement transports, and an hour after you will find him without a trace of having been affected. Convulsion with him does not give a really disturbing emotion, for his system at heart is lymphatic and all his impulsiveness is mere sheet-lightning of the surface. Hence the exhibitions of eccentric instability, especially in his talk, which so often perplex those who have to do with Pius IX.; for where feelings have no roots deeper than in the skin, they are always liable to be made the momentary sport of a gusty imagination, itself at the mercy of chance blasts. The groundwork, however, of the Pope's nature is monkish mysticism. Once it made him trustfully pursue a dream of Liberalism, the fantastic creation of his heated brain—now it makes him contemplate, through the distorting medium of ecstatic horror, the realities of life. But there is no quality more foreign to Cardinal Antonelli's nature than that of a mystic disposition. All that lies in the region of impalpability—all that partakes of a high-flown essence—ideas of super-

human influences, notions of desperate heroism and self-immolation—in short, all that can please the kindled imagination of a mystic is without attraction for a mind so steadily shrewd and alive to the value of positive possession as the Cardinal's. Cardinal Antonelli is ambitious, but particularly of the emoluments and the rank of greatness. He entered the Church to rise, and that object, pursued with indefatigable assiduity, he has accomplished. He is certainly resolved not to allow any offence against punctilio to sting him into resigning his hold on the especial prize he has clutched. A character of this stamp is not troubled with inward enthusiasm. All its native impulses and instincts are towards material interests. Nor are the talents of the Cardinal of an elevated order. Nature has indeed gifted him with a strong dose of shrewdness; but instead of being a vigorous shrewdness, it is merely astute and foxlike. Intuition he may be said to have none; but he has a remarkable power of self-command and unruffled evenness of bearing. He seems never put out; and his pleasant affability has been a powerful assistant to him in captivating the Pope, whose vanity resents any one presuming to talk to him in a tone of authority. This native charm of cheerfulness and urbanity is the quality to which the Cardinal owes his most real triumphs, for his statesmanship amounts practically to next to nothing. He has never shown any initiative or conception except for such small devices as a merely cunning mind may be fertile in. When he can strike out one of these tricks he is visibly delighted with his genius; but the genuine bent of his ministry has been to sit still and do nothing beyond enjoy the pleasures of the hour under the protection of foreign bayonets—tiding calmly along the stream of Time without making any provisions for the future. To bring into spontaneous union two men so different in their inward natures as Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli, required exceptional circumstances. These were presented by the events of 1849 and the violent revulsion which then was wrought in the Pope's temper. Suddenly Pius IX. felt dismayed at his own work; and, smiting his breast, seated himself on a stool of penance like a

frightened schoolboy, who cries to undo what he did, and implores to kiss those to whom he was naughty. At that moment the figure of Cardinal Antonelli was a source of comfort to him. With that impulsive feeling which is natural to Pius IX., he was instinctively drawn in the season of recantation towards that Cardinal who had calmly stood close to him during exciting times, and who never had himself exhibited that enthusiasm which the Pope now deplored as a crime. We can understand how, under the circumstances, a mystic mind could apply to this particular Cardinal the affection which, under an impulse to expiate errors, it then embraced for absolute reaction. For Cardinal Antonelli appeared at that moment before the Pope's eye as the consistent representative of those principles which now had been found true; and he appeared so, thanks to the charm of his respectful manners, without his wounding the Pope's susceptibility. The art of the Cardinal has been great indeed in dealing successfully with the humors and weaknesses of the Pope's uncertain character. Therefore, as the representative of reaction was it that the Cardinal captivated the Pope's affections; and so long as a craving for mere reaction contributed the sum of all that was desired, Cardinal Antonelli continued to retain unimpaired ascendancy. That period lasted from 1850 to 1859. During those nine precious years of protected restriction, the Pontifical Government did nothing whatever for its recovery—the Cardinal, with arms akimbo, marked his absolute administration by good-humored rejections of every suggestion for Reform, and the spell-bound Pius IX. hugged the heaven-sent minister to his breast, and contented the prickings of his mystic longings by indulging in the innocent labor of decreeing the dogma of Immaculate Conception. But with the year 1859 there began a new epoch, marked by events directly calculated to influence the mystic fibres in the Pope's nature. As he saw himself the victim of spoliation—as he beheld great powers leagued together for the practical destruction of institutions which, in his mind, were identified with the existence of the Church and religion, it is intelligible how the Pope's excitable mind should have

become affected with visionary ideas. The belief in the indestructibility of St. Peter's bark—in the extension of a divine protection which would manifest itself by miraculous intervention, lay too near at hand in the order of Romish thought not to present itself widely at that moment. For the Pope, views of this nature had an irresistible attraction, and he lent a ready ear to the assurances of enthusiasts who dwelt on the certain confusion that must overtake his enemies if only he would give the signal for a crusade. Such suggestions fell dead against the sober shrewdness of Cardinal Antonelli. Not that the Cardinal exhibited any statesmanlike instincts, except that he has always been sufficiently astute to retain a common-sense indisposition to trust in the advent of miraculous aid for the defeat of palpable forces, and to be anything but zealous in the advocacy of active measures that rely on no better material resources than high-flown enthusiasm. But it was precisely in such excited counsels that Pius IX. felt disposed to take pleasure; and he listened with delight to the sympathetic effusion of zealots whose rapturous assurances contrasted with the Cardinal's tepid temperature of mind and merely temporizing inclinations.

It is from this time that two currents of influence have begun to run in rivalry to each other in the Vatican: the one moderating and essentially temporizing, whose representative is Cardinal Antonelli; and the other headlong and self-confident, represented by a cosmopolite combination of fanatics, among whom the most prominent, although not always the most influential figure, is Monsignore Merode. It is this fact which led to the creation of Lamoricière's army, and to all the rash acts which have marked the Pope's policy—acts which Cardinal Antonelli disapproved, but gave his countenance to because he is not in the mood to resign his office. There have been moments when the ascendancy of the adverse party was attended with circumstances which must have been so wounding to the Cardinal, that his voluntary retention of office proves an absolute determination never to give his enemies the pleasure of seeing him divest himself spontaneously of the post he holds. On

the other hand, the Pope, although he had repeatedly slighted his minister, can evidently not bring himself to dismiss him, partly from a want of resolution to go through the final act, and partly from an impression that he has, after all, no one more capable than the Cardinal to transact diplomatic business. Thus a curious and anomalous state of things has sprung up, attended by a running contest between a hot-headed party, which, though not allowed to stand publicly forward in the first row of installed rank, holds in its hand, to a large degree, actual power, and a minister clothed in all the semblance of absolute grandeur, but who perpetually consents to sanction and defend what in his heart he does not approve.

It may be said of this party that it has succeeded in usurping the very positive, although not easily-defined, position of influence, which formerly used to be assumed by the Pope's nephews. That nepotism of the flesh, which was once such an essential feature of the Roman Court, has now made room for the nepotism of a faction which is conspicuously represented by the Papal household. That body is composed of individuals from all nations. Every Roman Catholic community may be considered, as far as tongue goes, to have contributed its share to the Catholic character of the Supreme Pontiff's Court. As regards, however, any capacity for properly reflecting a knowledge of their respective countries, feelings, and tempers, this look of Catholic composition in the Pope's household is a sham. The individuals who figure there are without exception men of narrow mind—types of contracted fanaticism, who are incapable of serving as the medium for a ray of wholesome light. Nor must they be rated as more than mere puppets. The quality (if this term can be applied to so poor a matter) which forms the all-in-all of their intellectual nature is an impervious coating of bigotry. The action of such men on the Pope has been disastrous; for his own morbid predispositions could not fail to become dangerously stimulated by exclusive contact with their inflammatory breathings. If left to their own genius, their fanaticism would have been, indeed, comparatively harmless, from the general dullness of

their minds. Monsignore Merode alone of these domestic prelates could lay claim to some powers of invention and practical enterprise. Neither Monsignore Talbot, nor Monsignore Hohenlohe, nor Monsignore Pacca, have ever been credited with the guilt of originating any portion of that furious policy which they have always been unanimous in approving. These men have simply been used as channels for instilling into the Pope, in virtue of the advantages they have from their position as his daily associates, views and passions which other minds have been converting into a system. That system rests on the principle of uncompromising hostility to all modern civilization, to every idea popularly identified with progress, with civil liberty, with the advance of science and thought. According to this system, all that modern society prizes is of devilish origin; and it is the duty of Christ's Vicar on earth to wage a war of extermination against it. These extreme views proceed from a highflown conception of the universal prerogatives of the Church; and among prelates they have found their particular champions in bishops and cardinals of Germany and France. It is especially on the non-Italian side of the Alps that these exaggerated ideas have been most unreservedly broached; and in the Sacred College it is the two German cardinals, Reisach and Rauscher, who are considered to be their keenest advocates. Thus there has come to be formed a school of cosmopolite composition, consisting of divines and prelates of various nations, represented in Rome by members in various ranks of the hierarchy, but which, as distinguished by the numerical preponderance of non-Italian elements among its membership, has acquired, in addition to its other marks of distinction, a certain political and national color which imparts to its actions a character of special significance. For on the one hand there are in Rome these excited Catholics of foreign origin, men who are bent on an immediate crusade, and on the other hand there is the bulk of the Italian and especially Roman prelates, who have small liking for desperate moves, and think that under present circumstances to gain time, and particularly to abstain from envenoming matters, ought to be the policy for the Holy See

to pursue. An antagonism is thus tacitly produced (in Rome antagonisms hardly ever cease to be tacit) which takes the form of a struggle between prelates who inwardly consider themselves the only legitimate administrators of the political functions of the Roman Court, and a set of excited enthusiasts from the northern side of the Alps, who have been largely invading that province which the former think themselves entitled to own exclusively. It is a strange phenomenon to see the temporal power practically productive of an influence which would rather mitigate than stimulate the fury of the struggle now waged in its behalf. But a habit of practically governing human conditions always imparts some degree of prudence; and this lesson has also not been quite lost on those in whose hands has long resided the government of the States of the Church. Since centuries those hands have been purely Italian; for although a universal principle is sought to be set up at present in behalf of these States as the domain of all Catholics, in reality they have been an endowment for Italian prelates alone ever since Hadrian VI. These Italian prelates administered these same States in troubled times not without success: they have acquired not indeed a very elevated order of statesmanship, but yet a tradition of diplomatic skill and governmental adroitness that have been practically evidenced, and the knowledge whereof has not been quite blotted out in the minds of those who in virtue of their birth are the representatives of an Italian element in the ecclesiastical world of Rome. With an ill-suppressed jealousy do these prelates look on the sudden influx from abroad of wild zealots, promoting with mad impetuosity the adoption of measures whose rashness it is shrewdly felt must imperil terribly the safety of that estate which it is the merit of Italian skill to have preserved so long. It is a common remark in certain circles of Rome, that unfortunately the old and approved traditions of policy have been discarded for the wild inspirations of foreign adventurers, who personally have nothing to lose if their counsels were really to ruin the States of the Church. Within the range of a common antagonism to the suggestions of a vehemently fantastic and foreign party, these Roman prelates of the

old school concur in Cardinal Antonelli's temporizing spirit in so far as it is directed merely to break the force of this particular influence; although it would be a great mistake to infer that they are disposed to devote themselves cordially to his support as minister, or express admiration for the measures of his administration. On the contrary, Cardinal Antonelli is probably the object of as much criticism and jealousy and personal hostility on the part of these same prelates as ever any minister was. This, however, is only the ordinary fate of all Cardinal Secretaries of State in Rome, who always reside in the centre of a world alive with personal passion, the action of which they never escape feeling in the end. A point of real importance, however, is the spread in ecclesiastical circles, that are specifically Roman, of a feeling of inward hostility, not individual and spasmodic, but compact and corporative, although at present still suppressed, and flowing in underground channels, against the set of so-called interlopers who are charged with overthrowing the sound maxims of the Roman Court, with impelling it to ruin by their foolhardiness, with recklessly staking by their mad course the interests of the Church and of churchmen: a feeling of prospective, not of immediate influence, but which contains within it elements for a marked division, that apparently wants but a safe occasion for bursting into staring prominence.

The ill-feeling which we believe thus to pervade a numerous and distinct section in the ecclesiastical world of Rome, is stimulated by the decided dislike against a particular corporation with which the champions of an ecstatic policy have allied themselves closely. Beneath the ever smooth surface which is presented by the decorously deferential deportment of clerical Rome, there lurks as much compressed passion and anger and envy as ever have distracted the most secular court. Especially keen is the jealous sensitiveness on the score of what is due in rank and position and influence—a sensitiveness rather pointedly in contrast with the professions of humility forever on the lip. The quarter where this feeling has ever been particularly strong is that of monastic congregations. These brotherhoods—

impelled by the nature of their narrow constitutions to an exaggerated estimation of their specific foundation—of the especial merit of their particular founder—have ever been intensely jealous of any marked preference shown to one brotherhood over the other. The bitterest party passions have often burned hotly on the ground of such supposed preference within the seemingly so loving atmosphere of societies, where all alike profess to have turned away their minds from all thought of the world and its interests; and all alike profess to find their delight in being steeped in peaceful contemplation of heavenly objects. From the intensity which has been thrown into contests of this nature, one would be tempted to surmise that the sense of personal pride, so strictly repudiated by those who profess monkish vows, was here viewed by the members of all sides in the light of a religious duty of homage to the specific divinity of their founder. At all events it is an historical fact that repeatedly the Court of Rome has witnessed vehement, although not necessarily clamorous, opposition to any particular confraternity that might have acquired especial influence for the time.

There is, indeed, not one of the great and leading orders that at some time or other, in a period of exceptional success, has not had a run of this kind against it. But all these oppositions were as ephemeral as the casual ascendancy which kindled them, with the exception of one. That exception is justly furnished by the order which has taken up a position essentially differing in the scope of its importance from that which others have ever been able to assume—the Society of the Jesuits. This is not the place to enter into any exposition of the points which must always constitute an essential distinction between the organization of the Jesuit order and every other that has hitherto existed. It is enough for the purpose that engages our attention to note the fact that the instinct of all confraternities has systematically concurred in deep feeling of jealous hostility against the exceptional constitution and superior pretensions of this singular body; and above all that at the present moment this feeling has been intensified by pro-

found irritation at the asserted extension of late to almost absolute ascendancy of the influence of this Society over the minds of those who are in possession of authority. It is no easy matter with the guarded nature of Romish ecclesiastics to arrive at the conviction that one has been able to see the feelings that really lie near their hearts. Yet we will venture upon the confident assertion, that bitter resentment at the extraordinary influence which the Jesuits have succeeded in usurping over those whose voice is now absolute in the government of the Church, is the feeling which most pointedly possesses those who can lay a claim to any degree of independence among the ecclesiastics living within the actual precincts of Rome. We venture to affirm that wherever access can be obtained to the confidential outpourings, be it of monks that languish in neglected cells, or of secular priests who for some cause have not succumbed to the reigning influences, their burden will be angry complaint at the excessive power to which in recent years the mysterious Society of Jesuits has attained.

To drag to light in a distinct shape the influence so universally testified to in a whisper is a matter of difficulty. That noiseless stealthiness of gait, which is so marked a feature in the carriage of the individual Jesuit, extends also to the manner in which the Society works as a body. While it is felt how the minds of those who rule and govern the Church have been completely secured within a net, inquiry is baffled to detect the hands that spun and threw this net—the precise season when it was flung, or even the arms that at this moment keep it in position. It is in accordance with the principles of the Society not to make a needless exhibition of its personal existence, to seek for essential power with as little display as possible, and to volatilize as far as can be the influence which is so indefatigably striven for. Real possession, and not show, is the object the Society cares for. The conspicuous high places of office are not, therefore, what the Jesuits seek to compass; but rather the unobtrusive and seemingly humble posts of those intimate attendants upon great dignitaries, who acquire full confidence and obtain

the means for insensibly instilling views and feelings into fascinated hearts. It is here that are displayed the capabilities of that mysterious organization which makes the Society so formidable. While the eye of a stranger will probably fail to detect one professed member of the Society among the prelates who figure with the emblems of rank, the Society has made good its hold on those with whom those prelates consort, and especially on the confessionals to which they resort. It is through this mystic function of inward confidence that the Jesuits particularly operate. At the present moment the Jesuits have succeeded in becoming the spiritual advisers of almost every member of the Papal Court, and of all those sections of the lay society in Rome that, from their rank, stand necessarily in relation more or less close to the Sovereign and his Court. The most fashionable confessors, the most popular preachers in Rome are now all Jesuits; and immense is the tacit influence which they command in virtue of these positions, while insensibly they have made their own the university and the schools in the Papal States. It is an influence of too subtle a nature to analyze, but it is one whose positive action is most formidable. Even Cardinal Antonelli, who is not naturally predisposed in this sense, has been unable to keep himself clear from the mysterious influence of a body he looks on with dislike and fear, and his confessor is a member of the Society. In addition to these favored posts for operating directly upon individual hearts, the Jesuits have contrived to introduce themselves largely among the working members of the congregations upon whom devolves the real business of elaborating the decisions and proclamations of the Roman Court. The cardinals and prelates who figure as the official representatives of these bodies, are content to receive their inspirations thus from Jesuit assistants who are indifferent to public recognition of their essential labors. It is in this noiseless and underground method that, true to its traditions and to its mysterious organization, the Society has proceeded until, according to the testimony of those best able to look into the anatomy of the Roman Court, the

action of the Society's influence has attained the proportions of an overgrown upas-tree, casting the unwholesome blot of its outspread and dank shadow over the whole brain of the Church's government.

It is not, however, within the compass of any human stealth to pick its course so lightly as to avoid leaving behind some trace that can bring home conviction. With all this mastery in self-restraint, and all the severity of their discipline in unostentation, the Jesuits have yet been unable to repress some burst of self-betraying triumph, and to avoid employing some modes of procedure that necessarily have brought them before the public. On the 20th November last, the mighty fane of St. Peter's gathered within its vast walls a throng of human beings eager to look upon a gorgeous and rare rite that day to be celebrated in the great temple. It was indeed a scene of gorgeous splendor—a scene admirably rich in all those points of pomp calculated to attract a mind prone to ecstatic awe; to inflame a sense for mysterious and mystic worship which flashed upon the spectator as that morning he stepped inside that grandest building raised by man—the work of his hand which nearest arrives to being the expression in stone of a creation and of space. On that day this noblest of shrines was decked out with a profusion of bright hangings, and a blaze of tapers which quite killed the sun's rays by its flood of light, while the beauty and taste of the designs in which these countless candles were architecturally disposed imparted to the decorations a singular effectiveness. All the doors leading into the atrium were thrown wide open, and yet black streams of pushing spectators flowed through them on and on without break, until even the vastness of St. Peter's wore the look of a peopled building. Among the crowd that flocked in so bigly, many were the curious strangers from over the sea and the Alps, hurrying to see the great sight of the day. Few of these, however, had an understanding of what the scene really meant upon whose gorgeous show they gazed intently. Perhaps, indeed, some might have gleaned an inkling if they caught up broken words which

dropped at moments from the taciturn lips of friars of all orders who stood and roamed about St. Peter's in sullen knots. But only few of the strangers who figured so numerous that morning will have been able to gather the true import of the glittering ceremony they were looking on.

That ceremony was being performed in celebration of a new saint. Another had been added to the host of the beatified by the decree of Pius IX., and it has always been customary that such a promotion should be kept holy by him who had been thus able to swell the heavenly hosts with a recruit. These promotions have not been scarce of late; on the contrary, Pius IX. has been particularly favoured with an exceptional plentifulness of individuals found deserving of the exaltation; and Rome has seen, in the three last years, a quiet unusual number of canonizations and beatifications. It was not, therefore, the merit of the occurrence which gave a real peculiar interest to this particular beatification. That was derived from the nature of the individual selected as the object of ovation, and from the interests that had succeeded in obtaining it for him; and they themselves were therefore celebrating a public triumph in the achieved exaltation of the man whom they had been strenuously supporting in the contest for heavenly honors. Who, then, was this new saint whose promotion gave occasion to the gorgeous display of pomp and ceremonial? It was the great Jesuit controversialist and indefatigable missionary against the rampart heresies of Protestant Germany, Canisius; the man who, of all others, could claim to be the type and representative in his life, his teaching, and his doings, of the peculiarities which constitute the essential characteristics of the action of the Society and the particular claims it puts forward to special merit. All that goes to make up the most striking section of the history of the Society of Jesus, and exhibits in a striking degree its distinctive features, lies embodied in the figure of the man who was the foremost champion in the great crusade, mainly due to the services of the Jesuits, which again permanently recovered to the Holy See a large portion of heretical Germany. For Canisius

was not merely a missionary full of zeal and controversial vigor, distinguished principally by his readiness always to do public battle for his religious convictions. Canisius was an administrator and organizer as well as an unflinching member of the Church purely militant. It is not only the victory won in Germany over Protestants, but also the manner in which that victory has been turned to account, which are indissolubly connected with the name of Canisius. It is he who instituted in Germany the Jesuit seminaries that permanently exerted so vast an influence upon that country; it was he who composed a catechism which became the text-book not only of these schools, but generally of all Catholic foundations in those parts; and it was he who elaborated and defined and introduced that peculiar method of instruction which became systematically observed in the important seminaries directed by the Society. Therefore, Canisius, even more than Loyola, may be considered the type and representative of the system and spirit that dwell in the Society of Jesus; for Loyola expressed only the elementary impulse of a certain enthusiasm not yet reduced to form, but Canisius represents its matured expression, its practical aspect, the spirit and the shape within the discipline of which this impulse has walked on earth. Canisius is the hero—the representative man of the Jesuits. This greatest achievement—the religious reconquest of Germany—is inseparably connected with his memory, as also the perfection of his methods of teaching and reasoning which they have systematically pursued as most consonant to their principles. In the glorification of Canisius, the practical action of the Society of Jesus has therefore been glorified—a tribute of homage the contemplation whereof can hardly have failed to inspire some bitterness of feeling into not a few among the many friars of all kinds who that morning glided about St. Peter's; and which, however intelligible a gratification to the members of the Society, has not impossibly been on their part as unwise a manifestation of ascendancy as it certainly has been a signal instance of deviation from the else so guardedly observed rule not to indulge in displays

which can provoke irritation. On that 20th of November, Pius IX., under circumstances of a political nature that intensified the significance of the demonstration, promulgated deliberately his implicit acknowledgment of the superior excellence of the Society of Jesus, by elevating to the highest honors within his gift an individual than whom the Society can not boast of a more complete representative. Undoubtedly it was a great triumph for the brotherhood, as it was a public exhibition of the absolute power to which its influence has attained in the present Court of Rome.

Of the particular sense, however, in which this influence has of late years been exerted very conclusive indications are furnished by a publication which is itself an innovation on the traditional tactics of the Society, and a striking acknowledgment of the necessity for new weapons to combat the spirit of modern times. It is necessary to remind the reader of the impossibility of any individual action in public by a professed Jesuit. Whatever is done by a member of the Society is done with the concurrence of its constituted authorities, or he becomes a rebel and is forthwith subjected to penalty. The intrinsic wrong of an individual impulse has no connection whatever with the condemnation. A priest may be actuated with the most real devotion—his impulse may be fraught with essential benefit to the Society and its interest, and yet if he should ever presume to promote these of his own authority he will forthwith be liable to penance; for the cardinal principle on which the Society reposes is the absolute renunciation of individual personality by its members—the absolute dependence always for motive impulse upon command from above. Therefore no Jesuit can continue to remain one and yet engage in occupations, however innocent or meritorious in themselves, otherwise than at the desire or with the sanction of his superior. The individual Jesuit can never exist but as an organ—more or less important according to his natural capacities—that helps to feed a mighty and all-absorbing body. When, therefore, we find ourselves in presence of a large enterprise with which members of the Society have been continuously connect-

ed, we can have no hesitation in repudiating from that fact alone any belief in the existence of purely individual influence: much more must this be the case when without attempt at disguise the seat of direction for the enterprise is publicly located in the seminary of the Society in Rome. We allude to the periodical the *Civiltà Catholica*, which, since a series of years, has issued from the presses of the Society, edited by members of the Society, and written by members of the Society, who make no disguise of their authorship, and are located in a house specially set apart for them. These circumstances impart a capital importance to this periodical. It is as much the avowed organ of the Society as the *Moniteur* is the official mouth-piece for the proclamations of the French Government. In it the Society of Jesus promulgates, with an indefatigable vehemence of argumentation, its views on all points of doctrine and on all the great questions of the day. Originally the periodical was issued at Naples; but Ferdinand II., who, with the despotic principles imitated also the suspicious nature of Philip II., took umbrage at the contents of a report to the General of the Society by the editors of this paper, and banished them and it from his territories. The story is a curious one. It appears that in accordance with the strict dependence that prevades the Jesuit body, the managers of the *Civiltà Catholica* make to their superior a report at the end of the year on the success and condition of their periodical. This report is secret, and meant only for the use of the authority to whom it is addressed. A copy fell however into the hands of the Neapolitan police, when King Ferdinand was stung to passion by reading pungent observations on the obstacles which the arbitrary jealousy of the Neapolitan police put in the way of the journal. The effect wrought upon the autocratic susceptibilities of this inflated despot, by the discovery of such unseemly freedom of stricture, was the instantaneous expulsion of the guilty parties and the prohibition of the *Civiltà Catholica* in his dominions.

The paper then was transferred to Rome, and the whole talent and energy of the Society became directed towards making it a powerful publication. The

rulers of the Society, alive to the necessity of coping with the spirit of discussion and inquiry that has taken hold of the age, resolved on throwing all their resources of mind and means into the task of creating for the periodical a position of leading influence in Catholic circles. Nothing has been spared which could be commanded by the expenditure of an authority that has at its disposal resources of vast influence; and the result has not been inconsiderable, for the *bonâ fide* subscribers amount, we believe, to full twelve thousand. In the pages of this periodical there will be found, therefore, the running commentary by the men who constitute the Society of Jesus upon every question philosophical, doctrinal, or political, which has attracted attention during recent times. Everything which has in any degree touched, however remotely, the interests of Rome has been amply discussed, reviewed, and judged in this publication. Now, if we turn over the pages of this periodical we shall find that the views advocated therein with so much warmth are precisely those which have been gradually more and more adopted by the Court of Rome, and which have been gradually more and more revealed in the decrees that have been promulgated by the Holy See. There is not one of the great judgments pronounced from this tribunal of late years, beginning with the condemnation of Günther's philosophy, which is not the expression of what had before been half recommended in these productions by Jesuit writers; and this holds true of the last great utterance by the Pope—the Encyclical with its appendix. The germ and pith of all those propositions in it, which by their singularity constitute the real importance of this document, are to be found in the polemical articles of the *Civiltà Catholica*, and can thus be traced directly to the progressive action of Jesuit influence and Jesuit inspiration. On this score no one conversant with Rome and of good faith will venture to dispute what we say. The Society of Jesus has now grown to be a power in the government of the Court of Rome of most formidable dimensions—a power that at present is in a position to consider itself absolute, and is so with-

out doubt; for the hold which it has made good on those who figure as governors of the Church is in great part of that grim kind which makes victims shrink tamely within the clutch of a bird of prey, because they think it impossible to keep free. Pius IX. does not love the Society of Jesus; he has, on the contrary, personal predispositions against it from early associations and impressions, and which he has repeatedly shown, as for instance when he took Passaglia under his protection, and facilitated his egress from the Society. Yet he is practically quite as helpless within the meshes of their ascendancy now as any poor trapped bird is within the prison of its snare. The Jesuit influence weighs at this moment like a cunning spell on the Vatican, fascinating some and grimly compelling others, but leaving none beyond its reach.

Let us now consider how the action of the impulses we have been describing—refracted, however, through the prisms of two diverging influences, the passionate visionary influence which finds a representative at Court in the flushed and dishevelled intellect of Monsignore Merode, and the adventurous, moderating, especially temporizing influence which finds its representative in the small, cold twinkle of Cardinal Antonelli's necromantic shrewdness—has resulted in the promulgation of the Encyclical, which we have no hesitation in persisting to interpret as a measure adopted with a view of meeting the thrust threatened by the Convention. Unable to quote our authorities for every statement we advance, we must expect to be contradicted flatly by those who have taken a brief from the Court of Rome; but as long as these partizans meet our statements by mere counter assertions, unsupported by the kind of conclusive evidence which it must be easy for them to bring forward should it exist, we shall be prepared to abide by our views. The Convention came with the same surprise on the Vatican with which it came on the European public. The assertions sometimes indulged in of late that the Papal Government had received before its conclusion from the French a confidential communication of its nature—that it had been prepared for what was brewing,

and that it had made known in Paris its views on the subject—these assertions are drawn entirely from fancy. The surprise of the Vatican on the communication to it of M. Drouyn de Lhuys's despatch of the 12th September was absolute, for so secret had been the negotiations of this understanding that the French diplomatic agents themselves were kept in complete ignorance thereof; while the Nuncio in Paris, almost at the very hour when the contracting parties were closeted together for signature of the Convention, reported to his Government the utter absence of all stir in the world of politics. The knowledge of what had happened came therefore with the suddenness of a thunderbolt on the ecclesiastical circles of Rome, and the method of its reception by these was marked according to their characters. The Secretary of State received the communication with unruffled self-possession and unaltered cheerfulness. Inwardly his feelings were, however, of a different nature, for he felt himself tricked and tricked in a manner that involves peril to the stability of possession, an injury that irritates the angry passions of a soul dearly loving gain. Under the cold pleasant surface of the Cardinal's urbanity, the Convention has been kindling an intense, though guardedly compressed, hatred against the cunning hand that furnished the deadly shaft. But outwardly all was smooth and cheerful, and the impression made by this bombshell was in appearance not a whit different from what would have been made by the most ordinary communication. On the other hand the prelates of an ecstatic complexion burst forthwith into an hysterical chorus of rhapsodies, culminating in convulsively shrill screams of horribly wild incoherence about how the day of God's blessed restoration to his own was now at last visibly dawning in the Convention; according to some a device of heavenly cunning imparted to the Emperor Napoleon for making the sacrilegious folly of impious Italy work its own destruction; according to others a devilish train laid in truth against the Holy See, but which would explode backwards to the sending up of the Evil One himself into the air; while in spite of their shrieks of professed confidence these prelates were

yet visibly shaken with spasms of furious anger. All this, however, was put on for the public—the cheerful indifference of Cardinal Antonelli and the whipped-up ebullitions of confident predictions by the fanatics; and both parties spoke and bore themselves differently when they met in council upon what should be done by the Pope under the circumstances of the case. There was only one point on which all agreed—some from policy others from conviction. The serious nature of the Convention was to be treated as a chimera. That it even should have entered the head of the French Emperor to carry out the stipulations in the Convention was to be laughed at as an absurd idea. When the two years were passed, the French garrison, it was said, would still continue to do the same duties in Rome it had fulfilled for fifteen years; and to be under a different impression was to exhibit a marvelous capacity for misapprehension. The Convention was a diplomatic move of indeed grave consequences for Italy; but as regarded the Holy See it would be, and never was meant to be otherwise than, a dead letter. As soon, however, as the question came to be to decide on the steps to be taken in consequence of the Convention, this symphony of expressed opinion ceased. Cardinal Antonelli, by nature disinclined to all measures of a startling and bold kind, advocated as ever a policy of abstention. With characteristic aptitude for picking out small creeping-holes, the Cardinal, congratulating himself on his dexterity, darted on the fact that the Convention had never been brought to the knowledge of the Pope, as a happy plea for quite ignoring its existence and continuing to drift on in hope of better luck. The Convention has formally never been communicated to the Papal Government; and the French despatch of the 12th September, recapitulating the grounds for evacuating Rome and giving advice for timely measures to be adopted by the Pope (the only document that has been handed to the Papal minister,) makes no allusion to the Convention, signed three days latter, and of whose existence we believe the French ambassador himself to have been ignorant at the time. So tame a policy was quite contrary to the passionate aspira-

tions of the ecstatic party. The case was one of dire affront to the Holy See; as such it touched to the quick the hearts of all true Catholics, who now would only want the Pope to speak the word to come to his rescue. Between these rival views a contest ensued in the Papal councils; various were the more or less adventurous projects put afloat and talked of until Cardinal Antonelli's adroitness succeeded in devising a compromise. The Catholic Powers, whose sympathies were known, were to be got to express their readiness to furnish to the Pope, with the concurrence of France, the means for material protection, should he stand in need thereof after the evacuation of Rome. In this way the onus would be thrown on the Emperor of appearing publicly in the invidious character of the obstacle that forbade the Faithful indulging in their affections for their Pontiff, if he were to refuse his concurrence, while the means would be offered to the Pope of easily eliciting, without having recourse to violent demonstration, that formidable, though dormant, power of Catholicism in France which it was confidently said the Emperor would never dare to confront. Unexpectedly a bitter disappointment dashed this little project. The Austrian and Spanish Governments announced themselves to be disabled from making the suggested declaration of their readiness to give material assistance by the now recognized law in politics of non-intervention. Cardinal Antonelli contemplated, we believe, to reproduce his project in another shape. He meant to submit the news of the French despatch of the 12th September to criticism in an elaborate note, which he proposed despatching and rendering public as a manifesto immediately after the actual vote in the Italian Parliament for the transfer of the capital—a note in which he would review the whole position, give the grounds why the Pope must decline the suggestions advanced by the French minister for the creation of an army, and by expressing the Pope's determination to leave the settlement of his future condition to Providence and the devout feelings of the Catholic world—in other words, an appeal *ad misericordiam* that could be made

a text of by fiery bishops. This, however, did not satisfy the extreme party. The unexpected defection at a pinch of powers so Catholic and so Conservative produced violent irritation; and the cry was raised how the Evil One was visibly stalking into the very heart of orthodoxy, since even Spain and Austria had not hesitated to express their deference to new principles that contravened their duties as obedient sons of an absolute Pope. Matters had reached a pitch when it was indispensable for the Pope to fulminate a bolt of reprobation that should wither up the rapidly-extending element of defection that so manifestly was decomposing society. The doctrine of non-intervention was the devilish invention that was breaking up all the landmarks of existing institutions. Against it, therefore, was it frantically shouted that a blow must be dealt with all the weight peculiar to the Pontifical arm. Supremely distasteful to the Cardinal, such passionate purposes were to Pius IX. not without attraction, and that attraction became irresistible when their instigators bethought themselves of certain formulas, already familiar to the Pope, and showed how these might be made to figure in support of the occasion. The difficulty that presented itself at first sight was to find a fitting form for a denunciation in the grand style of Pontifical authority against a point of politics so purely technical as that of non-intervention. The Holy See has ever been rigorously careful to preserve in its utterances a tone of grave and general application conformable to its peculiarly canonical pretensions.

Since a period, dating back to the beginning of the last decade, the theologians of the Roman Court have been engaged in considering the nature of certain opinions, which had been reported as suspicious. The original opinions, so subjected to inquiry, were the outflow of one or other of the liberal schools in the Church, and stood connected, more or less directly, with Günther's philosophy, the teaching adopted by the Louvain professors, and the cognate intellectual manifestation, that have been the events of our times. The former movers in this inquiry were the Jesuits; and for years Passaglia was specially engaged in

this investigation, which was then prosecuted with all the traditional prolixity of Roman processes. But Passaglia left the society—some of his colleagues who were not Jesuits got other destinations, and the labor fell into hands that worked less deliberately, but also with a rasher zeal. When the bishops met in Rome, and gave their opinions in behalf of the necessity for a temporal power, information reached a few persons that a startling catalogue had been drawn up of propositions to be pronounced deserving of condemnation; but this was steadily asserted to be without foundation. On the 25th October, 1862, however, there appeared in Passaglia's weekly paper, *Il Mediatore*, the Latin text of sixty-one *Theses ad Apostolicam Sedem delatæ*, and every one of which had appended to it its specified and circumstantial sentence of condemnation. The publication made a sensation in Rome, and was indignantly branded as a piece of wicked forgery. The assertion thus so solemnly advanced is now irrevocably confuted by the deed of the very men who were loudest in making it. Unless Passaglia is indeed an imp of the Evil One, who has a supernatural gift of mischievous forescience, the documents he published must be the rough sketch of the Syllabus that has been attached to the Encyclical. Unfortunately, space forbids our analyzing the differences in the two documents, and marking the modifications that have been introduced, manifestly with the sole view of sharpening the point of denunciation against special and concrete objects. Indeed the curious document preserved in Passaglia's little-read periodical would now be well worth study. It was of this draught that the counsellors for active demonstration then bethought themselves, as a document that had the recommendation of having already received the Pope's real, although not formal, concurrence, and containing in germ all that might be wanted in the way of condemnation. Accordingly the document was remodelled, so as to give greater prominence to points before but indicated. The numbers of propositions were swelled to eighty—the last section in the Syllabus, treating of *errors relating to Modern Liberalism*, was added; and

finally, in the room of a general dissent from the proposition that the Gospel teaching of mutual help does not extend to an obligation to come to the rescue of lawful princes when unjustly assailed, there was inserted the startling proposition LXII., which brands with unreserved condemnation the proclamation and *observance* of the principle called non-intervention. The extraordinary import of this sentence is revealed by its unparalleled wording. The Holy See has never before issued an absolute injunction about observance. To do so indirectly, contrary to its unvarying doctrine that, however immutable must be abstract principles, and as such, therefore, never to be departed from in dogma, the practical question of their observance must depend upon the circumstances that attend a case, and can not consequently be made the subject of absolute and unalterable injunction. It is impossible to explain away the extraordinary intention expressed in the adoption of a form of utterance so wholly at variance with all precedent. The Court of Rome is the most scrupulous observer of traditional form, and it is preposterous to advance the plea that the knowledge of the meaning of the terms used had dropped out of the minds of the writers of the Syllabus. The mere attempt to foist off such an assertion is a most audacious presumption on our ignorance. The men who have composed this astounding Syllabus are men who have had all the training of the Jesuit schools—are perfectly conversant with the real meaning of words, and know all the inns and outs of those intricate formalities which have been devised by the quibbling ingenuity of Curial Legists. What is written in the Syllabus has been written deliberately—what is novel therein has been introduced knowingly, and any explanation to give a modified sense to its original meaning must be an after-thought, which ought to have no weight, except as a possible sign of a desire to get out of what has been discovered to be a mistaken groove. The Encyclical and its Syllabus were launched in fury against the detestable innovations in politics which had been put forward by Catholic Powers as the obstacles in the way of

their zeal; they were the work of the Jesuit party acting upon the Pope through the channel of the high-flown fanatic intoxicated with mysticism—and that work was pushed through sorely against the wish of Cardinal Antonelli, who then blandly accepted what he saw that he could not prevent. The contents of this fulminating effusion, which touch other matters, had been long under discussion, and might have yet remained a good while in the recesses of ecclesiastical congregations had they not been wanted to impart an appearance of comprehensive range to a fulmination which at this moment was discharged against a point of politics too technical and too concrete by itself for a Pontifical sentence.

Although beyond the strict scope of a paper that purposes to recount the nature of that which is at present in existence at the Vatican, the question as to the upshot to which must lead the strange disposition of influences we have been attempting to portray, is one of so pressing a nature that we can not close without alluding to it. Speculation is with reason inflamed on the subject of what may come forth from the next conclave. For that as long as Pius IX. continues on the throne, it is beyond hope that any turn should be taken towards a policy of compromise, is admitted, we suppose, even by the most sanguine. The reign of Pius IX., unto its end, whenever that may come, will be distinguished by the settling down more and more deeply of the Holy See in the trough of a Jesuit and fanatical ascendancy, only their ascendancy will never assume an heroic attitude, partly from the natural feebleness of Pius IX., who will always falter in a critical moment, partly from the moderating counteraction which Cardinal Antonelli will always be able in some degree to exercise. The acts of the Court of Rome will thus bear the stamp of passionate origin, and yet they will never become really formidable, because the arm that wields the authority at the Vatican is vacillating, and incapable of genuine determination. The spirit that breathes in the Encyclical is one which, had it been forthcoming with vigor, would have laid interdicts, launched ex-commu-

nications against individuals by name, issued direct appeals to Catholicism, instead of sneakingly letting off incendiary squibs from time to time, and then protesting that there never had been any intention to charge them with powder. The most convincing proof of the degree to which the temporal power is rotten, is afforded by the utter want of greatness of purpose which the Pope has shown in his policy. He has been pettish and peevish, he has scolded and screamed, he has flown into womanish paroxysms of transport, and into womanish bursts of antiquated cries, but he has never once stepped forward with the self-reliance of a man who has confidence in his cause, and dares to trust to the affection which the faithful have for his temporal estate. And in this way will matters go on as long as the present reign lasts, deteriorating under the action of a noxious influence, which rules in the ascendant, only with all it has of most absurd and mischievous, without being able to break through with what it might possibly possess of startling and effective.

If we are to place confidence in what is currently circulated in Rome, we might expect that measures have been taken which ought to secure in the next Papal election the instantaneous victory of a candidate who will represent the interests now in the ascendant. We ourselves hesitate to hazard any predictions. The temper of the Sacred College has at all times been most difficult to gauge, and we see no reason for assuming that there is any change in this respect. Nothing is more contrary to precedent than that the cardinals created by a pope, however deferential to him when alive, should prove attached to his memory. The history of conclaves is there to dispel such an idea with an overwhelming catalogue of facts. Moreover, the struggle in a conclave is always not to vindicate the memory of a deceased pope, but to overthrow the influence of the cardinal who was the late Pope's favorite, and has had the patronage of the State. Formerly it was the Cardinal nephew, now it is the Cardinal Secretary of State who has to stand the brunt of this opposition. It is certainly to be expected that Cardinal Antonelli

has many enemies among his colleagues. The very misfortunes which have come over the Holy See, in part from measures which he has really disapproved of, furnish ready charges of indictment against him. We should say confidently that Cardinal Antonelli can count his sincere friends only by units among the Sacred College. It would not therefore surprise us if the jealousy and ill-feeling which we fancy lurks in the breasts of many cardinals, were to prove an immediate element for anyhow preventing an instantaneous election by previous arrangement. It is enough, however, to have once introduced an element of difference in a conclave, to lead easily to lengthened discussions. Everything concurred to prognosticate an instantaneous election on the death of Pius VI. The state of the world counselled imperatively concord—extraordinary arrangements among the cardinals had been made to secure it—when the circumstances of the pre-designated candidate having failed to get at the first balloting the requisite majority by one vote, sufficed to spin out the conclave three months and a half. On the other hand, it must be expected that the antagonisms which we have dwelt on above, between those who are creatures of the Jesuits and those who are disposed to look with an evil eye on that society—between the prelates of Italian origin and those from over the mountains—will show themselves in a conclave of any duration, and will introduce into it many cross influences, the practical action whereof can not be calculated. It is, indeed, a common opinion that the dislike against the non-Italian cardinals is so great that it will, more than any other consideration, have weight with those in Rome to accelerate an election at once on the Pope's demise, in accordance with arrangements already made. It is very probable that secret arrangements have been made, with the Pope's wish, for the purpose of raising to the Chair a man according to his heart. We are quite ready to expect that the cardinals of the Jesuit party will act together with superior discipline and compactness, were it from no other reason than that they will from the first know exactly what they want, while the others would

have to acquire organization in the Conclave. Still it would be rash to trust in the certainty of any previous combination being carried out, however strong it may appear at present. The chances that can materially affect the Conclave, and to which it is particularly liable, are innumerable. It is very well for a faction now in the ascendant to have cunningly-laid plans for carrying the election by surprise, as it is supposed, through means of an already signed Papal rescript, absolving the Sacred College from the obligation of waiting the prescribed nine days after the Pope's decease before proceeding to an election; yet in these days of telegraph and steam, unless the Pope dies in a fit, it will be impossible to hurry the proceedings so as not to give time to cardinals at a distance to reach Rome. But leaving mere manœuvres out of consideration, it is evident that a Conclave can not avoid being affected by the political conditions of the moment, and these in our times are liable to sudden modifications quite beyond foresight. For instance, a Conclave before the Convention would have met under conditions to produce a different array of parties from what would probably be seen now. Several cardinals who before would have gone without reservation with the zealots, are likely now to demur from their policy in some degree. The truth is that in Rome the possibility of an abiding Italy has not presented itself hitherto as a livelihood. It is only since the Convention, and especially the transfer of the capital, that the idea of such an event being possible, is beginning to be entertained. Every fact, therefore, which may tend to confirm this impression will strengthen an element that hitherto has exercised no influence, but which, as its action extends, will directly operate to relax the tenacity of a no-surrender spirit. Almost exactly half the Sacred College bowed to Napoleon I., figured at his Court, accepted salaries at his hand under the belief that he was permanent lord of the ascendant, and the same thing will happen towards Victor Emmanuel the day he can get himself to be considered as a king that really has a probability of continuing in power. The present position of affairs is of a nature where every day an occurrence

may happen greatly to modify its aspect and materially to disintegrate the solidarity of the elements that have been defiantly rejecting all appeals towards a spirit of compromise. At the very moment we are writing an incident is happening which may have great consequence. We mean the attitude which Cardinal Andrea has publicly taken up. It can not be apprehended for an instant that he has any prospect of becoming Pope; but he has the prospect before him, provided he does not lose himself by indiscreet conduct, such as Passaglia was guilty of when he had himself elected deputy, to become the influential mouthpiece of opinion in the Sacred College, which when once expressed many of his colleagues will be likely to assent to, who would not have had the courage to speak them first. It is evident from the authorized report given in the French press of a conversation with the Cardinal that he is prepared to take publicly the responsibility of his views. These amount simply to a recognition of what has been fulfilled, and a desire for the Holy See to come to an understanding on this base which will secure to it a fixed establishment for the future. No cardinal has yet uttered anything even remotely approaching these opinions in distinctness; but not a few we apprehend have been affected with them dimly, and inwardly recognize therein, more or less, the expression of their own instincts. Hence the position taken up by Cardinal Andrea is a very grave incident, and we can not help anticipating that if he were to appear in a conclave, as certainly he means to do, without having lost credit by any act unbecoming his peculiar station, and with the kind of authority that could not fail to appertain to a confidential representative of his character, able to communicate in the intimacy of the conclave, the terms which the King of Italy was ready to offer the cardinals for the security of their dignities—that the impression produced would be great and lead to much discussion and serious consideration. But how different is a temper not indisposed to take note of propositions of this kind from the frantic humor which

made the bishops of the Church declare the Temporal Power little less than a divine institution. It is in such insensible changes that the pitiless might of time marks itself even upon the stubborn constitution of Rome.

We have supplied the reader, to the best of our power, with an account of parties in the Court of Rome, and must leave him now to draw his own conclusions as to the precise shape into which coming events will there fall. His boldness may venture upon casting a horoscope, the particularities of which we are too short-sighted to be able to decipher at this distance. All that we can distinguish are certain marked currents of influence which seem destined to come into collision, but are liable to be materially affected for better or for worse by numerous incidents that can be said to be in the air of the times, but can not be prognosticated with certainty. Undoubtedly the next Conclave will be a capital event; but the impression at this moment is that its importance will rather be in affording a field on which opinions in favor of modification will show themselves and acquire influence for a future moment than in actual and immediate result. The feeling of those who might form a judgment seems to be, that the next Conclave will be marked with conclusive evidence of the progress made by the sense for a necessity to strike out of the groove in which matters have been allowed to run, but that yet the election is likely to rest with the retrograde party, which, however, will itself have to make concessions to its opponent before carrying a candidate. The victory would in this case be a modified one, and the Pope be more or less neutral, a character in accordance with a reign of tacitly-admitted transition between an obsolete constitution to be allowed to drop out of sight, and new forms which have to be manufactured. But a reign once penetrated with a consciousness, however suppressed, of transition, can hardly fail to be more than a reign of accelerated decomposition in which the elements of disintegration must perforce ripen fearfully fast.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF
LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

It would be difficult to say much more than has been said by Mr. Ruskin on the modern tendency to Landscape Painting. Any one who touches on this theme must re-arrange, collect, and criticize what he has scattered up and down his works. In comparing our arts with those of the Greeks and Romans, and indeed with those of the mediæval and Renaissance periods, we can not but perceive how much of our attention is directed to inanimate nature. The ancients were occupied with affairs of civil life almost exclusively. The passions, sentiments, and thoughts of men seemed to them the only fitting subjects of art. Nor did they regard the outer world, except as conducing to the luxuries and comforts of daily life. The beauty of mountain, sea, and sunlight they no doubt appreciated, but they did not care to represent it as it stood before them. Every fact of nature became humanized before the Greeks admitted it within the pale of art. It was not the river, or the tree, or the cloud they sought to reproduce; but the god of streams, the Dryad, and the master of the clouds. With these personages the Greeks could sympathize. A divine being, not very different in kind from himself, was always present to a Greek. The notion of personality in God, in nature, and in man so filled his intellect that it left room for none beside. Very little of this sentiment remains to us. Our monotheistic religion, and the dogma of the creation, have entirely destroyed the belief in deities of woods, and waves, and mountains. Spiritual conceptions have supplanted the concrete forms of Greek mythology, and art has sought to represent subjects of a more reflective and less external character. We have little power over sculpture, but music, poetry, and landscape painting flourish.

Again, the beauty of man was always prominent to the Greeks in their gymnastic grounds, in the dances and processions of their religious ritual, and on the plains of Elis, where all Hellas met to watch the contests of her athletes. To the development of the body they paid an almost exclusive attention. Gymnastics

constituted the whole education of a Spartan youth, and the music which Plato added to this training consisted for the most part in a cultivation of harmonious sentiments, and of an æsthetical enjoyment of the beautiful. Modern society in this respect is placed upon quite a different footing. Instead of seeing the human form constantly bare before us, and of rejoicing by experience and by sympathy in the loveliness and strength of well-trained limbs, to uncover the person is considered a disgrace, and mediæval Christianity has taught us an almost morbid contempt for the flesh. Our clumsy clothing, and the awkwardness of our movements, distract attention from the beauty of man, and leave it free to occupy itself with other kinds of natural grace.

Again, it must be remembered that every man of Greece and Rome had political and military interests, which absorbed his activity, and prevented him from becoming self-engrossed in meditation, or in merely private matters. Each individual citizen was of vast importance to the state when wars were frequent and the families from which the soldier and the statesman came were few. In modern days the size of nations relieves each individual from those responsibilities which weighed upon a citizen of Greece or Rome. The business of public life is not sufficient to exercise the faculties of all the cultivated classes. There remains a large body of men who have to seek within themselves the object of their interest, and to whom politics presents no attractions. Hence solitude of soul, and introspection, and the melancholy which loves to be alone with nature, have a place in modern psychology. A morbid sense of isolation results, which has been admirably depicted by Goethe in his *Faust*. This character, to classic thinkers, would have seemed unreal and monstrous in the last degree. They would have shrunk from its unhealthy self-analysis and constant brooding over private pains. But in modern society it has a deep and far-spread truth. It represents a condition of human life which is almost universal, and which constitutes the special gravity of modern, as distinct from ancient modes of thought. The vast importance of the individual in the face of

nature and of God is here asserted. Faust, in the anguish of his scepticism, looking at the moonlight, longs to be far off upon the hills, or on the meadows, and to bathe his pain away in mingled light and dew. When passion is struggling with the sense of duty in his soul, he seeks the mountains. We find him among trees and caverns, listening to the tempest and endeavoring to lose his human troubles in the contemplation of eternal nature. Again, after the catastrophe of Margaret's episode it is among the fields, and pines, and waterfalls of Switzerland that Faust recruits his shattered strength.

Nature is always made the antidote of human ills. Its peace contrasts with our unrest, its unbroken continuity with our changefulness, the order of its recurring seasons with our chaotic history, the durability of its powers with our ephemeral lease of life, its calm indifference with our fretfulness and intolerance of pain. Shakspeare, in his play of *As You Like It*, has expressed this aspect of modern sentiment with regard to nature. The lyrics "Under the greenwood tree," and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," most delicately point the contrast we have tried to draw. But since the days of Shakspeare the love of natural beauty has increased and been developed. He, and the men of his time, cared for the colors, and the scents, and the freshness of the outer world with the keen sensibilities of youth. Man was still uppermost in their thoughts. They loved the earth as a pleasure-ground in which he passed his time. The idea of nature as a vast power—instinct with divinity, from which the human soul, in solitude, might draw great thoughts and inspirations—had not yet occurred to them. They did not find in landscape a mirror of their own emotions, or transfer the feelings of humanity to inanimate objects.

This kind of pantheistic reverence has grown up of late years. Rousseau led to it by the doctrine which he preached of returning to a state of nature. In the old age of feudal civilization men imagined a golden period of youth, before the growth of statecraft and class prerogatives. Naked savage life appeared to them, half throttled by the chains and bandages of centuries, to be the true condition of the hu-

man race. And when the throes which shook Europe, destroying the old forms of social order, had produced a scepticism in the hearts of many, Nature and her undisturbed repose became the only refuge for them in the tumult of the world. Removing their faith from man, and from the god of his imagination, they reposed it in Nature, and in the spirit that controlled the elements. In England, Wordsworth became the high-priest of this creed. Shelley, and Keats, and Coleridge, each in his own way, contributed to render it permanent and influential over thought. The point in which they all agreed, was reverence for Nature as the source of intellectual enjoyment and moral instruction. They were not content with the slight attention which had been paid to her more superficial aspects by preceding poets. They ransacked her deeper secrets, dwelling alone with her, exercising their powers of observation on the minutest incidents, and making pictures from hitherto neglected scenes. Man, in truth, had descended from the high tower of his humanity, whence he had been wont to cast a careless and half-patronizing eye upon the hills and pastures that surrounded him. From that time forward he has learned to recognize that not only are men interesting to mankind, but that also in the world itself there is a dignity and loveliness which he must study with humility and patience. This is a great lesson, the whole value of which has hardly yet been recognized. But the progress of the age in physical science, and in the facilities of locomotion, tend to make it every day more widely felt. The more we know of the universe, as revealed to us by chemistry, geology, astronomy, and all our other instruments of discovery, the less we boast that man is the centre of all things. The world and its immensity necessarily occupy our thoughts more duly than in days when wars and politics and metaphysical discussion filled the minds of men. And while we traverse new countries to satisfy our curiosity, or for the sake of health and pleasure, the various objects of natural interest presented to our eyes, explained by science, or admired for their intrinsic beauty, must extend our observation, and distract our cares from petty griefs and from the sense of personal importance.

The highest claims of landscape painting rest upon the promptitude with which it has arisen to satisfy, to lead, to strengthen, to instruct, and to immortalize these modern tendencies of human intellect. It is a new form of art, because the want from which it springs is new; because the phase of life to which it is adapted has so recent an origin. The Greeks, and the Italians of the Renaissance, did not need it, since they were occupied with the beauty of man. They lived in the two boyhoods and spring-times of the world; but when the bloom of youth had passed away, and reflection led the mind from man to nature, landscape then began—at first feebly, as an adjunct to figure painting, then timidly asserting for itself an independent sphere, and lastly, in our days, rising to the dignity of an original fine art in which the spirit of the age reflects itself no less distinctly than in music and in poetry.

If we are now able to see why landscape painting has assumed so prominent a place among the arts of modern times, it may be well to ask ourselves what special aim and scope it has, and to review the conditions under which it flourishes in our own country. The object of all art is truth of representation. "The first and last thing required of genius is love of truth," said Goethe. "To hold the mirror up to nature" is another maxim which applies to art. We expect from the artist a faithful transcript of the truth in nature. The more of this truth given, the greater is the art. As a sculptor represents the human form, with human thoughts and passions shining through its beauty, so in landscape painting the artist seeks to show us scenes of natural sublimity and loveliness, with nature's moods depicted on their features. The expression, without which a face is dead and meaningless, may be compared to the "effects" of landscape painting. The greatest artist is he who can depict most powerfully the fleeting smiles of sunlight and of vapor, the lowering menaces of gathering tempests, and all those transitory aspects and rare conditions of the atmosphere which must be studied, waited for, observed, and remembered. The artist stands between nature and the men around him. It is his duty to make them see what they have not seen before, to

make them feel what they have not felt, and think what they have not thought. His eyes are constantly fixed upon the beauties of the world, while theirs are bent upon the common things of life. He must select for them the worthiest objects of their contemplation, and exhibit these under the most favorable aspects, so as to draw forth their hidden loveliness and make most prominent those qualities which constitute their dignity. By so doing he will cultivate faculties of observation in many minds which have been dead to all the influences of the outer world. It is only through the medium of pictures that some people have come to care for nature. And all of us are alive to the advantage of possessing portraits of historic scenes which we can never visit, or of realms of beauty which supply our fancy with new loveliness to feed upon. Thus fresh sources of interest are continually being opened up. The education which before consisted in a painful effort to understand conditions widely different from our own, is rendered less difficult. We see before us what we read about. And the thoughts and feelings of other races and other ages are interpreted to our imagination by familiarity with the natural scenery proper to their development. No one who is alive to the influences of climate and physical circumstance in forming national character will depreciate the value of this "local coloring" procured for us by landscape. Nor is it less delightful to possess some portion of familiar beauty constantly before our eyes. The fields which we have known, the flowers which we have loved, by painting are secured to us from the mutabilities of time. We carry pieces of the country into our London homes, and, sitting in our room, may traverse cities of the past, desert sands, and "the unfooted sea;" or turn to dwell with interest upon the hedgerows, nests, and primroses of England. If, as we have tried to prove, there is an innate love in modern hearts for nature, no picture that patiently and truthfully reveals her character will seem too small and insignificant. Wordsworth has drawn true poetry and a deep moral from the simplest plant that grows. And this should be the painter's aim. As a priest of Nature, he must recognize her power in every form, from

the lineaments of men down to the outlines of the meanest herb.

It has been well said that every picture ought to be a painted poem. For poetry is truth appealing to the intellect, reflected from it, and partaking of the thoughts and feelings of mankind. To be true poetry it must excite the imagination, and connect itself with sympathies that are universal in the world. It stands midway between reality and thought. Poetry has well been called "the beautiful investiture of fact." In this sense a picture is half an idea, and half a thing. To give in words or forms a full description of any natural object would be impossible. The mind must select; and the process of selection resolves itself into a representation of mental impressions. Whatever conduces to the vividness and completeness of the impression renders the poem more exact and true. But multitudes of details foisted in, observed with undue reference to their individual importance, and copied with neglect of the main purpose of the work in hand, disturb the conception. Unity and the controlling intellect are necessary for a work of art. Plato, when describing a good essay, compared it to an animal. He meant that it should be an organic whole, dominated by some central thought, and cohering in such a way that the abstraction or addition of any important part would mar its symmetry. And this metaphor may be applied to every work of art. We often hear people say that some landscape is well copied from a beautiful scene, but that it does not make a picture. It has too much or too little in it. You can not trace its meaning. Your eye does not rest upon some central fact to which all others are subordinate. In the same way we might condemn a poem which called itself an idyll, or a picture of life, because an episode distracted our attention from the current of the story, or because the author had turned aside to talk of flowers when great interests were at stake. It would be useless for the artist to exclaim, "I saw things as I painted them;" or for the poet to answer that the story as he heard it first was encumbered with extraneous incidents. We should reply, "So it might have been in nature and in life; but what we want in art is some one object for our contemplation, some choice

piece of beauty, some instructive thought. Your intellect was not enough at work. You painted everything you saw before you. You did not paint the one impression which it made upon your mind, and carefully avoid all matters that might interfere with its transmission to your fellow-men."

Furthermore, a poem must contain some idea. And this includes the question of how far landscapes can be made the vehicles of thought and feeling. It is clear that, in order to make them play this part, some human sentiment must be connected with the scenes they represent. The earliest landscape painters sought to give their pictures interest by placing a group of persons in the foreground, engaged in some suggestive occupation. Thus Claude filled up his pastorals with shepherds, and with dances under trees, while Salvator Rosa peopled the gloomy caverns and dark chestnut woods beloved to paint, with bandits and soldiers. Rubens, in the celebrated landscape of the Pitti Gallery at Florence, has painted the story of Ulysses landing after his shipwreck on the shores of Phæacia beneath the palaces and gardens of Alcinoüs. The storm is broken overhead; vast rain-clouds rolling off remind us of the tempest that is gone. The figure of Ulysses on the shore suggests the fury of the sea from which he has escaped, while Nausicaa and her maidens seem to welcome him to fresh sunlight and repose. The correspondence between returning calm, in nature and the escape of the hero from his perils on the sea, produce a unity of conception that makes this picture a fine poem. Many of Turner's greatest works might be taken as examples of the same sympathy between the scene in nature and the fortunes of some hero or historic personage. But the landscape painter need not depend so immediately as in the cases we have cited upon human interest. He may indicate it even in a more subordinate degree. Perhaps the most generally attractive of Turner's pictures is the "Fighting Temeraire." This painting teems with objects and associations that provoke the warmest sympathy; and yet the human life there represented is entirely in the background. The sun is setting over the sea, while the crescent moon stands cold and clear to

eastward. Between the sunset and the moonlight a black steamer-tug is drawing an old ship-of-war to her last resting-place. The sun is going down, and night is coming on; but the red beams of the evening fall upon the steamer, while the white rigging and gigantic hull of the veteran ship look spectral in the pale light of the moon. The pathos of this picture depends upon the sympathy which it excites in us for the vast, helpless man-of-war. Men have always felt a personal attachment to their ships. Argo was respected as a kind of goddess, and Catullus wrote a sonnet to his favorite skiff. Equally in modern times are battle-ships regarded as actual personalities by the men who fight in them.

But, again, it is possible to make a poem in landscape from even simpler elements. The mind of man serves for nature's mirror, but it can not reflect her scenes precisely as they are. They waken some feelings in his heart which he endeavors to transfer to canvas, in connection with the forms and colors that excited them. We all know how calm, solemnity, and rest are associated with sunset, and how sunrise produces different emotions of a more active and joyous character. This is the simplest instance which can be found of human feeling insensibly connected with external scenes. To a painter, these associations by long communing in solitude with nature become more intense in degree and more varied in kind. Every mood of mind, grave, gay, sublime, languid, tender, or impassioned, receives its echo in some phase of natural beauty. These he paints, and these it is the critic's and spectator's task to read. Of course these different animating ideas can not be of a very complex or multiform description. Like the thoughts which music represents, the themes of landscape must be simple and confined within a narrow sphere. But they admit of exquisite gradations and the most delicate expression. In a summer afternoon, such as Giorgione painted, we find peace, the peace of pensive contemplation. Alter the tone, make it gayer and less rich, then a fresh kind of peace suggests itself, less majestic and luxurious than the calm of the Venetian's thought, more commonplace and fit for daily uses. Sunsets over broad

flat lands; a promontory running out in to a cloudy sky, with waves beneath, and seagulls wheeling at its base; a solitary ship at sunrise; cypress-trees or poplars bent by winds, beside a ruined tower—strike different notes of loneliness and melancholy. Branches dashed together in the forest, or surf strewn with spars chafing against stones, tell us of strife and anguish, danger and unrest. In sunlight on broad meadows we see plenty and content, recalling days of quiet toil, and harvests crowned with happiness. It seems superfluous to spend more time in such illustrations of the poetical thoughts which may be conveyed through landscape painting. Association governs all the actions of our mind, and if the artist but feels strongly, and expresses to the best of his ability what he has felt, his work can scarcely fail to be of value. It is only to the greatest men that high poetic inspiration is vouchsafed. They must stand alone. Their intuitions into nature, whether expressed in form and color as by Turner, or in music as by Beethoven, or in words as by Shelley, are the highest utterances of art. But the priesthood of the beautiful has many ranks; and it is the painter's privilege that, even though he do not stand among the poets of the world, he yet can embody in his works those emotions which vast numbers feel, which few can express in words, and which, from their purity, universality, and nobleness, are truly poetical.

Though we have dwelt upon the poetry which every picture ought to aim at, many valuable works may be produced which can be estimated only as clear and lucid descriptions of scenery and natural objects. So much has been said respecting the place and purposes of "topographical" painting by Mr. Ruskin, and by the able author of a *Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, that we need not enter into a further discussion of its merits. A good critic will always discern the picture which aims at nothing more than topographical exactitude. But it is not an uncommon fault of the people who pretend to criticize our exhibitions, that they class pictures almost entirely by reference to their subject, awarding higher praise to some transcript of grand scenery, which is simply a good map, than they bestow

upon the less striking and more unobtrusive subject, which has passed through the mind of an imaginative man, and by his thought has been elevated into poetry. We wish, still, to confine attention to the imaginative style of landscape painting. Speaking generally, we may discern two great classes into which this style divides itself. The one is contented with broad and simple effects of color, and of light shade, deliberately sacrificing all minor details in order to produce a picture which shall stimulate the imagination, and not fatigue it by the effort of minute attention. David Cox is the chief representative of this style. His work gives unfailing pleasure to those who have a knowledge of art and vivid fancy. It is full of suggestions. It rouses our imagination in the same agreeable way as sketches and designs by the great masters do. Much is left to be conceived and filled in by the spectator. This communicates a sense of activity to his intellect, and makes him feel himself to be a fellow-worker with the artist, in the effect produced upon him. But great as this style may become in the hands of an artist like Cox, it can not be considered the highest sphere of landscape painting. The other, and in our opinion the greater school, aims at a more downright rendering of actual fact. It neglects no characteristic detail, since every accessory may in itself be suggestive, and contribute to the general effect. Pictures of this order can not be understood at a glance. They require attention, and repay it by the new beauties which may constantly be found in them. Turner is the chief master of this style. In his works we see that he has sought to give the most perfect realization of the object which he studied, and at the same time to communicate to us the impression which it made on him. The greatest landscape painting is that which is fullest, which represents most, so long as every detail be subordinate to one dominant conception. Therefore, in considering his subject, the artist should not neglect the geological features, the vegetation, the character of the soil, the trees, the animal life, the cultivation, the houses, and the people—everything, in short, which may render his portrait of

the scene complete. He should pay especial attention to weather, for upon the changes of the sky depend those effects which we before compared to expression in the human countenance. In this minute and patient labor he will follow the steps of the greatest masters, of Tintoretto, Titian, Raphael, and Velasquez; nor need he be afraid of the scorn which has been thrown on the pre-Raphaelistic school for forcing every detail on our attention with equal power. Since it must be remembered that all pictures which commit this error are entirely wrong in their ideal of art. The cardinal rule that can not be too much insisted on is this:—That detail is only valuable in so far as it builds up a single and characteristic scene. Any fact which is superfluous, or which strikes a note at all discordant with the keynote of the picture, must be ruthlessly discarded, however beautiful. The neglect of this rule has led the pre-Raphaelites often into error. But their failure must not deter painters from the true road to the loftiest ends of art.

We may now turn from a consideration of the scope and aims of landscape painting to review the present state of its appreciation in our country. Whatever may be said about the rank which different styles of painting ought to take, landscape is clearly the most genuine production of the present century. We have been far surpassed in figure painting by the great masters of Italy. Sculpture can hardly be said to exist, so feeble are its achievements in our day; but landscape has attained a dignity and a power in England to which all efforts of all other schools have only been the prelude. But though this art has such important claims upon our sympathy, full justice has not yet been done it. The system of classifying styles of painting into high and low tends to mislead our judgment. Newspaper critics always speak in terms of disappointment of an exhibition where there is much landscape, and regret the grand old days of figure painting. No doubt the greatest grasp of intellect, and the deepest comprehension of human interests are exhibited in producing such works as those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Their value, as the means of education, inasmuch as they display the

passions, thoughts, attempts, achievements, and aspirations of humanity, far transcends that of any landscape paintings. We might as well compare Wordsworth's studies of nature with Shakespeare's plays, as place Turner on a par with Raphael. Both are good, but the kind is different. We must look for excellence in each, and to weigh them in the scales against one another is mere nonsense. Besides, it must be remembered that at the present day we have no Raphaels or Shakespeares to distract attention from our Turners and Wordsworths. It is more honorable to produce original works of an excellence which has been never equalled in some narrow sphere of art, than to strive in vain for ever to ascend those heights which have been climbed before us by a race of giants. What we have to do, if we must follow out this line of criticism, is to compare the landscapes of our day with the figure pictures of our day, and to judge which style of art has, *after its own kind*, succeeded best. We have no hesitation in giving the palm to landscape painting; but, in order to appreciate its beauty, we require some special education, trained habits of attention, familiarity with nature, and knowledge of the difficulties of art. The painter strives to copy nature. With him *ars est celare artem*. And when he has produced some careful, temperate, and studied work, the uncultivated critic says: "Any one can imitate what he sees. I saw just such a landscape yesterday. Give me imagination, loftiness, and power." As very few people care for the beauty of poetry and music, there are few who really love nature. What most of us seek among the Alps is air and exercise and novelty; and very few indeed have eyes to see, or memories to recollect, the finest scenes which they have visited. Their impressions pass away from them, and nothing is left behind. It is natural that landscape painting should be tedious, unintelligible, and insignificant to critics of this class. But every one can appreciate figure painting. Here we have a story, a glimpse of life, something with which our own nature renders us familiar. Most men are dubious about mountains, trees, and the colors of the sky or sea, but every one thinks that he can judge a face. Is it pretty or ugly, rare or com-

mon? What does it say? What is that man telling to the woman with the fan? To read expression is our daily task, and the outward gestures of the body we can interpret from experience; but to understand the significance of a landscape requires more natural susceptibility to form and color and composition—more interest in beauty for its own sake, and a truer love of art and nature. Therefore, though we believe that cultivated people take a genuine delight in landscape painting, it follows that the ignorant and those who have a smattering of knowledge gained from histories of art, quote the verdict of Sir Joshua Reynolds in dispraise of landscape, and exalt themselves by fancying their taste too lofty to admire its trivial charms. Setting aside the higher claims of landscape painting, the difficulties it meets and conquers may reasonably be adduced in its defence. The grandest things in nature must be painted from memory. Her effects are evanescent, and the impressions stamped by them upon the painter's mind must be so vivid as to remain there and to reproduce themselves, when wanted, with reality. This implies vast powers of memory, long study, and complete command over the materials of art. He who has the greatest knowledge of natural facts, and the most vigorous imagination, will succeed best. The figure painter can get more help from his models than the marine and landscape painter from his studies. The one can recur again and again to nature, the other has seen once, and sees no more, the phase of loveliness which first suggested to his mind the picture. We do not, of course, mean to deny that the difficulties of the artist who imagines some dramatic scene, and paints (as he must do) the passions of its characters from memory, are greater far.

Landscape painting in oil, which must be considered the highest branch of this art, has hardly had a fair chance of influencing the public during the past ten years. The tendency has been to swamp all other exhibitions of oil painting in the Royal Academy, while the space which the Royal Academy commands for its exhibitions remains the same. Before we proceed to consider the treatment which landscape painting there receives,

it will be well to review rapidly the history of other establishments for the display of pictures. The British Institution is so badly managed, that all our best painters who are not Academicians have ceased to send their pictures there. No law, whatever, seems to regulate the hanging, whence it follows that the exhibition has grown worse and worse. Those artists whose works are not of the vulgar and flashy style which predominates in the British Institution, are afraid to expose pictures refined in color, and remarkable for no violent contrasts of light and shadow, to the neighborhood of coarse and gaudy paintings. Landscapes are especially damaged by the "killing" contiguity of brilliant *ad captandum* pictures; for their effect depends upon their truth and subtlety of color. This is not so much the case with figure subjects. Their greatest qualities may still be seen when the beauty of their coloring has partially been lost. But a fine landscape among bad pictures must be ruined. Turner used to say that his drawings would be "killed" if exhibited at the Water Color Exhibition. These remarks may be applied with equal force to the Society of British Artists. This institution was founded with a royal charter, and regulations closely modelled upon those of the Royal Academy, to supply room for the pictures of those artists who, for want of space, could not exhibit on the walls of the Academy. Soon after its formation, the Academy, finding that it would be a formidable rival, passed a rule that no painter should be eligible to election as Associate who belonged to any society of artists. The working of this rule has brought the Society down to its present low level, and our best artists of established reputation, as well as the young rising men, have almost ceased to exhibit there. We must add, however, that the rule in question was last year rescinded in consequence of the Parliamentary Commission on the Royal Academy. Another exhibition of oil pictures at the Portland Gallery, in Regent Street, came to an end about two years ago. It was formed on the plan of exhibitors paying for hanging space, their pictures first being subjected to the approval of a committee. This scheme answered well for a time.

The exhibition proved a great help to young painters, especially to landscape painters, and some of the finest landscapes of late years have been exhibited in the Portland Gallery after their rejection by the British Institution and the Academy. However, as the members and the exhibitors could not work well together, and the public did not patronize the exhibition, it expired. The failure of these various institutions has increased the pressure of pictures on the Royal Academy, so that its want of space has been severely felt, and in the bitterness of disappointment the justice of its verdicts has been called in question. If success be a proof of superiority, the Royal Academy stands still highest; nor are we prepared to join in any blame which may be thrown upon a society that has flourished independently for years, and has produced so many noble and illustrious painters. Still, it must be admitted, that landscape painting suffers more than other styles of art from the small accommodation which the rooms of the Academy afford. While figure pictures have still the chance of being hung according to their merits, landscapes are being gradually excluded or placed in positions so unfavorable as to render them invisible. It is better not to be exhibited at all than to be hoisted up beneath the skylight. Last year only four landscapes, by outsiders, were hung upon the line, excepting one or two little scraps a few inches long. The reason for this neglect must be sought, first, in the fact that figure pictures draw more shillings than landscapes do, for reasons which we have explained above; and, secondly, that a prejudice still clings against the style as being lower in the scale of art. We have already combatted this objection, but it is one which can not fail to have weight with judges trained in the traditions of high art. If we examine the list of Royal Academicians, we shall find that only two painters of *pure* landscape—Creswick and Cooke—have been elected during the last five-and-twenty years. It would be ridiculous to suppose that some effects should not proceed from these causes, though we do not mean to cast the least suspicion on the Royal Academy itself. Landscape is a new thing in the annals of art, and academies are prover-

bially conservative of rules, observances, authorities, and formulae.

But be this as it may, the combination of influences which we have endeavored to describe has proved most prejudicial to our school of landscape painters in oils. The younger men, feeling that they have no chance of showing what they can achieve, become dispirited, and paint small pictures to attract purchasers. The larger works on which they might have spent both energy and knowledge remain unpainted, because they know that, if produced, they are not likely to be hung. Several of our most promising landscape painters have abandoned oil for water color from the same despair. This can not but be looked upon as a misfortune, since, without depreciating water color, the greatest things are only possible in oils. Oil can represent everything better than water, except, perhaps, a very dark middle distance, and some effects of luminous haze. These effects have as yet been only imitated in oils with success by forcing strong colors and decided masses of dark upon the foreground, which is Linnell's method. The difficulty of getting air and space in oils is greater than in water colors, in so far as they are more dependent upon quality of coloring. Still, when the end has been achieved, success is glorious. In every other respect, the method of oil painting is far superior to any other. It affords scope for more downright and real imitation—for more labored and conscientious effort. Oil painters never fail to aim at, and accomplish, much more in their pictures than can fall within the province of the water-colorist. In order to test the truth of this remark, it is only necessary to visit the Old Water Color Exhibition after that of the Royal Academy. Then we feel how much smaller is the demand made upon our intelligence in the former than in the latter. Indeed, the very popularity of water colors depends upon the greater ease with which they can be understood, and also on the practical acquaintance with this method possessed by many persons. It would be a serious injury to art if our water-color school of landscape painting were to fail; but the injury will be far greater if this school absorb the colorists

in oils. Water-color painting would suffer in itself without the stimulus of emulation to achieve, as far as possible, the more perfect realization of the other method. Yet such an event may be anticipated with some show of reason, unless during the years to come more public justice is awarded to landscapes in oil, or unless the space for exhibition is extended.

This brings us round again to the chief point of difficulty, the narrow room of the Academy. With their present accommodation the utmost desire to do justice would fail. What we want in England are halls as large as those of the new Pinacothek at Munich, or of the Brera at Milan, where pictures, good, bad, and indifferent, are hung with philosophical respect for the proverbially tender feelings of the artist world. At a time when the South Kensington Museum is drawing large sums from the nation, it would scarcely be but fair to place a wider ground for exhibition at the disposal of an institution which has done so much and has received so little. The National Gallery is overcrowded. The Academy requires more space. Burlington House is still unoccupied, except by a scientific society, which could not be unfavorable to the arts. But whether in a year or two our native talent will be better able to display itself, is still an unsettled question.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE WINDS.

O wild raving west winds . . .

Oh! where do ye rise from, and where do ye die?

THE question which is put in these lines is one which has posed the ingenuity of all who have ever thought on it; and though theories have repeatedly been propounded to answer it, yet one and all fail, and we again recur to the words of Him who knew all things and said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

However, though we can not assign exactly the source whence the winds rise or the goal to which they tend, the labors of meteorologists have been so far suc-

cessful as to enable us to understand the causes of the great currents of air, and even to map out the winds which prevail at different seasons in the various quarters of the globe. The problem which has thus been solved is one vastly more simple than that of saying why the wind changes on any particular day, or at what spot on the earth's surface a particular current begins or ends. Were these questions solved, there would be an end to all uncertainty about weather. There need be no fear that the farmer would lose his crops owing to the change of weather, if the advent of every shower had been foretold by an unerring guide, and the precise day of the break in the weather predicted weeks and months before. This is the point on which weather-prophets—"astro-meteorologists" they call themselves now-a-days—still venture their predictions, undismayed by their reported and glaring failures. It has been well remarked that not one of these prophets foretold the dry weather which lasted for so many weeks during the last summer; yet, even at the present day, there are people who look to the almanacks to see what weather is to be expected at a given date; and even the prophecies of "Old Moore" find, or used to find within a very few years, an ample credence. In fact, if we are to believe the opinions propounded by the positive philosophers of the present day, we must admit that it is absurd to place any limits on the possibility of predicting natural phenomena, inasmuch as all operations of nature obey fixed and unalterable laws, which are all discoverable by the unaided mind of man.

True science, we may venture to say, is more modest than these gentlemen would have us to think it; and though in the particular branch of knowledge of which we are now treating, daily prophecies (or "forecasts," as Admiral Fitzroy is careful to call them,) of weather appear in newspapers, yet these are not announced dogmatically, and no attempt is made in them to foretell weather for more than forty-eight hours in advance. We are not going to discuss the question of storms and storm-signals at present, so we shall proceed to the subject in hand—the ordinary wind-currents of the earth; and in speaking of these shall confine

ourselves as far as possible to well-known and recorded facts, bringing in each case the best evidence which we can adduce to support the theories which may be broached.

What then, our readers will ask, is the cause of the winds? The simple answer is—the Sun. Let us see, now, how the indefatigable agent, who appears to do almost everything on the surface of the earth, from painting pictures to driving steam-engines, as George Stephenson used to maintain that he did, is able to raise the wind.

If you light a fire in a room, and afterwards stop up every chink by which air can gain access to the fire, except the chimney, the fire will go out in a short time. Again, if a lamp is burning on the table, and you stop up the chimney at the top, the lamp will go out at once. The reason of this is that the flame, in each case, attracts the air, and if either the supply of air is cut off below, or its escape above is checked, the flame can not go on burning. This explanation, however, does not bear to be pushed too far. The reason that the fire goes out if the supply of air is cut off is, that the flame, so to speak, feeds on air; while the sun can not be said, in any sense, to be dependent on the earth's atmosphere for the fuel for his fire. We have chosen the illustration of the flame, because the facts are so well known. If, instead of a lamp in the middle of a room, we were to hang up a large mass of iron, heated, we should find that currents of air set in from all sides, rose up above it, and spread out when they reached the ceiling, descending again along the walls. The existence of these currents may be easily proved by sprinkling a handful of fine chaff about in the room. What is the reason of the circulation thus produced? The iron, unless it be extremely hot, as it is when melted by Mr. Bessemer's process, does not require the air in order to keep up its heat; and, in fact, the constant supply of fresh air cools it, as the metal gives away its own heat to the air as fast as the particles of the latter come in contact with it. Why, then, do the currents arise? Because the air, when heated, expands or gets lighter, and rises, leaving an empty space, or vacuum, where it was before. Then the surrounding cold air being elas-

tic, forces itself into the open space, and gets heated in its turn.

From this we can see that there will be a constant tendency in the air to flow towards that point on the earth's surface where the temperature is highest—or, all other things being equal, to that point where the sun may be at that moment in the zenith. Accordingly, if the earth's surface were either entirely dry land, or entirely water, and the sun were continually in the plane of the equator, we should expect to find the direction of the great wind-currents permanent and unchanged throughout the year. The true state of the case is, however, that these conditions are very far from being fulfilled. Every one knows that the sun is not always immediately over the equator, but that he is at the tropic of Cancer in June, and at the tropic of Capricorn in December, passing the equator twice every year at the equinoxes. Here, then, we have one cause which disturbs the regular flow of the wind-currents. The effect of this is materially increased by the extremely arbitrary way in which the dry land has been distributed over the globe. The Northern hemisphere contains the whole of Europe, Asia, and North America, the greater part of Africa, and a portion of South America; while in the Southern hemisphere we only find the remaining portions of the two last-named continents, with Australia and some of the large islands in its vicinity. Accordingly, during our summer there is a much greater area of dry land exposed to the nearly vertical rays of the sun than is the case during our winter.

Let us see for a moment how this cause acts in modifying the direction of the wind-currents. We shall find it easier to make this intelligible if we take an illustration from observed facts. It takes about five times as much heat to raise a ton weight of water through a certain range of temperature, as it does to produce the same effect in the case of a ton of rock. Again, the tendency of a surface of dry land to give out heat, and consequently to warm the air above it, and cause it to rise, is very much greater than that of a surface of water of equal area. Hence we can at once see the cause of the local winds which are felt every day in calm weather in islands situated in hot

climates. During the day the island becomes very hot, and thus what the French call a "courant ascendant" is set in operation. The air above the land gets hot and rises, while the colder air which is on the sea all round it flows in to fill its place, and is felt as a cool sea-breeze. During the night these conditions are exactly reversed; the land can no longer get any heat from the sun, as he has set, while it is still nearly as liberal in parting with its acquired heat as it was before. Accordingly, it soon becomes cooler than the sea in its neighborhood; and the air, instead of rising up over it, sinks down upon it, and flows out to sea, producing a land-wind.

These conditions are, apparently, nearly exactly fulfilled in the region of the monsoons, with the exception that the change of wind takes place at intervals of six months, and not every twelve hours. In this district—which extends over the southern portion of Asia and the Indian Ocean—the wind for half the year blows from one point, and for the other half from that which is directly opposite. The winds are North-east and South-west in Hindustan; and in Java, at the other side of the equator, they are South-east and North-west. The cause of the winds—monsoons they are called, from an Arabic word, *mausim*, meaning season—is not quite so easily explained as that of the ordinary land and sea breezes to which we have just referred. Their origin is to be sought for in the temperate zone, and not between the tropics. The reason of this is that the districts towards which the air is sucked in are not those which are absolutely hottest, but those where the rarefaction of the air is greatest. When the air becomes lighter it is said to be rarefied, and this rarefaction ought apparently to be greatest where the temperature is highest. This would be the case if the air were the only constituent of our atmosphere. There is, however, a very important disturbing agent to be taken into consideration, viz. aqueous vapor. There is always, when it is not actually raining, a quantity of water rising from the surface of the sea and from every exposed water-surface, and mingling with the air. This water is perfectly invisible: as it is in the form of

vapor, it is true steam, and its presence only becomes visible when it is condensed so as to form a cloud. The hotter the air is, the more of this aqueous vapor is it able to hold in the invisible condition.

We shall naturally expect to find a greater amount of this steam in the air at places situated near the coast, than at those in the interior of continents, and this is actually the case. The amount of rarefaction which the dry air on the sea-coast of Hindustan undergoes in summer, is partially compensated for by the increased tension of the aqueous vapor, whose presence in the air is due to the action of the sun's heat on the surface of the Indian Ocean. In the interior of Asia there is no great body of water to be found, and the winds from the south lose most of the moisture which they contain in passing over the Himalayas. Accordingly the air here is extremely dry, and a compensation, similar to that which is observed in Hindustan, can not take place. It is towards this district that the wind is sucked in, and the attraction is sufficient to draw a portion of the South-east trade-wind across the line into the Northern hemisphere. In our winter the region where the rarefaction is greatest is the continent of Australia; and accordingly, in its turn, it sucks the North-east trade-wind of the Northern hemisphere across the equator. Thus we see that in the region which extends from the coast of Australia to the center of Asia we have monsoons, or winds which change regularly every six months. As to the directions of the different monsoons, we shall discuss them when we have disposed of the trade-winds—which ought by rights, as Professor Dove observes, rather to be considered as an imperfectly developed monsoon, than the latter to be held as a modification of the former.

The origin of the trade-winds is to be sought for, as before, in the heating power of the sun, and their direction is a result of the figure of the earth, and of its motion on its axis. When the air at the equator rises, that in higher latitudes on either side flows in, and would be felt as a North wind or as a South wind respectively, if the earth's motion on its axis did not affect

it. The figure of the earth is pretty nearly that of a sphere, and, as it revolves round its axis, it is evident that those points on its surface, which are situated at the greatest distance from the axis, will have to travel over a greater distance in the same time than those which are near it. Thus, for instance, London, which is nearly under the parallel of 50° , has only to travel about three-fifths of the distance which a place like Quito, situated under the equator, has to travel in the same time. A person situated in London is carried, imperceptibly to himself, by the motion of the earth, through 15,000 miles towards the eastward in the twenty-four hours; while another at Quito is carried through 25,000 miles in the same time. Accordingly, if the Londoner, preserving his own rate of motion, were suddenly transferred to Quito, he would be left 10,000 miles behind the other in the course of the twenty-four hours, or would appear to be moving in the opposite direction, from East to West, at the rate of about 400 miles an hour. The case would be just as if a person were to be thrown into a railway carriage which was moving at full speed; he would appear to his fellow-passengers to be moving in the opposite direction to them, while in reality the motion of progression was in the train, not in the person who was thrown into it. The air is transferred from high to low latitudes, but this change is gradual, and the earth, accordingly, by means of the force of friction, is able to retard its relative velocity before it reaches the tropics, so that its actual velocity, though still considerable, is far below 400 miles an hour.

This wind comes from high latitudes, and becomes more and more easterly, reaching us as a nearly true North-east wind; and as it gets into lower latitudes becoming more and more nearly East, and forming a belt of North-east wind all round the earth on the Northern side of the equator. In the Southern hemisphere, there is a similar belt of permanent winds, which are, of course, South-easterly instead of North-easterly. These belts are not always at equal distances at each side of the equator, as their position is dependent on the situation of the

zone of maximum temperature for the time being. When we reach the actual district where the air rises, we find the easterly direction of the wind no longer so remarkable, as has been noticed by Basil Hall and others. The reason is, that by the time that the air reaches the district where it rises, it has obtained by means of its friction with the earth's surface a rate of motion round the earth's axis, nearly equal to that of the earth's surface itself.

The trade-wind zones, called, by the Spaniards, the "Ladies' Sea"—*El Golfo de las Damas*—because navigation on a sea where the wind never changed was so easy, shift their position according to the apparent motion of the sun in the ecliptic. In the Atlantic the North-east trade begins in summer in the latitude of the Azores; in winter it commences to the south of the Canaries.

In the actual trade-wind zones rain very seldom falls, any more than it does in these countries when the East wind has well set in. The reason of this, that the air on its passage from high to low latitudes is continually becoming warmer and warmer. According as its temperature rises, its power of dissolving (so to speak) water increases also, and so it is constantly increasing its burden of water until it reaches the end of its journey, where it rises into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and there is suddenly cooled. The chilling process condenses, to a great extent, the aqueous vapor contained in the trade-wind air, and causes it to fall in constant discharges of heavy rain. Throughout the tropics the rainy season coincides with that period at which the sun is in the zenith, and in this region the heaviest rainfall on the globe is observed. The wettest place in the world, Cherrapoonjee, is situated in the Cossya Hills, about 250 miles North-east of Calcutta, just outside the torrid zone. There the rainfall is upwards of 600 inches in the year, or twenty times as much as it is on the West coasts of Scotland and Ireland. However, in such extreme cases as this, there are other circumstances to be taken into consideration, such as the position of the locality as regards mountain chains, which may cause the clouds to drift over one particular spot.

To return to the wind: When the air rises at the equatorial edge of the trade-wind zone, it flows away above the lower trade-wind current. The existence of an upper current in the tropics is well known. Volcanic ashes, which have fallen in several of the West India Islands on several occasions, have been traced to volcanoes which lay to the westward of the locality where the ashes fell, at a time when there was no West wind blowing at the sea level. To take a recent instance: ashes fell at Kingston, Jamaica, in the year 1835, and it is satisfactorily proved that they had been ejected from the volcano of Coseguina, on the Pacific shore of Central America, and must consequently have been borne to the Eastward by an upper current counter to the direction of the easterly winds which were blowing at the time at the sea-level.

Captain Maury supposes that when the air rises, at either side of the equator, it crosses over into the opposite hemisphere, so that there is a constant interchange of air going on between the Northern and Southern hemispheres. This he has hardly sufficiently proved, and his views are not generally accepted. One of the arguments on which he lays great stress in support of his theory is, that on certain occasions dust has fallen in various parts of Western Europe, and that in it there have been discovered microscopical animals similar to those which are found in South America. This appears to be scarcely an incontrovertible proof; as Admiral Fitzroy observes: "Certainly such insects *may* be found in Brazil; but does it follow that they are not also in Africa under nearly the same parallels?"

This counter-current, or "anti-trade," as Sir J. Herschel has called it, is at a high level in the atmosphere between the tropics, far above the top of the highest mountains; but at the exterior edge of the trade-wind zone, it descends to the surface of the ground. The Canary Islands are situated close to this edge, and accordingly we find that there is always a westerly wind at the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, while the wind at the sea-level, in the same island, is easterly throughout the summer months. Professor Piazzi Smith, who lived for some time on the top of that mountain making

astronomical observations, has recorded some very interesting details of the conflicts between the two currents, which he was able to observe accurately from his elevated position. In winter the trade-wind zone is situated to the south of its summer position in latitude, and at this season the South-west wind is felt at the sea-level in the Canary Islands. Similar facts to these have been observed in other localities where there are high mountains situated on the edge of the trade-wind zone, as, for instance, Mouna Loa in the Sandwich Islands. There can therefore be no doubt that the warm moist West wind which is felt so generally in the temperate zones, is really the air returning to the Poles from the equator, which has now assumed a South-west direction on its return journey, owing to conditions the reverse of those which imparted to it a North-east motion on its way towards the equator. This, then, is our South-west wind, which is so prevalent in the North Atlantic Ocean that the voyage from Europe to America is not unfrequently called the up-hill trip, in contradistinction to the down-hill passage home. These are the "brave West winds" of Maury, whose refreshing action on the soil he never tires of recapitulating.

The South-west monsoons of Hindustan, which blow from May to October, and the North-west monsoons of the Java seas, which are felt between November and April, owe their westerly motion to a cause similar to that of the anti-trades which we have just described. To take the case of the monsoons of Hindustan: we have seen above how the rarefaction of the air in Central Asia attracts the South-east trade-wind of the Southern hemisphere across the equator. This air, when it moves from the equator into higher latitudes, brings with it the rate of motion, to the eastward, of the equatorial regions which it has lately left, and is felt as a South-west wind. Accordingly, the directions of the monsoons are thus accounted for. In the winter months the true North-east trade-wind is felt in Hindustan; while in the summer months its place is taken by the South-east trade of the Southern hemisphere, making its appearance as the South-west monsoon. In Java, conditions exactly converse to these are in operation, and the winds are

South-east from April to November, and North-west during the rest of the year.

The change of one monsoon to the other is always accompanied by rough weather, called in some places the "breaking-out" of the moonsoon; just as with us the equinox, or change of the season from summer to winter, and *vice versa*, is marked by "Windy weather," or "Equinoctial gales."

The question may, however, well be asked, why there are no moonsoons in the Atlantic Ocean?

In the first place, the amount of rarefaction which the air in Africa and in Brazil undergoes, in the respective hot seasons of those regions, is far less considerable than that which is observed in Asia and Australia at the corresponding seasons.

Secondly, in the case of the Atlantic Ocean, the two districts towards which the air is attracted are situated within the torrid zone, while in the Indian Ocean they are quite outside the tropics, and in the temperate zones. Accordingly, even if the suction of the air across the equator did take place to the same extent in the former case as in the latter, the extreme contrast in direction between the two monsoons would not be perceptible to the same extent, owing to the fact that the same amount of westing could not be imparted to the wind, because it had not to travel into such high latitudes on either side of the equator. A tendency to the production of the phenomenon of the monsoons is observable along the coast of Guinea, where winds from the South and South-west are very generally felt. These winds are not really the South-east trade-wind, which has been attracted across the line into the Northern hemisphere. They ought rather to be considered as of the same nature as the land and sea breezes before referred to, since we find it to be very generally the case, that in warm climates the ordinary wind-currents undergo a deflection to a greater or less extent along a coast-line such as that of Guinea, Brazil, or the North of Australia.

Our readers may perhaps ask why it is, that when we allege that the whole of the winds of the globe owe their origin to a regular circulation of the air from the Polar regions to the equator, and

back again, we do not find more definite traces of such a circulation in the winds of our own latitudes? The answer to this is, that the traces of this circulation are easily discoverable if we only know how to look for them. In the Mediterranean Sea, situated near the Northern edge of the trade-wind zone, the contrast between the equatorial and Polar currents of air is very decidedly marked. The two conflicting winds are known under various names in different parts of the district. The polar current, on its way to join the trade-wind, is termed the "Tramontane," in other parts the "Bora," the "Maestral," &c.; while the return trade-wind bringing rain is well known under the name of the "Sirocco." In Switzerland the same wind is called the "Föhn," and is a warm wind, which causes the ice and snow to melt rapidly, and constantly brings with it heavy rain.

In these latitudes, the contrast is not so very striking, but even here every one knows that the only winds which last for more than a day or two at a time are the North-east and the South-west winds, the former of which is dry and cold, the latter moist and warm. The difference between these winds is much more noticeable in winter than in summer, inasmuch as in the latter season Russia and the Northern part of Asia enjoy, relatively to the British islands, a much higher temperature than is the case in winter; so that the air which moves from those regions during the summer months does not come to us from a climate which is colder than our own, but from one which is warmer.

So far, then, we have attempted to trace the ordinary wind-currents, but as yet there are very many questions connected therewith which are not quite sufficiently explained. To mention one of these, we hear from many observers on the late Arctic expeditions, that the most marked characteristic of the winds in the neighborhood of Baffin's Bay, is the great predominance of North-westerly winds. It is not as yet decided, nor can it ever be satisfactorily decided, how far to the northward and westward this phenomenon is noticeable. The question then is, Whence does this North-west wind come?

As to the causes of the sudden changes

of wind, and of storms, they are as yet shrouded in mystery, and we can not have much expectation that in our lifetime at least much will be done to unravel the web. Meteorology is a very young science—if it deserves the title of science at all—and until observations for a long series of years shall have been made at many stations, we shall not be in the possession of trustworthy facts on which to ground our reasoning. It is merely shoving the difficulty a step farther off to assign these irregular variations to atmospheric waves. It will be time enough to reason accurately about the weather and its changes, when we ascertain what these atmospheric waves are, and what causes them. Until the "astro-meteorologists" will tell us the principles on which their calculations are based, we must decline to receive their predictions as worthy of any credence whatever.

From the Eclectic.

MICHAEL ANGELO.*

THE work, before us, which has given to us the intention to review some of the chief features in the genius and work of the third great Italian, is every way worthy of its subject. It supplies a want we have long felt for such a life, and it is in itself written with considerable fervor and eloquence, with a delightful interest, sustained from the commencement to the close. It is an important chapter in the history of art, from the pen and matured judgment of a very able and sympathetic critic, and while it may scarce the less be called a history of Michael Angelo and his times, yet no reader will desire the work to be smaller than it is; for the great artist, and great pontiff, who appear in episode, are so closely related to the development of art in the age, and bring out so much more distinctly the chief characteristics of the great central man, that no more has been attempted or done than the proper province of the judicious biographer seemed to render necessary. In our own country, the name of Michael Angelo is not so

* *Life of Michael Angelo.* By Herman Grimm. Translated, with the author's sanction, by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnètt. With photographic portrait. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

often on men's lips as the names of Dante and Raphael, but this is only because he employed his genius on those works of wonderful proportion and majesty which must be visited, in order that they may be known. Dante will come to us at any moment, and overawe our spirits with his shapes and words of terror; nor is it very difficult to obtain a knowledge of some of Raphael's most charming forms, colors, and inimitable lines; but he who has not seen the Sistine Chapel, evidently has not known Michael Angelo; he who has not seen what he himself spoke of as the "Pantheon hung in the air"—St. Peter's, at Rome—has not known Michael Angelo; and he who has not seen those vast marvels in stone, the Moses, the Dawn, and the Night, has not known Michael Angelo. We suppose criticism in general places him next to Raphael. We never could understand why the spirit of the mighty painter, sculptor, and architect was in close relationship to his whom he loved so much—Dante. It was a soul capable only of sublime attempts and exploits; it moved with familiarity and ease among terrors, and majesties, and daring conceptions, which would make even lofty genius dizzy. That was a noble tribute pronounced to his memory by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his last discourse before the Royal Academy, when he said "I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man, and I should desire that the best words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." These were Sir Joshua's last words, and they were simply worthy of the speaker and his subject. There are moot matters of discussion as to the influence exercised by this great Italian upon the history of art. That he changed the aspect of it, is undoubted. He influenced, and healthfully influenced, the mind of his great rival, Raphael. That he was equal in his development of the tender and gentle as of the terrible and the strong, can never be asserted; only, we suppose, in two or three rare instances have the women he has portrayed possessed a feminine tenderness; he gave to them an animal, yet

goddesslike grandeur, and it needed, perhaps, that strange passion which blazed through his old heart for Vittoria Colonna, that romance which, like that of Dante and Beatrice, and Petrarch and Laura, invests his name with speculation and poetry, to reveal to his stern and lonely nature the undreamed-of probabilities and instructions from congenial and sympathizing womanhood. Unlike so many who have followed art, his life is itself statuesque and perfect, undescerated by meanness or sensuality—a glorious whole. We suppose no other name could be mentioned as so perfect a cosmos of art. He was great in every department in which the artist can excel. He quite contradicts the impression that versatility must be inferiority, for, excepting in poetry, while he is great here, we see not how he could have been greater in either of the arts he especially espoused. Of some of his powers he must have been very greatly unconscious. The wonderful paintings of the Sistine Chapel were works to which he was compelled by Pope Julius II. against his own persuasions and entreaties, and these the impatient Pope would not allow to be completed as the painter designed, so desirous was he that the scaffolding should be removed, that they might be exhibited to the people. He was an intense student, and the extremes of his life unite themselves sublimely together, when we find him as a boy in the fish-market, studying the form and color of the fins and the eyes of the fish, and as an old man walking in the Coliseum, solitary amidst the ruins, where the Cardinal Farnese met him and expressed surprise at seeing him alone, he said, "I go yet to school that I may continue to learn." He was probably nearly ninety when he sketched that one of his last drawings, found in his portfolio, of an old man with a long beard, in a gogart and an hour-glass before him, with the motto, *ancora imparo*—I still learn. It is in truth a life sublimely edifying to the extent to which few lives are so. He was the Dante and Milton of his art, as Raphael probable was the Shakspeare. Earnest, sublime, and truth-loving, to read his life is to be drawn assuredly beneath the influence of great powers and impressions. We are therefore heartily glad that English readers have now, through the admirable

pages of Herman Grimm, a better opportunity than they had before of studying it.

Let us notice a few points and epochs in the career of this stupendous man. He was born near Florence, in the year 1476; it was the great age of Florentine history—in politics, religion, and art. Florence was, as was natural, the city of merchandise; the Medicis, who were its masters, were, or had been, merchants. The brothers of Michael were intended to be merchants, and, with this design, probably he was sent to the grammar school of Francesco d'Urbino; but the impression was that he idled his time away in drawing, and in frequenting the studios and easels of painters. He seems to have been treated by his father and uncles with considerable harshness; they were men who knew the difference between trading and painting; but genius would not be warped; and so in 1488, he was articled to study as a painter beneath the masters Domenico and David Grillandaji. One of his first drawings drew from one of his masters the exclamation, "He understands more than I do myself!" But this seems only to have produced envy even in the minds of his masters. Then we find that as he had neglected the grammar school for drawings and paintings, so a sight he had of the statues in the gardens of San Marco inspired him, for their sakes, to slight the atelier of his masters; but even at this very early age some pieces of his workmanship in marble caught the omniscient eye of the great Lorenzo de Medici, and this circumstance gave that happy meed of influence which even greatest minds seem to need in order that they may be placed in circumstances favorable to their development and fame.

We have already said it was the great age of Florence. Michael Angelo, as a youth and young man, heard Savonarola preach those searching, rousing sermons which stirred the city to its foundation, and anticipated the thunders of Luther. He was twenty-three years of age, when, on the 23rd May, 1498, the great preacher and monk was brought out into the square, hung and burned, and his ashes thrown into the arno from the old bridge. It is a joy to us to see in Michael Angelo one of Savonarola's adherents. We

do not know to what extent he abandoned himself to the feelings of the Reformer; his was a religious nature, serious and stern as that of Savonarola himself; and it was no doubt partly owing to the death of his patron Lorenzo de Medici, and to the stormful state of the politics of the city that he left Florence and entered Rome, which was to be, for the greater number of the years of his life, his resting-place, and the scene of his most magnificent labors. We soon find him engaged in works which were to abide as the marks and tests of his genius. We notice especially his Madonna; and it has been remarked upon as wonderful, that at a period when the breaking up of all political, and moral, external and religious things was to be expected, in Rome, the center of all corruption, Michael Angelo could have produced, at twenty-four years of age, a work which, for purity and beauty, critics the most eminent placed among the master-pieces of Italy—a piece which, says Condivi, "makes its artist the first master in Italy, and even places him above the ancient masters." Artists, indeed, raised grave questions—questions which do not occur to us now, but which were the very hinges of critical acumen and observation then. Mary, for instance, was considered too young in relation to her son, and Condivi applied to Michael Angelo himself for his reasons for such an apparent inconsistency. We think the feeling, and thought, and prescience of the artist shine out very distinctly in his reply—

"Do you not know," he answered me (says Condivi), "that chaste women remain fresher than those who are not so? How much more then a virgin who has never been led astray by the slightest sinful desire? But yet more, if such youthful bloom is thus naturally retained in her, we must believe that the divine power came also to her aid, so that the maidenliness and imperishable purity of the mother of God might appear to all the world. Not so necessary was this in the Son; on the contrary, it was to be shown how he in truth assumed the human form and was exposed to all that can befall a mortal man, sin only excepted. Thus it was not necessary here to place his divinity before his humanity, but to represent him at the age which, according to the course of time, he had reached. It must not therefore appear amazing to you if I have represented the most holy Virgin and mother

of God much younger in comparison with her Son, than regard to the ordinary maturing of man might have required, and that I have left the Son at his natural age."

Michael Angelo sought work from Pope Julius II. He desired employment in his own favorite department of sculpture. It was an interesting period in the history of art in Rome. Raphael was there; Raphael also was the favorite of the Pope. St. Peter's was building—not the St. Peter's as we know it—that, as our readers know, was the dream and the realization of Angelo half a century after. The Basilica of St. Peter was a church—a vast work belonging to the earliest ages of Christendom: it had been enlarged; it possessed an abundance of art treasures; with the Vatican it formed a kind of ecclesiastical fortress; in it the emperors were crowned, and great anathemas pronounced or revoked; it had wreaths of outbuildings round it, and cloisters and chapels, vast rows of antique pillars, and entrances adorned with frescoes. It had been the ambition of many popes to rebuild it, or to give to the whole some grand consistent unity; for this great place had been devised, sketched, and submitted to the Pope Julius II., whose ambition was equal to any breadth of proposal. When Michael Angelo arrived in Rome, Bramante had presented plans, of which, in his old age, Angelo spoke as eminently perfect. He had, however, been preceded by San Gallo, whose plans, although at first receiving the warm commendation of Julius, had been superseded, but San Gallo had brought Michael Angelo to Rome; what more natural than that Bramante should attempt to get rid of him? At the same time Raphael was employed in other departments of the building; and here seems to be a simple solution of that partisanship and favoritism for two eminent men, in which it is not necessary to involve the chiefs. Who shall adjust the rival claims of Angelo and Raphael? During the same hours they were at work in different departments of the great ecclesiastical palace, they must frequently have met each other, although of such meetings we have no records; but who can adjust the differences of genius? Goethe is not Schiller, Milton is not Shakspeare, Ariosto is not Dante;

there is something in each that is high,* not to be met with in the other. It is so with these two great masters; we will not call them rivals—of that they were of course incapable, because they were masters; but the agitations to which we have referred will suggest the reason why our artist, who expected to work as a sculptor, found himself, as we have already intimated, coerced into the painting of the Sistine Chapel. The work was not to his mind; he told the Pope he had never done anything in colors. The Pope more pertinaciously insisted that he should paint the vault of the Sistine Chapel, so-called, because built by Sixtus in 1473. If there were a covert design to pit his powers against those of Raphael, upon a ground not especially his own, his genius well abides the test. It has been well said that Michael Angelo painting this celebrated ceiling, enlarges our conceptions of the powers of the human mind, and the known powers of man. Not the battles of great generals, nor winter campaigns, nor midnight marches, furnish more striking illustrations of endurance. In twenty months the work was accomplished—the admiration of all succeeding artists and ages, whether regarded for its grandeur of imagination or happiness of execution. Before he could paint, a scaffolding had to be erected, but for this he had to contrive a design, which exhibited his skill in minute mechanical contrivances. He wrought himself in his work to a marvelous pitch of endurance, abstinence and self-denial; a little bread and wine was nearly all his nourishment, he often slept in his clothes because too weary to undress, or he rose in the night and hurried away at any hour to his toil.

Nothing is more remarkably noteworthy in the life of Michael Angelo, than his indomitable power and might of work; and he appreciated work—industry—and hence in a criticism upon Raphael, after his death, he gave him also the palm because of his industry. We have seen how often he rose in the middle of the night if he could not sleep, and work; we believe it was at a later period of his life—that he might not be hindered while painting—he covered his head with a frail pasteboard helmet, on the top of which he placed a tallow can-

de, which would not drop like wax, to light him when at his work, and which was not in his way. Of course, the vault could only be painted by his lying on his back; and after the work was accomplished, for many months he could only read or see the thing he examined distinctly by holding his head back, and the book or object over rather than before his eyes. Then he had a troublesome old Pope to deal with, who was constantly coming to him on the scaffolding, ascending the ladder so that the painter had to hold out his hand for the last step—an impatient and irritable old Pope, perpetually asking him when he would come to an end, insisting on the removal of the scaffolding at any rate from one part. The last touches were still wanting, the gold for the different lights and ornaments had yet to be laid on, when the harsh old despot thundered, "You seem desirous that I should have you thrown down from this scaffolding!" It was a dangerous hint; the Pope was not nice in his moral notions when likely to be thwarted; the painter knew his man, and suspended his work; the beams were removed. In the midst of the dust and confusion which filled the chapel, the Pope pressed forward admiring the work, and on All Saints day, 1509, Rome crowded in to gaze upon the wonder of art which had risen like magic.

The limitations of our pages make it impossible for us to attempt either ourselves to characterize, or, what would be better, quote our author's very eloquent characterizations of the groups of the Sistine Chapel. One distinctiveness, however, we may mention, for it vividly presents the whole works of Michael Angelo, and indicates that in which he was the creator of a new school and study of beauty; it was the movement of ideas. Every line, attitude, and aspect of these great frescoes would seem to be full of ideas. That sublime representation of God the Father brooding over the waters and dividing the light from the darkness, or that in which he, the Supreme, is calmly hovering; in the first he seems to be caught in an immense storm, and is so borne through infinite space, while he is yet compelling and controlling, the white beard of the Ancient of Days

waving, his arms commandingly outstretched, the worlds darting forth round him as he moves, like sparks from him the Living.

He was able, in all these pictures, to convey thoughts which were even themselves like that touch which God gave to Adam when he made him a living soul. The creation of man, the creation of Eve, and Abel, and Cain, and Noah, were all portrayed in this grand manner. His critic says of him that it was as if by his imagination he had seen the birth of the giant generation of the Titans. Not less marvelous, perhaps even more so, were the figures of the sybils and prophets, occupying the side walls between the windows, twelve compartments, in which he painted twelve immense figures, touching with their heads the cornices of the architectural effect he had contrived, and all drawn in strange and successful perspective, as if they were sitting round the interior of the marble temple, examining the subjects of the great ceiling above them; the perspective stretched away to present all the legends of the lands of the early earth, those few great legends which everlastingly impose themselves on the spirit; "few in number," says our critic, "but passing to and fro, walking over the untouched soil like 'solitary horis.'" There were the woods of Greece, the mountains of Olympus, streams rushing down its slopes to the distant sea, the pasture-lands of Asia, and the flocks of Abraham. There seems, to our mind, in these mystical figures and clear perspectives, much of that same holy-human, holy-biblical maze of mystery in which the soul of Dante was caught and lost from his Purgatory to his Paradise. The artist intended to represent the dreamy surmisings of things rising to the rapture and ecstasy of truth beheld and known, beginning with the Erythrean sibyl, the symbol of merely natural knowledge, a beautiful female turning the pages of a book upon a desk before her, a lamp in chains above her, lighted with a torch by a naked boy. The companion to this is the prophet Joel, unrolling his parchment, the muscles of his face indicating how he is weighing, mentally, what he has read; then Zachariah, absorbed; then the Delphic sibyl; followed by Isaiah; then the

Cumean sibyl; followed by Daniel; then the Libyan sibyl; followed by Jonah. There were yet other paintings: Judith and Holofernes, and David and Goliath. But thirty years after the great artist completed his wonderful work in this chapel, by his representation of the Last Judgment; and this picture, while it seems to be the product of the ripest energies of his art and imagination—our author does not hesitate to say of some sections of this painting, that, “as regards the artistic work, it is a production so astonishing that nothing which has been executed by any painter, before or after, can be compared with it;” at the same time it hangs before the mind and sense a terror the imagination of the present age refuses to entertain or conceive; it is a monument of a past age and a strange people, whose ideas are no longer ours. We have foresteped the course of our notice, but for the purpose of making it evident to those who do not already know that the Sistine Chapel is monumental to the genius of Michael Angelo. Assuredly it is not merely one of the wonders of the world, it is still more marvelous as an illustration of the force of character in forming and compelling genius. With the exception of the “Last Judgment,” we have seen in how brief a space of time the whole of these works were executed. In ten months the half of the immense surface was filled with paintings by him, and, in one of his sonnets, he grotesquely describes himself as lying day after day on his back, while the colors dropped on his face. Severe bodily exhaustion was the daily lot, and still the royal will worked on. Moreover, he could get no pay from the Pope. He wanted rest; this of course was not permitted. His father and relatives in Florence do not seem to have been so successful with their merchandise as was he with his colors and marbles. We hear of constant remittances of money home, and sometimes money would not come; but “take care of your health,” writes he to his father, “and do not let the grey hairs grow.” Also, while he was high upon his scaffolding there, moving through chaos with the creating God, in far-off scenes of Grecian and Asian loveliness, with the brave men and the bright women of the young

world, all sorts of cliques and parties were forming against him below. Bramante, as if prophetic instincts spoke within him, was jealously determined to keep him from St. Peters. He seems to have been one of those men who, with a certain capability of appreciating art when not interfering with his own selfishness, was, after all, one of that common crowd of vulgar tormentors genius usually has to endure. It suited him to patronise and wish well to Raphael. He and Raphael should be the greatest in Rome. It is not to be thought that he was able to appreciate the exquisite melody of Raphael's spirit; but, in the first place, so far as Raphael is regarded by us, he had that easy, and yet all mighty will, which is so pleasant, so graceful, absorbing, and overcoming, which never resists, yet always conquers; as we have said, a kind of Shakspeare; all harmonious, all inclusive. Moreover, his ambitions were not architectural. He dealt with colors and frescoes, not stones and buildings. Michael Angelo, on the contrary, we suppose to have had little of this easy, love-compelling grace, this sunning of compliance and joyousness of manner. A stupendous architect was in his soul, and while it does not seem that he especially pitted himself against the plans of San Gallo or Bramante, it is certainly probable enough that even there he saw all the future of St. Peter's hanging high in the infinite vault and chamber of his great soul. Bramante attempted vast things too; but when, in order to accomplish his work, he demolished the old columns of the old Basilica, Angelo became wroth, and poured out his indignation. “A million of bricks, said he, piled one upon the top of another, is no art, but it is a great art to execute one such column as these.” Highest schemes, dreams, and conceptions of art lived in his mind. At a later period of life Vittoria Colonna truly said that “he who only admired his works, valued the smallest part of him.” He turned easily and happily from the frescoes to which we have referred, to his work in marble. The rugged old Julius died (Angelo lived through many a papacy); the moment of his death found the sculptor engaged in work for his mausoleum. Men who have growled at each other over the exe-

ention of some grand, immortal work, which has, between the two of them, become a glory and a success, usually love each other; the dead Pope may, very truly, be called the old friend of the artist, notwithstanding their many smart passages of arms, and probably of craft, with each other. Michael Angelo must have entered into the very innermost soul of that old man, with whom the romance, and the mysticism, and the despotism of the middle ages expired; the world seems to have been a more common-place world ever since. The knowledge and appreciation Angelo had of his character he has stamped immortally in the Moses—it has been called the crown of modern sculpture; shoulders, arms, countenance. Artists have said, "Julius is there;" others, "All Michael Angelo is there;" in fact, in this marvelous work he seems to have fused two souls, and both of them of iron. It is said, the glance is as if it traveled over a plain full of people and ruled them; the muscles of the arm speak ungovernable power. Ulrich von Hutten said of Pope Julius, that "he wished to take heaven by force, because entrance had been denied him from above;" and some such fearful power seems to be stamped upon the presence of the invincible Lawgiver—a colossal figure embodying the Hebrew law, and representing Moses gazing, with such scorn and indignation as we may conceive, on the worshippers of the golden calf.

During the papacy of Pope Leo X., our artist continued engaged on manifold works. We fear to particularize; it is difficult to mention and not to attempt to see with the mind's eye, and so to attempt to convey to the page some impression of pieces, every one of which is world-renowned. Bye-and-bye, we find the sculptor in Florence. We are not particular to notice in succession the events of his life, but it should be remembered that this great artist lived not merely in imagination and abstract idealization; he was a patriot, and when the city of Florence united with Venice, England, and France, to oppose the ambitious designs of Charles V., we find the artist transformed into a soldier. This was in the year 1529. He was appointed military architect and engineer. He brought all his skill to

bear upon the defence and fortification of his native city. When the Prince of Orange, the general of Charles V., laid siege to Florence, and directed his artillery to storm the tower of San Miniato, the artist hung mattresses of wool on the side, exposed to the attack, and by means of the bold projecting cornice, from which they were suspended, a considerable space was left between them and the wall. The simple expedient was sufficient, and the Prince was compelled to turn his siege into a blockade. Michael Angelo's mode of fortification had the commendation of Vauban, the master of military strategy. We do not dwell on this aspect of his life, only to notice that, as in the cases of Dante and Milton, the artist became a citizen; it is the attribute of that order of mind, it can not be indifferent. There is another order of character, less stern, more inclusive—less majestic, more universally human and appreciable, and regarded as the very highest order of genius, too, to which earnestness is a thing impossible. By his citizenship, however, our artist fell into danger; but his life was too precious to be trifled with. Treason rose against him in Florence, and he fled; but the Pope, whose will he had also thwarted, could not incur the ignominy of either killing or imprisoning such a man. We are glad when we find him engaged upon his congenial work again. And about the years 1530-34, we find him engaged on the Dawn, the Evening, Twilight, and the Night, in which impression of the highest masters is, that he brought down to the period of Renaissance the might of the old classical forms, infusing into them the modern soul, so unknown to the greatest ancients. We must quote an eloquent passage, in which our author discriminates Michael Angelo from the ancients:

Michael Angelo's adherence to nature, when observed independently of other considerations, is still more striking in his female forms. As Homer makes Penelope or Helena always appear in blooming youth, however numerous their years may be proved to be by the calculation of events, so the Greek sculptors exhibit their women in the soft pliant form of their early beauty. This was perhaps because among Greek women, after the disappearance of youthful brilliancy, the transition to age was too sudden to be at all capable of representation. Michael Angelo, however, chis-

elled what he saw—the elaborate coarser muscles of later years. He seems indeed to have preferred them. He knew not how to invest his figures with a maidenlike tenderness; he almost always aims at the colossal female form. His Roman models may have been to blame for this. The Roman ladies early exhibited a kind of power in their aspect which makes its way also into Raphael's works. In his paintings he endeavors to soften this, but in his studies it appears unveiled. Michael Angelo's women are no Iphigenias, but seem more like sisters of Lady Macbeth. And thus Michael Angelo's Dawn is no Greek figure, such as the sleeping Ariadne in the Vatican, or the Niobe, but a Roman woman, as far removed in her form from the antique as the naked female figures of Dürer and the German school were from Michael Angelo himself.

We will take the Venus of Milo as the embodied ideal of the greatest sculptor. What does he say to us in his work? Not only does the countenance speak, but everything speaks in her from the armless shoulders downwards, all the lines round the body and bosom are mirrored before us, as the verses of some exquisite poem linger in the ear. And what do they say? Just what Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles say—legends, charming poems of the beauty of a people who have vanished, and of the splendor of their existence, enchanting us when we long to dream, making us increasingly happy when happiness is around us: merry, lovely, serious, thundering music, but bringing neither happiness, nor love, nor terror itself into our souls. No verse of Sophocles or Pindar affects us like Goethe and Shakspeare; no remembrance is awakened of the ideal in our own breast, when Antigone speaks and acts, or when we look at the Venus of Milo. Magnificent forms they are but still shadows, which, unlike the living type of our own day, appear no longer formed of flesh and blood when we place beside them Goethe's Iphigenia or Shakspeare's Juliet, in whose words we seem to listen to the expression of love which would enchant us from the lips we love most. From the eyes of Raphael's Madonnas, glances come to us which we understand; but who ever hoped for that in Grecian statues? The Greeks, who worked for themselves and their age, can not fill our hearts. Since they thought and wrote, and carved, new world-exciting thoughts have arisen, under the influence of which that work of art must be formed which is to lay hold of our deepest feelings.

A strange coldness is breathed forth from the history of the ancient world. The masses appear to us cold as shady woods in the hot summer—single individuals seem solitary and unconnected with the rest. In spite of the vast deeds which enthusiasm prompts them to accomplish, they infuse this feeling into me. The life that they lead has something mo-

tionless in it, like the progress of a work of art. I see characters of such a fixed stamp, that our own appear eclipsed by the contrast; but that is wanting which is the element of our own day, which in its extreme becomes fanaticism, melancholy, despondency, and which in a less degree we call a disposition of the mind, a longing, and foreboding. They live and die without scruple, and their philosophy never frees itself from mist, to lose itself in mist again. No feeling of unsatisfactory longing makes them desire death as an admission to higher thoughts, but, taking farewell of life, they bid farewell likewise to the sun, and descend calmly into the cool twilight of the lower world. It is as if a breath of that shadowy repose, into which they then sink completely, had encircled them even in life, and had kept their thoughts uniformly fresh. They knew nothing of the restless impulse which impels us to meet uncertain events,—they knew nothing of that which Goethe calls the "dullness" of his nature, the alternating up and down into distinct and misty perception, the sadness which the sight of aught completed awakens in the soul. They felt none of this; none of this swaying hither and thither by destinies within, none of this seeking after repose, at discord with themselves, with society, and with the thoughts of the time. Their estimation of things was always clearly defined, and the thoughts of those who felt otherwise were like single clouds which never obscured the sun to the entire people nor darkened their sky. Whatever Greek sculptor wished to fashion beauty, represented her as an immortal being with an eternal smile. He knew not the shuddering feeling of the transitoriness of the earthly, which snatches from our souls the delight we experience at the sight of beauty.

Dark clouds form with us the background to the brightest production. Our masters have a greater affinity with us than those of the ancients. Goethe and Shakspeare are indispensable to me; I would give up the ancient poets for them, if I had to choose. And so, too, I would not exchange Michael Angelo for Phidias. It would be as if I were to give up my own child for a stranger, though the strange one might appear fresher, stronger, and more brilliant. This inner affinity is of course the only thing which raises Michael Angelo above the Greeks. To me it nevertheless surpasses all other considerations. Wherever his art may be compared with that of the Greeks, it stands lower; but wherever the comparison ceases, there is an advance; and in the Aurora, this is stamped most purely. In the Last Judgment, Michael Angelo has represented in every stage this half-unconscious rising from sleep and restoration to thought; while in the Dying Slave, he has portrayed the sinking into the dream of death. In the whole range of sculptor, I know nothing finer than the countenance of this youth.

In the Aurora, the feeling that fills her shines forth from every movement, wherever we look at her. We see her struggling against an intense weariness of body and mind; she has already supported herself on her arm, and is partly raised; she has placed her foot to step forward, and sinks back again. How magnificently has Michael Angelo, in the movement of the left arm, expressed the stretching out of the limbs at waking: the elbow is raised, and the hand, extended over the shoulder, lays hold of the folds of the veil. An entire symphony of Beethoven lies in this statue.

When the Night was exhibited for the first time, among the verses affixed to it, after the custom of the age, was one running thus: "Night, whom you see slumbering here so charmingly, has been carved by an angel, in marble. She sleeps, she lives. Waken her, if you will not believe it, and she will speak." The author of the verse was one of the artist's strongest political opponents. To it he made the statue itself reply, "Sleep is dear to me, and still more that I am stone, so long as dishonor and shame last among us; the happiest fate is to see, to hear nothing; for this reason waken me not, I pray you, speak gently."

He was now near to sixty years of age. How imperceptibly the age of a great being glides on while we write of him or read of him. He was back in Rome again. The Pope—whose interest he had opposed in Florence—Clement VII., if not absolutely reconciled to him, yet drew him near to his designs, and engaged him to work upon the great papal enterprises of the imperial city. The friends of the artist, also, were beginning to be anxious about him. They represented to the Pope how he worked too much, slept little, eat little and badly, and was racked by rheumatism, headache, and giddiness. They desired that he might be saved from the keen air of the sacristy, in which he was working, that he might be permitted to finish his Madonna in the study, where more ease and comfort might be around him. The weary old man, racked by these various pains, and stirring the affections of reverent friends, was himself just finishing, in addition to his paintings in the chapel, the strong and graceful touches giving life to the Dawn and the Day. Also, we do not see that much money was flowing into the grand old

man's coffers. He presided himself over the quarrying of his marble in Carrara, and managed the transit of it with a skill which watched the future form growing in the insensate stone, and so provided against the possibility of failure, flaw, or fault. It is amusing enough, too, in a grim kind of way, to see once more the terms upon which the artist and the Pope stood in relation to each other. Clement held him tightly occupied upon papal work by giving him to understand that a bull of excommunication would be hurled against him, if he worked for anybody but the Pope. So far the Pope decidedly had the best of it; for, in those days, no one could curse so effectually as he, and yet Clement said that Michael Angelo was one to whom nothing could be refused, although he does seem to have refused him rest, and to have evaded his claims for payment. The Pope used to say he never dared to sit down when conversing with Michael Angelo, for he would certainly have done the same; and if he ordered him to put on his hat in his presence, it was only because he assuredly would have put it on without that invitation. Beneath all these difficulties, however, arose another great work of our artist's, the Sacristy of San Lorenzo. Michael Angelo, however, outlived Clement by many years, and, although the relationship may have had its littlenesses of unpleasantness, it does not produce upon us the grand effect of the surly but strong old despot, Julius. We do not suppose the artist would have memorialized Clement as a mighty Moses, in stone; he was quite nervous, timid, deceitful; well, anything the reader likes to imagine possessing those attributes.

Paul III. was a Pope of that age, which means nothing very captivating in morals or manners; but he was an old friend and employer of Michael Angelo, who had made designs for two candelabra for him, which now stand in the Sacristy of St. Peter's. Upon his elevation to the Papal chair, he instantly sent for Michael Angelo, telling him to consider himself in his employ. The artist excused himself by an engagement with Duke D'Urbino. "It is now thirty years," exclaimed the Pope, with vehemence, "I have had this desire, and now that I am Pope, shall I not be able to affect it? Where

is the contract, that I may tear it?" The desire thus vehemently expressed, was especially for the painting of that Last Judgment, to which reference has been made, completing our artist's share in the glories of the Sistine Chapel.

Fifty-one hundred and thirty-six—sixty-one years of age; there is a lifetime before the old man yet—a lifetime yet, containing perhaps his most world-renowned and marvelous immortality, including also the most precious joys and griefs men can know. Our author refers to the solitude of this great mind; he had become old in solitude. "I have no friends," he writes in his earlier years; "I need none, and wish to have none." Few of the vast intelligences who have filled the world ever have been companioned. Perhaps it is true, that while love is the want and need of all minds friendship is rarely granted to the greatest. There are exceptions, but they are rare. There are sighs and echoes in some of the sonnets of our artist of a disappointed heart, but no name is mentioned; if he were disappointed, he took up his grief, went with it on his way, prosecuted his work of solitude—his dream, his pencil, his chisel—wrangled with his popes, and in his rough, native dignity, evidently, from some anecdotes, would give them back growl for growl. At last, however, when about sixty-two, came the soft hand that woke this aged Endymion—the Diana to whom it belonged was nearly the same age; he met at last Vittoria Colonna; she stood in the rank of the foremost nobility of Europe; there had seemed a probability of her husband becoming King of Naples. When she came to Rome she was received by the Pope as became a princess of her rank. It will be supposed that it was the charm of kindred sympathies which drew these into their close and intimate affection with each other. She was able to exercise an authority over the artist, very sweet to feel, and which moulds and makes a man's genius, which he had never felt before, and for the want of which those grand women he limned in stone lack something of the tenderness which Christian grace and holiness give to womanhood. Why should it ever be thought that it is essential to woman's empire over genius that she should be young? A frolicsome kitten might be

just as powerful as many a pretty girl, or even woman; it is the intelligence, it is the sympathy, the *naïvete*, and the soul, which are the property of no age especially, but which certainly do frequently shine in matured years. None but a religious nature could have met the being of this great man, and Vittoria Colonna's was not only a religious nature, she seems to have looked at, inquired into, and to have been somewhat impressed by the Reformation ideas of the time. When the artist Francesco D'Orlanda was first introduced to them, she apologized to him because he found them engaged studying the Fra Ambrosio on the Pauline Epistles; and old as he was, she inspired our artist to cultivate poetry again. The sonnets between them are known, in which the past is glorified, and the present made radiant by resignation, and compensation beheld in the future. Only about five or six years this tender intimacy continued; then her life sank, clouded round by trials. She was an old woman, and life was decaying; the artist not only addressed her in a sonnet of immortal affection; to console her by a rare feat of art, he painted her likeness, and showed her herself as young and immortal in her own earthly beauty. She died in 1547. Michael Angelo saw her to the last. Upon her death, the old man—dare we call him old?—almost lost his senses; and years afterwards, he said to Condivi, he repented nothing so much as having only kissed her hand, and not her forehead and cheeks also, when he went to her at her last hour. Such legends as these redeem love back again to its own dominion; they show us what is its nature; they lighten deathbeds and coffins with smiles from eternity, and triumphantly say, "As love's beginning was not, so neither can its end be here."

The old man still toiled on, and now he draws near to that portion of his life for which the world thinks he was born. The efforts to rear St. Peter's had been failures. Bramante, San Gallo, Raphael had long since passed away, when Michael Angelo was to execute that work, which, beyond any other, was to gain him among his contemporaries the name of great. Julius III. was now Pope; he had succeeded to Paul III., 1549. It certainly seemed that our artist also in that year

was at death's door. We read of his sharp diseases and pains, in addition to his age; he owed his illness especially to his utter carelessness about himself, and his regardlessness of life. We have no patience here to linger over the multitude of little personal jealousies which interfered with his vast plans in St. Peter's. His predecessors had not been sparing of money; on the contrary, they had encouraged a vast retinue of inferior workmen about the building; it had thus become a source of wealth to many, who were either promptly dismissed or cut short in their wages by Michael Angelo, who was parsimony itself, and very consistently he could be parsimonious here, as he received not the slightest pay himself, and when the Pope attempted to force upon him a sum of money, promptly sent it back. The old man seems to have been plain spoken enough; and indeed it needed the promptness and decision of a Julius Cesar or a Cromwell, with an army of painters, sculptors, and architects, and scheming cardinals to boot. To these he often gave offence:—

The Cardinals Salviati and Cervini, to whom the care of the building had especially been consigned, had allowed themselves to be gained over by San Gallo's old party, and induced Julius III. to call a Council, before which Michael Angelo should defend himself. All those who had hitherto been engaged in St. Peter's Church were to meet together, and to give evidence that the building had been destroyed by Michael Angelo's new plan. The gentlemen had a number of complaints. Immense sums had been expended without their having been told wherefore; nothing had been communicated to them of the manner in which the building was to be carried on; they were completely useless. Michael Angelo treated them as if the matter did not concern them at all; he pulled down, so that it was a sorrow to all who saw it. This was what they expressed in a written document. Yet their criticism was not satisfied with such general statements. The special point in question was the transverse arches, stretching right and left from the centre of the church, where the dome was to be raised, and each of which terminated in three chapels. Michael Angelo's adversaries asserted that by this arrangement too little light reached the interior, a fact which even the Pope confidentially communicated to him. He replied that he wished those with whom the reproof originated to answer at the spot. The cardinals

now came forward, and Cervini declared that it was he who had made the assertion. "Monsignore," replied Michael Angelo, "I intend placing three other windows above those already there." "You never gave a hint of that," answered the cardinal. To which Michael Angelo rejoined: "Nor was I bound to do so, nor will I bind myself to give your lordship, or any one else, information of my intentions. Your office is to furnish money, and to take care that it is not stolen. As regards the building plan, that concerns me alone." And then turning to the Pope: "Holy Father," he said, "you know what I get for my money, and that if my work does not tend to the saving of my soul, I shall have expended time and trouble in vain upon it!" Julius placed his hand on his shoulder. "Your eternal and temporal welfare," he said, "shall not suffer from it. There is no fear of that." The conference ended, and Michael Angelo had rest from his adversaries, so long as Julius III. lived.

Then came succeeding to the Papal chair, Caraffa, "The familiar old man with the death's head face." We associate the most demoniacal cruelties for the suppression of heresy with this terrible old man; even an accidental meeting with a heretic, imposed a fine of five hundred ducats for the first offence, and death for the second. He has been spoken of as a skeleton filled with fire. At first, he seems to have lent himself to the faction existing, of course, against Michael Angelo, who was at this time eighty-one years of age; ultimately, he judged more wisely. He cared less about art than any of the immediately preceding Popes, but he determined that St. Peter's should advance rapidly, and he did more for the building than any of his predecessors. At this time, too, it is with an affecting interest that we read utterances from the great architect which are new to him as expressions of experience—a tender love for the mountains, the woods, and the clouds. These had not been spoken of in his periods of strength, manhood, and health, and quietude, if he ever knew quiet. Factions were busy round him in the city; then the Spaniards, too, laid siege to Rome, and his advice was sought, but he had fled to Spoleto. Dear old man, we can well conceive that in addition to all other turmoils, he did not need the turmoils of a military engineer at his eleventh hour.

All solitary and alone, he plunged among the hills, visited the hermits of the mountains, and he writes, "I have left more than half my soul there, for truly there is no peace but in the woods."

Robert Browning, in his charming poem, *Old Pictures in Florence*, has expressed the delight he has felt, in wandering through that noble city of modern art and artists, in exercising the gift God has given him of marking

In the mild decline of those suns like moons,
Who walked in Florence, besides her men,

We know of no life which more solemnly illustrates the meaning and intention of that Poem, the story of "the life long toil till the lump be leaven," and the story of

The race of man
That receives life in parts to live in a whole,
And grow here according to God's clear plan.

The life of Michael Angelo, more than any life we could easily refer to, exhibits, on a grand scale, these lessons—the saintliness of work, the consecration to ideals in life and art. In him the Vulcan of labor wrought ever beneath the animation and inspiration of the Venus of beauty. He was accustomed to say, "Those figures alone are good, from which the labor is scraped off, when the scaffolding is taken away." The lesson of work—the spirituality of work, shines through his life. At near eighty years of age, we read of his beginning in marble a group of four figures for a dead Christ, because, he said, to exercise himself with the mallet was good for his health. He wrought on beneath the pressure of disappointments, and the annoyance and persecutions of men who wrought for pay, his consolation was that he wrought for his art, his ideal, for his work. Eminently he teaches, as he lives, that beauty is truth, and truth beauty. His pictures, especially, more than his sculptures, are, as Cardinal Polæotus said, pictures should be mute theologians, they should delight, teach, and persuade: the end of a picture should be theology. To him the invisible was all; he shows how possible it is for the great artist, even as a saint of God, to endure as seeing him who is invisible. His emaciated body, his life of toil and self-denial, seem to say—

I bring the Invisible into full play,
Let the visible go to the dogs, what matters?

And then the end at ninety years of age :—

There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—

That, when this life is ended, begins

New work for the soul in another state,

Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins ;
Where the strong and the weak, this world's con-
geries,

Repeat in large what they practised in small,

Through life after life in unlimited series ;

Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen

By the means of Evil that Good is best,

And through earth and its noise, what is Heaven's
serene,—

When its faith in the same has stood the test—

Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,

The uses of labor are surely done:

There remaineth a rest for the people of God,

And I have had troubles enough for one.

He seems to us in these last hours of life to look especially sublime! Friends or companions had all fallen around him, and left him very lonely among his great works. What a procession he had seen pass away since the time when he had heard Savonarola preach in his native city! Now, by day and night, we see him anxiously tending the death couch of his old servant, and when he died, he turned with a most anxious sympathy to the widow of one, we suppose, to him more a friend than a servant. Would he go on with St. Peter's? He said he longed to go home and lay his bones by his fathers. But he might not do so; he had begun, in God's name, he would persevere. He saw the end of another papacy; we may conceive his life to have been more than grave and serious—religious. But during these years, he grieves that he has done so little for his soul; yet no indications of a very good Papist come forth from him. His aspirations were Christian, they were not Catholic; he felt and expressed in sonnets that he had now reached the bounds of life, and now waited for his birth hour. There came upon him, it has been said, an invincible appetite for dying—a soft, sublime melancholy clothed all impressions. He says, "It is twenty-four o'clock, and no fancy comes to his mind but death is sculptured on it." He died of extreme old age—and after his life, no one has any right to say that

work can kill a man. The 18th of February, 1564, in the ninetyeth year of his age, passed away the sublime being, whose name has only two or three which may be spoken of as synonymous to itself in the roll and calendar of great men—Homer, Dante, Sophocles, and Milton. The Shakspeares, Goethes, and Raphaels represent another order, and however high may be our appreciation of them, in the highest range of the immortals, they can not rank with those. Power is more than beauty; and character is more than grace. After thirty years absence from his native city, he returned. Rome would not part with his dust without a struggle. The coffin was conveyed as merchandise out of the city gates. Only a few knew who he was who entered the city in the covered coffin; but when it was known that the great old prince had come home, that the coffin might be lowered where the cradle had been rocked, the city rose and poured into the church where he lay in state. Over the coffin lay the rich, black velvet, embroidered with gold, the gold crucifix upon it. By the light of torches, carried by the elder artists, the bier was supported, and carried forth by the younger artists from the church, where it had temporarily rested, to the sacred precincts of Santa Croce. There the coffin was opened that Florence might look its last. It was three weeks since he died; but the features were unchanged. There were no symptoms of decay, and the appearance was as if death had only just placed upon him his seal. The Duke was afraid lest the return of the old revolutionary captain should create a commotion in the city; his fears were groundless. Multitudes thronged to gaze as upon the tomb of an old emperor, under whom all was long ago great and glorious; and there they left him to rest—and there his dust reposes—his monument, with those of Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli, in the same church. It is worth noticing, also, that his old house in Florence is still standing.

What an inadequate paper for such a life and such a man! We are grateful to M. Grimm that he has given to us the opportunity of recreating impressions of an intelligence so noble and vast. We have left a whole world of matters in

connection with this great man untouched; his relations to the great movements of his times, which beheld the rise of Luther. We think there is every reason to believe that, without being what it was impossible for him to be—an extreme man—he sympathized with, and drank in much of the spirit of the German reformation.

We have not attempted to give the pith and poetry of many of his speeches and poems. When he was rebuked on account of the nudity of some of his figures in the Last Judgment, and told that Pope Paul IV. desired that he should reform this fault, he bravely said: "Tell the Pope that is easily done. Let him reform the world, and he will find the pictures will reform themselves." But criticism and remarks on such a life are needless. We have said enough to create, in every reader's mind, a glow of admiration and homage for the memory of him of whom Raphael said: "I bless God I live in the times of Michael Angelo!"

Edinburgh Review.

TAINÉ'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. *

To master the entire literature of a country in ancient and modern times; to sit in judgment upon its philosophers, poets, historians, and men of letters; to estimate aright the mind and character of its people; and to combine with scholarly criticism the broadest theories on the religion and destinies of the human race, is a work which none but the most gifted or presumptuous of men would venture to undertake. Even if that country were his own,—if he had been familiar with its language and traditions from childhood—if he had studied its literature from his youth upwards, he might shrink from an enterprise of such pretension. What, then, must be the courage of an author who aspires to write the literary history of a foreign country? To overcome the perplexities of a strange language, its idioms, its

* 1. *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*. Par H. TAINÉ. 3 vols. 8 vo. Paris: 1863.

2. *Tome Quatrième et Complémentaire: Les Contemporains*. Paris: 1864.

conventionalities, its changes, is among the least of his difficulties. To do justice to his great theme he should be imbued not only with the spirit of the language, but with the genius of the race who speak it. He must be acquainted with their history, and the conditions under which their literature was created. Above all he should be able to rise above the prejudices of his own nation, and to identify himself with the sentiments of a people of another race.

We need not wonder, then, that so few comprehensive histories of any national literature have been written. Of all the countries of Europe, Italy has received the fullest measure of historical criticism. From the works of Tiraboschi, Muratori, Ginguené, and Sismondi, a complete history of Italian literature may be collected; while the classical associations of that country, the genius of its writers, and the charms of its language, have attracted hosts of critics and biographers. France, with all her cultivation and literary resources, has not yet found an author to do justice to the history of her own national literature. The huge work of the Benedictines is an unfinished fragment, and works like those of Laharpe and Nisard hardly attain to the dignity of literary history. M. Sainte-Beuve, who is regarded by M. Taine as the founder of the school of historical criticism to which he himself aspires to belong, has given to the world in his varied *Essays* the nearest approach to a history of French literature. Germany, whose searching intellect has surveyed all history, sacred and profane, and whose genius had penetrated every department of learning, was, until lately, without any historian of her own literary achievements. The learned and thoughtful history of Vilmar, however, now presents an historical and critical review of a literature, still in its youth if compared with the older literatures of Europe.* Spain owes to Bouterwek, a German, to Sismondi, a Swiss, and to Ticknor, an American, sketches of her literary history, which none of her own writers had supplied.

England abounds in literary biogra-

phies and critical essays; and the labors of indefatigable editors have illustrated the works of all the great masters of English literature. Nor have literary histories been wanting, more or less imperfect. Warton's tedious history of English poetry provokingly concludes with the accession of Elizabeth, and before the commencement of the golden age of English poets. But in truth we possess no broad and comprehensive work to embrace so vast and varied a theme. Hallam, in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," examined the literary history of his own country during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; but a work of so wide a scope, however able, could not embrace a complete view of the copious literature of England. In 1844, Professor Craik presented a more comprehensive survey, in his "Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England," which attracted less attention than they deserved, from the unpretending form in which they were published. A revised edition of this work appeared in 1861, under the title of "A Compendious History of English Literature, from the Norman Conquest," which, without pretending to any deep philosophy or original criticism, maps out the whole field of English literature with creditable scholarship and patient learning. Professor Craik was followed, in the present year, by Mr. Morley's first instalment of a work of higher pretensions, which proposes to tell, in a philosophical spirit, "the story of the English mind."* Meanwhile, however, he has been anticipated by a French scholar and critic of remarkable talents, who has just published a history of English literature, from the earliest ages to the present time. To this work we now propose to call the attention of our readers.

A French book is rarely altogether dull; we may be sure that its plan will be symmetrical, its style light and spirited, its language epigrammatic. Its theories, even if shallow or unsound, will assuredly be suggested in the happi-

* *Geschichte der deutschen National Literatur* von A. F. C. Vilmar.

* *English Writers. The Writers before Chaucer; with an Introductory Sketch of the Four Periods of English Literature.* By Henry Morley. 1864.

est form; and should it relate to England, we naturally expect to meet with pleasant sarcasms upon our climate, our dress, our manners, our cookery, our society, and our morals. But the work of M. Taine comes to us introduced by a name already famous in France, and not unknown in England. M. Taine was born in 1828, and his talents were displayed from an early age. At college he was becoming familiar with ancient and modern literature, while other youths were still plodding over their dictionaries and grammars. Nor was he long content with the mere learning of a student: he soon ventured upon original thought and speculation. In an *Essay on the Fables of La Fontaine*, written for his degree as Doctor of Letters, and published in 1853, he first propounded certain critical theories which he has continued to advocate in his later works. In 1855, the French Academy awarded him a prize for the best essay on *Livy*, which displayed not only good writing and scholarship, but views of criticism so bold and original as to startle the grave academicians who sat in judgment upon it. Showing little deference to received opinions, he took an independent line of his own, which he was able to hold with spirit and a happy confidence in himself. Such a man was evidently destined to achieve fame in literature. He was not to be tempted by a small professorship, which would have doomed him to teach inferior intellects, again and again, what he had already learned himself, but chose boldly the career of a man of letters, which commands more flattering distinctions in France than in any other country of Europe. His pen has never since been idle; and having further displayed his talents as a critic, in essays upon the French philosophers of the nineteenth century, and upon criticism and history, his efforts have culminated in the more ambitious work which lies before us.*

* The following is a list of M. Taine's published works:—"La Fontaine et ses Fables, 4th ed.;" "Essai sur Tite Live, 2nd ed.;" "Voyage aux Pyrénées, 4th ed.;" "Les Philosophes Français au XIX. Siècle, 2nd ed.;" "Essais de Critique et d'Histoire;" "L'Idéalisme Anglais: étude sur Carlyle, 1864;" "Le Positivisme Anglais: étude sur Stuart Mill, 1864."

Its intrinsic literary merits come to us recommended by a Committee of the French Academy, who unanimously adjudged a prize to its author. The Academy, however, refused to confirm the award of its Committee, on the ground that M. Taine's system was in violation of the received principles of philosophical orthodoxy.† We may regret that the author should have forfeited this literary honor; and we wish the Academy could have left him the prize, while they protested against his opinions. But the censures with which that learned body has been assailed in France on this occasion are unjust; because in judging of the claims of a philosophical work, it is difficult to separate its literature from its philosophy. Surely the Academy had a right to say that philosophical error, however cleverly maintained, was not entitled to distinction at its hands.‡

M. Taine's philosophy will be still less acceptable in England; for while it shocks many received opinions in regard to religion, morals, and history, it is applied to our character and literature, in a manner offensive to the national pride and cultivated taste of Englishmen. To many of M. Taine's principles and opinions we entertain strong objections; but though we shall have occasion to contest his conclusions, we are not insensible to the comprehensive scheme of his work, the originality of his style, the felicity of his illustrations, the discrimination of many of his criticisms, and his rare familiarity with the English language. Unfortunately, notwithstanding these merits, M. Taine is entirely deficient in those qualities which are necessary to raise his work to the standard he himself proposes. He has read with marvelous industry a vast number of English books. We can hardly discover any portion of the wide field of our literature which is unknown to him. But he writes of England as the late Mr. Buckle wrote of countries which he knew by books and by books only. His ignorance of the real character of this country and of its people is extreme. Nay, it is

† *Le Constitutionnel*, 13th June, 1864: Notice par M. Sainte-Beuve.

‡ We learn, with pleasure, that M. Taine has just been appointed by the Emperor to the chair of Art and *Æsthetics*, in the *École des Beaux-arts*.

worse than ignorance, because he substitutes for the facts which he does not know the wild and fantastical theories of his own facile pen. He is intoxicated by his style until he believes in monsters of his own creation. Morality, religion, and the domestic virtues appear to have been among the first objects which attracted M. Taine's attention in England, as if they had not previously fallen within the sphere of his observation; but to this first discovery he soon added a second—that the effect of these peculiarities was only to ripen hypocrisy, the principal fruit of the English soil. It is indeed marvelous that a man should have acquired so considerable a knowledge of our books, and so little of the country which produced them. But with the French, ingenuity is apt to supply the place of observation. No people in Europe are so incapable of comprehending and appreciating foreign nations. M. Taine's recently published letters on Italy are just as clever and just as absurd as his estimate of England. He sees as much of the world as a man can do whose whole field of vision extends along the Boulevards of Paris; everything else is in the clouds, unsubstantial, amusing; and essentially untrue.

This work is therefore radically deficient in that soundness of judgment and historical precision which might have given to it a permanent value, even in this country; and we regret its imperfections the more as it is written in a spirit calculated to perpetuate the vulgar prejudices which have too long prevailed between the two greatest nations of Europe. M. Taine is never weary of denouncing the forced expressions, the accumulated metaphors, and the complicated structure of English composition. But these are precisely the defects of his own style. Everything he says is overstrained. The art of good writing in the French language is to be essentially clear, simple, and correct. M. Taine struggles under a redundancy of ornament which oppresses the reader; and in his perpetual effort to say everything in a forcible manner he becomes coarse and fatiguing. Indeed, we question whether he has any perception of the highest qualities of style. He quotes some of the finest passages of Burke

and Junius as specimens of their bitterness of feeling and power of invective; but he does not seem aware of the exquisite polish of the blade that inflicts so mortal a wound. He dilates on the roughness and strength of Shakspeare, but he entirely fails to catch the delicacy and marvelous fitness of his diction; and we attribute this defect not so much to an imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, as to a want of refinement in M. Taine's own character, which may be traced throughout these volumes.

We will now proceed to follow M. Taine through his survey of English literature,—pausing, when necessary, to express our own opinions, but avoiding lengthened controversy. The Introduction lays down, with scientific precision. M. Taine's historical theory, by which he determines the religion, the laws, the social habits, the literature, and the arts of different nations. Three causes contribute to the elementary moral condition of a people—"race, position, and period."* The primordial characteristics of the distinct races of mankind are almost immutable: they may be modified by changes of climate and situation, but their distinctive principles are never to be effaced. In the "position" of a nation are included its geographical situation, its climate, the character of its country, and other conditions by which it is surrounded. By "period" is signified any given epoch in the progress of a nation towards civilization. These three conditions of race, position, and period being ascertained, the moral and intellectual character of the people may be determined. Here is the true key to the science of history and criticism. This is very much the doctrine of Mr. Buckle, and we suspect M. Taine has unconsciously borrowed a good deal of his philosophy from the same source. The merits of the theory must be tested by its application. In his essay on *La Fontaine*, M. Taine pressed his theory to the very verge of absurdity. *La Fontaine* wrote his fables not because he was a man of genius, but because moral necessity made him a poet, and just such a poet as he was. He was a Gaul, he lived in Champagne, and had been admitted to the Court of Louis XIV.,—

* "La Race, le Milieu, et le Moment," p. xxii.

thence his fables. A theory applied in this fashion can not command the assent of any rational thinker. It is the science of history caricatured and travestied. In his present work, M. Taine holds to the same theory, but so qualified as to be little more than a philosophical commonplace. But it is no discovery of his: writers in all ages have noticed the influence of race, of climate, and civilization upon the mind of a people; nay, it is generally taken for granted. It needs no profound philosophy to observe the essential differences between an Englishman and a Frenchman; nor to account for change in the mind of a people in different ages. Every one must be sensible that no Frenchman could have written "Paradise Lost," nor any Englishman Béranger's songs: and that the poetry of Chaucer or Corneille could not have been conceived in the reign of Queen Victoria.* M. Taine's theory may be either a paradox or a truism, according to its application. Sometimes we shall find it pressed as far as in the case of La Fontaine, to the exclusion of individual genius and the free will of man, and sometimes paraded where there is no need of any theory at all. At the same time his theory has naturally tempted him to exaggerate and give undue prominence to those facts which support it, and to overlook other facts, no less material to just conclusions, which happen not to bear upon it.

First we are introduced to the original races from which the English people sprang—Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians, and Danes—half-naked savages from the marshes and forests of the North of Europe. A hopeful parentage! Having lived, in their own countries, amid rain and storms, their minds were naturally gloomy; and when they crossed over the seas into Britain, they found a climate congenial to their Northern temperament. With perpetual rain, mud, and darkness, what could these savages do but hunt,

fish, and tend swine, gorge themselves with flesh, and get drunk with strong liquors? One solitary virtue, however, was due to this wretched climate. The people, driven to their own firesides for warmth, acquired domestic habits; their descendants have inherited a taste for domestic life as well as drunkenness.† "It is not with such instincts," says M. Taine, "that a people quickly attain cultivation." This is his cherished theme; he is never weary of dilating upon our climate, our drunkenness, and natural stupidity.‡ He allows, however, that the Saxons had many virtues: their manners were severe, their inclinations grave, and of a manly dignity; they had no taste for luxurious pleasures; they showed a spirit of independence and freedom; and had a grand sense of duty. They made one step out of barbarism, but it was only one step. "This naked brute, who lies all day by his fire-side, in dirt and indolence, between eating and sleeping, whose coarse organs can not trace the delicate lineaments of poetic forms, has glimpses of the sublime in his agitated dreams. He feels what he can not form; and his faith is already the religion of his heart, as it will be when he rejects in the sixteenth century the ceremonial worship of Rome." We infer from this tirade (if it has any meaning at all) that our Protestant faith, which we had believed to be due to a study of the Gospel and free inquiry, was simply the work of our vile climate.

Their songs and poetry attest the character and manners of the Saxons. "The persons represented are not selfish and cunning like those of Rome; but brave hearts, simple and strong, true to their kinsmen and to their lord in battle, firm and

* These influences were well described by Lamennais. "Plus je vois, plus je m'émerveille de voir à quel point les opinions qui ont en nous les plus profondes racines dépendent du temps où nous avons vécu, de la société où nous sommes nés, et de mille circonstances également passagères. Songez seulement à ce que seraient les nôtres, si nous étions venus au monde dix siècles plus tôt, ou dans le même siècle, à Téhéran, à Bénarès, à Taïti."

† The author's description of our ancestors and ourselves is so characteristic that it must be cited from the original: "De grands corps blancs, flegmatiques, avec des yeux bleus farouches, et des cheveux d'un blond rougeâtre; des estomacs voraces, repus de viande et de fromage, rechauffés par des liqueurs fortes: un tempérament froid, tardif pour l'amour, le goût du foyer domestique, le penchant à l'ivrognerie brutale: ce sont là encore aujourd'hui les traits que l'hérédité et le climat maintiennent dans la race, et ce sont ceux que les historiens romains leur découvrent d'abord dans leur premier pays." (Vol. i. p. 9.) Before M. Taine repeats his statement concerning the *sera juvenum Venus*, he should consult some magistrate conversant with the statistics of paternity.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 13, 75, 94, &c.

staunch towards enemies and friends."* They were loyal to the state, and faithful to their wives, who were serious and respected. They had no love songs, for love with them was not an amusement and a pleasure, but an engagement and a duty. Everything was grave and even gloomy; they had a profound poetic sentiment; but it was one of vehemence and passion; they had no art or natural talent for description. A race so serious, and averse to a sensual and expansive life, were quite prepared to espouse Christianity. "Unlike the races of the South, naturally pagan, and preoccupied with the pleasures of life, they became Christians by virtue of their temperament and climate;" "and more than any other race in Europe they were akin, in the simplicity and energy of their conceptions, to the ancient Hebrew spirit."† But the new faith could not enlighten them; and amid their woods, their mud and snow, and under their inclement and gloomy sky, they continued dull, ignorant, fierce, gluttenous, and brutal, until the Norman Conquest. Such is M. Taine's cheerful picture of the first period of our national history. Every English reader will pronounce it overcharged and extravagant: but it favors his cherished theory. We would add that, with all this pretence to ethnological science, he has wholly overlooked the Celtic races of these isles, who differ as widely from the German type as the French from the English.

It was the mission of the Normans—or, in other words, of the French‡—to introduce civilization into England. The Normans—themselves a Northern race—had, by intermixture with the French, acquired the quickness and cultivation of that lively people; and the invaders were joined by adventurers from all parts of France. When they had conquered the Saxons, they built churches and monasteries; founded schools and libraries, and cultivated learning. They talked with ease and fluency, as we can readily believe; their poets and chroniclers told tales of battles, embassies, processions, and the chase, in the spirited and sprightly style peculiar to their race. They

changed the spirit of war by sentiments of honor and chivalry; and the manners of society by gallantry to women. Light and gay in disposition, they sought amusement in their lives and in literature. Their imagination was never great; but they excelled in conversation, in taste, in method, in clearness and piquancy of style; and these arts they were now to teach the Saxons.§ For two hundred years the literature of the country was French. The ruling race even strove to efface the Saxon tongue; but the language of the people prevailed. According to M. Taine, the Saxons were too stupid to learn a foreign language; but, in truth, the conquerors, overcome by numbers, were gradually merged in the masses of their subjects. Terms of law, of science, and of abstract thought were French; but all words in common use continued Saxon. This combination formed the modern English, in which we proudly recognize the mastery of Saxon speech. But M. Taine appears to be utterly unconscious that after, as well as before the Conquest (as we had occasion to show in our very last Number), the essential elements of the national character, laws, liberties, and language, remained unaltered.

The Normans, while setting an example of courtesy and refinement of manners, were ferocious and cruel in temper and disorderly in their lives. Silly and idle tales amused their leisure hours; but no attempt was made to cultivate their minds. Meanwhile their iron rule had repressed the growth of Saxon literature. But the subject race were still the bone and sinew of the country; they were constantly gaining ground upon their conquerors; and by the middle of the thirteenth century, the two races, united, had grown into the great and free English people, having a voice in public affairs, and returning representatives to Parliament. Men who delighted in ballads of Robin Hood and other fighting worthies, were able to maintain their own rights, by courage and the strong right arm; and they won their freedom, while

§ "Et voilà ce que nos Français du onzième siècle vont pendant cinq cent ans, à coups de lance, puis à coups de bâton, puis à coups de ferule, enseigner et montrer à leurs Saxons." (Vol. i. p. 102.)

* Vol. i. pp. 50, 51.

† Vol. i. p. 31.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

France and other races were still at the mercy of absolute monarch and feudal lords.* The same spirit which had withstood kings and nobles, was prepared to strive against the wealth, pride, and corruptions of the church. The "Vision of Piers Ploughman," written about 1362, expressed the popular jealousy of the pomp and luxuries of the clergy; and, a few years later, Wiclif translated the Bible, and was preparing the way for the Reformation.

And now, the English language being formed, a great poet arose to prove its richness. Chaucer was an accomplished gentleman and man of the world; he had seen courts and camps, and lived in the most polite society of England and the Continent. His poetry derived its first inspiration from Italy; but it was otherwise thoroughly English. His temperament was as gay and airy as the French; but his humor was of the true English savor. With a dramatic conception of characters, and a coarse spirit of satire, he united an impassioned love of nature, and a vein of serious reflection, characteristic of the English mind. His verse was as rich and musical as the half-fashioned language of his time would allow. He has been called the Homer of his country;† and certainly he was our first great poet.

With a new language and a great master, may be said to have commenced the history of truly English literature; and here M. Taine, laying aside, for awhile, historical speculation, assumes the office of critic, for which he has rare aptitude. When not led astray by delusive theories or national prejudice, he apprehends, at once, the distinctive traits of a writer's mind; discerns his merits and defects with the nicest discrimination, and assigns him his true place in the commonwealth of letters; and his critical talents become more conspicuous as he advances to times and writers more congenial to his taste. He has spared no pains to make his countrymen familiar with our best writers, by admirable translations of selected passages, the originals appearing in the notes.‡ So true and spirited are

some of the translations of Chaucer and other early poets, that his version may serve as a commentary upon obscure phrases in the original text. The following lines may be taken as an example:

And as the new abashed nightingale
That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any heerd's tale,
Or in the hedges any wight steering,
And after siker doeth her voice outring;
Right so Cresceide, when that her dredestent,
Opened her herte, and told him her entent.'

These lines are thus translated:—

Et comme le jeune rossignol étonné,
Qui s'arrêta d'abord, lorsqu'il commence sa chanson,
S'il entend la voix d'un pâtre,
Ou quelque chose qui remue dans la haie, §
Puis, rassuré, il déploie sa voix,
Tout de même Crescide, quand sa crainte eut cessé,
Ouvrit son cœur, et lui dit sa pensée.' (Vol. i. p. 189.)

Again, we must follow M. Taine as an historian, fertile in theories, and most ingenious in the collocation of facts. We are approaching what he terms "the Pagan Revival" (*La Renaissance Païenne*). For seventeen centuries, he says, an idea of the weakness and decay of the human race had taken possession of the minds of men. Greek corruption, Roman oppression, and the dissolution of the ancient world had given rise to it; the Christian religion had kept it alive, by warning its disciples that the kingdom of heaven was at hand; the crumbling ruins of antiquity deepened this gloomy sentiment; and when men were beginning to arouse themselves from the depression of the dark ages, their spirit and hopes were crushed by the Catholic Church. On this point his observations are so striking that we must give them entire:

"The (Christian) religion, fluid in the first ages, was now congealed into a hard crystal, and the gross contact of barbarians had deposited upon its surface a layer of idolatry: theocracy and the Inquisition, the monopoly of the clergy, and the prohibition of the Scriptures, the worship of relics and the sale of indulgences, began to appear. In place of Christianity, the Church; in place of a free creed, enforced orthodoxy; in the place of

have fallen into many inaccuracies, which the author has overlooked.

§ M. Taine has missed the sense of the word 'wight,' which is not 'quelque chose,' but 'quelqu'un.'

* Vol. i. pp. 103–160.

† Craik's Hist. of Literature, vol. i. p. 46.

‡ The English extracts will need a careful revision in a new edition, as the French printers

moral fervor, fixed customs; instead of the heart and stirring thought, outward and mechanical discipline: such are the characteristics of the middle ages. Under this constraint thinking society had ceased to think; philosophy had turned into a manual, and poetry into dogma; and man, inert, kneeling, delivering up his conscience and his conduct into the hands of his priest, seemed but a mannikin fit for reciting a catechism, and mumbling over his beads." (Vol. i. p. 250.)

At length a new spirit was awakened in the laity. There were discoveries in science and the arts; literature was revived, and religion transformed. "It seemed as if men opened their eyes all at once, and saw." "The ancient pagan idea reappeared, bringing with it the cultivation of beauty and force: first in Italy—for of all the countries in Europe it is the most pagan, and the nearest to ancient civilization; next in France and Spain, and Flanders, and even in Germany, and lastly in England." Under the Tudors a sense of the beautiful, a taste for enjoyment and refined luxuries, was growing up. The nobles left their gloomy castles and stagnant moats for elegant palaces, half Gothic, half Italian, ornamented with gardens, fountains, and statues. The fashions of dress, of banquets, and of fêtes became more costly and magnificent; masques were played for the entertainment of the Court, preparing the way for the drama. Everything appealed to the senses and to nature. The study of the classics was revived; and after the doleful legends of the middle ages, it was delightful to see once more the radiant Olympus of Greece. The literature of Italy was pagan in its origin, its language, and traditions; and from this source Surrey, Sidney, Spencer, and Shakspeare sought examples and materials for their poetry. The revived art of Italy and her disciples was also pagan. The lean, deformed, and bleeding Christ of the middle ages, and the livid and ill-flavored Virgin, were changed into noble and graceful forms. It was now the study of artists to represent the human body to perfection, in its unveiled beauty; and the splendid goddesses of antiquity reappeared in their primitive nudity. Even the Madonna was but a Venus draped. Art had again become sensuous, and idolized the body rather than the soul.

All this may be very true, but M. Taine must allow us to assure him that it explains nothing in the intellectual life of England. These incidents of this intellectual revival in the sixteenth century are truly and vividly told. But the reader will hesitate to accept the inference that its inspiration was pagan. True that poets and artists profited by the glorious monuments of ancient genius; but at both periods perfection was attained by a close study of nature; and when men had outgrown the traditional types of monkish times, they resorted to the noble models which nature herself set before them. Homer and Virgil had studied nature; and so did Chaucer, Spencer, and Shakspeare. Praxiteles had studied nature; and so did Raphael and Titian. The human mind and forms of natural beauty are eternal, and the same in ancient Greece, in modern Italy, and in England. The conceptions of modern genius often took their shape and coloring from the examples of antiquity, but not their inspiration, which came direct from nature. And, moreover, it was the genius of Greece and Rome—not their paganism—that found students and admirers. Their heathen faith was dead, and had left no believers: their deities had become the pleasing fiction of poets; and, as has been finely said by an Irish writer of genius, "Religious ideas die like the sun; their last rays, possessing little heat, are expended in creating beauty."*

Even M. Taine, when he has concluded his amusing but fanciful chapter, proceeds to say that "paganism transplanted into other races and climates receives from each race and each climate distinct traits and an individual character. It becomes English in England: the English revival is the revival of the Saxon genius."† In other words, this revival is the very reverse of the "renaissance" which took place in the arts and literature of the Catholic nations—of Italy and of France: for this very Saxon genius, as he had already shown, had been, in early times, opposed to pagan worship, and ripe for the spiritual faith of Christ; it had lately purified that faith

* Lecky's History of Rationalism, vol. i. p. 286.

† Vol. i. p. 277.

from every taint of paganism derived from Rome; yet we are asked to believe in the pagan inspiration of modern English literature. It is a pleasant conceit, in which M. Taine has mistaken incidents for causes, and suffered an attractive theory to obscure the truth.

But we must proceed with the story of this literary revival. The Earl of Surrey has been called the English Petrarch. Familiar with Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, he refined the rude verse of his own time with the graces of Italian poetry. His mind was even cast in the same mould as Petrarch's; but his spirit and sentiments were not the less English. This difference is well illustrated by M. Taine in the sentimental abstraction of Petrarch's Laura, and Surrey's devotion to his own wife. "The poetic dream of Petrarch became in Surrey the exact picture of profound and perfect conjugal affection, such as it still exists in England, and such as all the poets, from the author of the 'Nut-Brown Maid' to Dickens, have never failed to represent it."* Surrey's elegance and taste rendered great services to English poetry: but he wants the fire and passion of poetic genius. M. Taine, with his usual discernment, observes that "in his sonnets he thinks less often of loving well than of writing well."

We are next introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, as the first of a host of Elizabethan poets, who, says the author, being of a German race, were not restrained, like the Latin races, by a taste for harmonious forms, but preferred a forcible impression to a beautiful expression. He sees in Sidney's poetry "charming imaginations—pagan and chivalrous—in which Petrarch and Plato seem to have left their memory." In every natural beauty of the poets of this age he discovers the prevailing paganism; but happily "spiritual instincts are already piercing through it, and making Platonists preparatory to making Christians."† If the pagan theory can be impressed upon us by repetition, it will be no fault of M. Taine that we are not converts: yet is hard to persuade ourselves that after the Reformation our best English

writers were no nearer to Christianity than Plato. If it were possible for M. Taine to lay his theories on one side, we should accept him with pleasure as one of the most eloquent and discriminating critics who have studied the literature of the Elizabethan age. In his chapters on Sidney and Spencer he rises to a genuine enthusiasm, and the magical charm of these poets has never been more faithfully rendered in a foreign language.

Spencer was the greatest poet of this age, and above all poets who had yet flourished in England. The richness of his imagination, his poetic spirit—at once gentle and impassioned—his deep sense of the beautiful in nature, and in the human mind, the melody of his verse, and the grace and vigor of his language, combined to place him beyond all rivalry. Allegory was the fashion of his time, and M. Taine compares him to Rubens, whose allegory swells beyond all rules, and withdraws fancy from all law, except that of form and color. In a poet so devoted to natural beauty, and so familiar with classical and Italian models, he readily discovers another example of the pagan type in a Christian race, and the worship of form in a Northern imagination.‡ It would have been at variance with this theory to believe that an English temperament, without pagan inspiration, could be instinct with a passionate love of nature; yet as a critic he can not fail to observe that English poets, above all others, dwell upon the beauties of natural scenery. This sentiment we hold to be indigenous: it breathes through our poetry; it thrills in the hearts of all cultivated Englishmen; it is a strong natural impulse of our race, and not a borrowed fancy. It surpasses the models which we are said to have followed, in freshness, simplicity, and truth.

The school of Elizabethan poets passed away suddenly, like the schools of painting in Italy and Flanders, and was succeeded by a feebler race—by Carew, Suckling, and Herrick—in whom, says M. Taine, "the pretty replaced the beautiful"—by Quarles, Herbert, Babington, Donne, and Abraham Cowley. Poetry was dying out; but the intellect of this age of revival was not confined to poetry

* Vol. i, pp. 277-285.

† Vol. i, pp. 289-311.

‡ Vol. i, pp. 328-369.

and song. It is only in the infancy of a nation that its whole mind is expressed in that simple form. But the mind of England was now expanding in literature and learning, in science and the arts, in industry, in social, political, and religious enlightenment. The language was ripening, and growing in richness, force, and amplitude. The religious regeneration of the people was the main cause and most striking incident of this revival: but its consideration is postponed to a much later portion of M. Taine's history. Nor, according to his scheme, could this have been otherwise; for it would have tried even his ingenuity to place in the foreground of his spirited sketch of a "pagan" revival, the great religious movement which filled the minds of men, above all other thoughts, and was essentially antagonistic to the spirit of paganism. But we will follow, as he leads, to the prose writers of the period.

To criticise and illustrate prose is far less attractive than the more picturesque treatment of which poetry naturally admits; but we can scarcely forgive M. Taine for passing over, in a couple of pages, the prose writers of a century. We think that, even at the sacrifice of some of his accustomed animation, he might have done more ample justice to these worthies, while he consulted the due proportion of his own work. He dismisses them as a body with a few contemptuous remarks. "They have not the spirit of analysis, which is the art of following, step by step, the natural order of ideas, nor the spirit of conversation, which is the talent of never wearying or shocking others. For the most part they are tiresome pedants, never maintaining the proper level of prose," "but rising above it by their poetic genius, and falling below it by the heaviness of their education and the coarseness of their manners."* He condescends, however, to single out three writers from this crowd—Robert Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, and Francis Bacon.

He is attracted by the learning, imagination, and quaint humor of the eccentric author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," who reminds him of his own countryman Rabelais. In the inventive

philosophy of Sir Thomas Browne, he perceives the imagination of a poet, conceiving and anticipating the discoveries of science. But of all the thinkers of this age, Francis Bacon was the deepest and most comprehensive, and his style was not less excellent than his wisdom. It was his special art to enforce scientific truths by imagery and illustration, or, as M. Taine most happily expresses it, "by symbols, not by analysis." "Hence a style of admirable richness, gravity, and force, sometimes solemn and symmetrical, sometimes close and incisive—always studied and colored." "There is nothing in English prose superior to this diction." And again: "There is no proof, no effort to convince; he affirms, and that is all; he has thought after the manner of artists and poets, he speaks after the fashion of prophets and divines." "In fine, his process of thought was that of creators—not argument, but intuition." All Bacon's philosophy took a practical direction for the benefit of mankind. With him the object of science was the production of useful arts. And by inverting the synthetic reasoning of the ancients, and introducing inductive philosophy, he laid the true foundations of scientific discovery. It may be true, as M. Taine observes, that while he taught others to discover natural laws, he discovered none himself; but his own discovery was great enough for a single mind, and he might well leave its practical application to other men, according to their special gifts and opportunities.

As a review of the entire mind and writings of Lord Bacon M. Taine's sketch is imperfect; but, on the whole, he appreciates his genius not unfairly. He is not prepared, however, to allow Lord Bacon the credit of his own rare endowments. Such an admission would be at variance with his theory. No, Lord Bacon is merely an example of the force of surrounding circumstances, or "*milieu*." "Man thinks he is doing everything by the force of his own thought; and he does nothing but with the concurrence of surrounding thoughts; he imagines he is following the small voice which speaks within himself, and he only hears it because it is spoken by a thousand loud and imperious voices, which, proceeding from far and near, vibrate in

* Vol. i, pp. 370-388.

unison with it," and so it was with Lord Bacon. He was a philosopher, not by the force of genius, but because mankind had ceased to believe in the decline of the human race, and the approaching end of the world. "To be developed, an idea must be in harmony with the civilization that surrounds it:" and yet, as if to contradict this very theory, he remarks that "the last representatives of ancient science, like the first representatives of modern science, were exiled, imprisoned, assassinated, or burned;"* or, in other words, thought and discovered in defiance of the opinions and voices of their contemporaries. No one will be disposed to ignore the influence of surrounding circumstances upon the minds of men; but we can not allow it a creative power. It communicates an impulse and direction to the general current of thought, at particular periods; but above and beyond it, will soar the genius and virtue of lofty souls; and these are the special gifts of God.

After this brief sketch of the prose writer of this period, M. Taine enters upon the subject dearest to French taste—the theatre. Here he revels and luxuriates far into his second volume. He indulges a twofold pleasure; as a critic, he is full of relish for his work; as a historian, he is able to expose the coarseness of the English stage and the rude manners of the people. The stage is the very mirror of the times; and he holds it before us with an air of exulting mockery. And first we are introduced to the pit of the Globe Theatre. It is open to the watry sky of London, and is made no better than a pig's sty by the brutal crowd who throng it. With such spectators what need of high dramatic art, of scenery, of the proprieties of time or place? They are willing to see Africa on one side of the stage, Asia on the other, and many secondary states in the middle; the imagination of the public was the only stage machinist. They were ready to feel all, as the poet was to dare all: and this was due to the free and complete expansion of nature at this period. The people were uncivilized beings—full of animal life and spirits; the nobles were coarse, violent, and sen-

sual; and society, having just thrown off the trammels of the old faith, had not yet come fully under the moral restraints of Protestantism. It was awakened, by the stirring spirit of the time, to a longing after happiness and a boundless capacity for enjoyment, like a youth when he first finds himself a man. An audience so constituted was prepared for whatever fare the dramatist provided; they were not shocked at scenes of blood, nor offended by the coarsest humor; they were not above the silliest buffoonery; but they were also susceptible to gentler sentiments and higher emotions.

All this was natural to any half-civilized society; but it seems that there were, also passions, peculiarly English, which the dramatists sought to gratify. The English, we are reminded, were a fierce race, accustomed to war, and familiar with public executions, living in an execrable climate, grossly fed on beef and beer, and consequently savage, gloomy, and desponding. "A dark and threatening mist covers their spirit like their sky;" and hence the stage was filled with massacres, punishments, and crimes. The temperament of Latin races, living under brighter skies, led to representations of beauty and happiness; but here the character of the people encouraged scenes of fierce energy, agony, and death.† This flattering portrait of Englishmen favors a theory, but is it true? We would ask M. Taine to point out in English history any examples of blood-thirstiness to be compared with the foul murders perpetrated by princes of Southern race,—the D'Estes, Borgias, and Medicis. He has drawn a frightful picture of English history and English society in the reigns of the Tudors, and he infers that the passions of the English drama were but the echo of the fierce and sanguinary contentions out of doors. But M. Taine entirely confounds the spirit of the country with the spirit of the age. No doubt blood was shed like water by the Tudors; but was the House of Valois, was the gay and brilliant Court of Touraine, less superstitious and less cruel? Was the House of Guise a model of the gaiety and simplicity of the Latin races? Did not every enormity culminate under

* Vol. i, pp. 410-414.

† Vol. i. pp. 436-445.

the influence of Catharine de Medicis and Charles IX. ? It is nonsense to attribute to influence of climate and race effects which took their origin in the manners and passions of the age ; and if a comparison were drawn between England and France by the light of their history, the heaviest burden of acts of ferocity and violence would not lie at our door. Has M. Taine forgotten that barely seventy years have elapsed since the massacre of the Abbaye and the holocausts of the Reign of Terror ? What tragedy ever reached the intensity of the French Revolution ? And as to coarseness, there is nothing in the whole range of the Elizabethan literature to be compared with the obscenity of Voltaire in several of his most popular writings.

But to proceed with the drama : M. Taine has described the audience—and who were the dramatists ? Unable to earn their bread as writers, they were forced to become managers and actors, and led the life of comedians and artists—reckless and dissolute, spent with abandoned women and wild young men, and closing in exhaustion, indigence, and death. Such being the instructors of the play-going public, what could be expected but a depraved drama ?

We can not follow M. Taine through his survey of the minor dramatists—Peele, Greene, Marlow, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher—from whose plays he culls examples of coarseness, and illustrations of the *boule-dogue* character of the English, while he has overlooked many beauties which English editors and critics have heartily commended. But, after all his contemptuous reflections upon the character of these authors, and the taste of their audience, he has scarcely proved his case against them. It is true that there was little unity, proportion, or fitness of things in their plots, and that they were not over-nice in their language ; we should not hold them up as examples worthy of imitation or study ; but there is a poetic fire and grandeur in their conception of character and expression of passion, of which M. Taine has formed a very imperfect notion.

We must now hasten on to the greater dramatists—Ben Jonson and Shakspeare. Ben Jonson was, according to M. Taine,

the true type of an Englishman, having a heavy ungracious gait and “mountain belly,” and being proud, combative, morose, and subject to fits of spleen. Such was he by nature ; but, being a scholar well versed in classical literature, he learned to arrange his thoughts as well as if he had been of Latin race. It is consolatory to find that an Englishman may sometimes hope to become logical, by constant study of Latin or French models ; but alas ! poor Jonson sacrificed his dramatic genius to his uncongenial logic. He observed unity of time and place, indeed ; but he was too methodical, and kept too constantly in view the design and moral of his plot,—representing abstract virtues and vices rather than actual men and women. The moralist and logician prevailed over the dramatist. But for those too accomplished Latins, he would have written better plays. And after all this sacrifice to method and symmetry, it appears that he was not a philosopher like Molière, who pursued similar principles of dramatic composition. Nothing, however, could obscure the natural force of his imagination, his humor, his vigorous satire, his erudition, or the power of his racy English speech. He was a great poet and dramatist, and second to Shakspeare alone.*

We are naturally curious to learn M. Taine's view of the greatest of English poets ; and his manner of dealing with Shakspeare is characteristic. The poet so great that he can only be understood by the aid of science—which, with our author, signifies a theory. Now what theories will help us to understand Shakspeare ? If they can be found, we shall be only too ready to embrace them. They are at hand. “Wisdom and knowledge are in man nothing but effects and accidents ;” “man being foolish, as his body is sick, by nature.” “Without any distinct and free power of his own, he is a creature of a series of impulsions and imaginations.” Nothing of the kind ! Man is born with every capacity of mind and body—undeveloped, indeed, but ripe for natural development. Some are born idiots, and some weakly and infirm ; but the great mass of mankind are happily born with fair natural powers of mind and

* Vol. ii. pp. 1-63.

body—*mens sana in corpore sano*. Some, however, are cleverer and stronger than others; some exhibit early signs of genius, or readily acquire wisdom and learning, while others, under the like conditions of life and circumstances, are marked by a lower intelligence. Nature creates, and circumstances shape and modify her work; but again we must protest against assigning any creative force to circumstance and accident. And it seems strange that an author who dwells so much on the influence of race, should take pains to deny natural gifts to individual men. In both cases the same principle is at work; nations inherit the general characteristics of their race; individual men inherit particular gifts and aptitudes from their parents. In both cases alike, God creates, through the agency of natural causes, distinctive differences of mind and character.

But even admitting M. Taine's propositions—which he maintains with a train of reasoning more tedious than is his wont—how do they afford any key to Shakspeare? So far as we can understand him, it is because Shakspeare understood human nature in the same fashion as M. Taine himself, knew how weak and foolish a being was man, and saw under the semblance of good sense his lower brute instincts. Yet, after all his philosophizing, he tells us that Shakspeare had an extraordinary *instinct*, by which he read the very souls of men, and a "complete imagination." And this is precisely what all mankind have long since acknowledged, without any theory at all. Shakspeare knew men as he found them, a mixture of good and evil, wisdom and folly; and M. Taine's false and mischievous theory throws no further light upon the matter. Nay, the example proves the worthlessness of his doctrine; for after a long parade of secondary causes to account for Shakspeare's intuitive genius, he is obliged to fall back upon the innate imagination of the poet—a point whence less theoretical intellects had already started—and tells us that with him "all came from within, from his soul and genius; outward circumstances contributed but slightly to modify them."^{*}

Shakspeare owed little to education. He was not spoiled like Ben Jonson by too much learning. Removed from school at fourteen, when he knew "little Latin and no Greek," he married before he was nineteen, led a wild life, and commenced life as one of the lowest myrmidons of the stage. Hence he rose to the rank of actor; but acting was not his *forte*, as his best part is said to have been the Ghost in his own play of "Hamlet." But he was, at the same time, poet, dramatist, stage manager, and part proprietor of the Blackfriars and Globe theatres. Such were the labors and associations in the midst of which Shakspeare wrote. If not conducive to a high range of poetic thought, they may, at least, have improved his dramatic skill, and enlarged his knowledge of character.

He had a systematic genius, and could transform himself into every character he conceived; he had no occasion to learn, but had an intuitive insight into nature, and a divination of all motives, sentiments, and emotions. In his general estimate of Shakspeare M. Taine agrees with other critics. We can not follow him through his review of the great poet's works; but must pause over some of his remarks. He notices that Shakspeare's imagination is excessive; "he spreads metaphors with profusion over all he writes, until he obscures his meaning by imagery. This, however, is not the caprice of his will, but the form of his thought." So far the justice of the criticism may not be disputed; but he proceeds to say, "The style of Shakspeare is a compound of forced expressions. No man has submitted words to a like torture, . . . it seems as if he never wrote a word without a scream.† . . . Hence a style composed of whims, of rash figures interrupted every instant by figures still more rash, ideas scarcely indicated, finished by others remote by a hundred leagues, no connection visible, an air of incoherence." But to make amends for these strictures upon the poet's style, he adds, "Shakspeare sets

† "Contrastes heurtés, exagérations furieuses, apostrophes, exclamations, tout le délire de l'ode, renversement, d'idées, accumulation d'images, l'horrible et le divin assemblés dans la même ligne, il semble qu'il n'écrive jamais une parole sans crier." (Vol. ii. p. 96).

* Vol. ii. pp. 63-72.

aside propriety and clearness, and attains life." English readers, while accepting an acute French critic's praises of Shakspeare's imagination, will not subscribe to his censures upon the peculiar language in which it is clothed, which, if without rule or method, is at least *unique*—part of the very soul of the poet, and instinct with his genius. But we are convinced M. Taine does not understand the force of the Shaksperian diction. It is even more remarkable that he is entirely incapable of appreciating the wonderful variety and depth of Shakspeare's women. He describes them in a few sentences: "They are charming children, who feel to excess, and love with folly. They have frank and easy manners, little fits of anger, pretty words of friendship, coquettish rogueries, a playful volubility which remind us of the warbling and gracefulness of birds."* What an entire want of insight and reflection in the critic! How little can such a writer have formed any conception of the characters of Rosalind and Juliet? of Portia and Desdemonia?

M. Taine has made one discovery which we believe to be an entire misconception. He maintains that in several of his dramatic characters Shakspeare portrays himself,—and is at once, for example, Hamlet and the melancholy Jaques! Indeed he goes so far as to say (vol. ii. p. 116), "His characters are all of the same family. Good or bad, coarse or refined, clever or stupid, Shakspeare gives them all the same class of mind, which is his own." Can anything be less true to the multifarious genius of Shakspeare than this preposterous assertion? As well might we suggest that the poet's character is to be read in the coarse humor of Falstaff, which savors of too familiar taverns. The very reverse is the fact. He has left us a mirror which reflects every face, but that of him who holds it to our gaze. Nowhere can we see Shakspeare himself, for he portrayed all mankind. Nor was he an egotist. Smaller poets may often paint themselves under the disguise of heroes, but his comprehensive genius borrowed nothing from himself. With him "all the world" was "a stage, and all the men and women merely players;"

* "Le babil et la gentillesse des oiseaux," (Vol. ii. p. 193).

and as they played before him, he drew them to the life.

M. Taine has naturally devoted peculiar care to the study of Shakspeare; but the chapters he has filled with his remarks on this subject are the feeblest and most perverse portion of his work. His own countryman, M. A. Mézières in his "Predecessors" and "Successors" of Shakspeare, has given a far more accurate picture of English dramatic literature; and the pages of Frederick Schlegel on the genius of Shakspeare, in his "History of Literature" (vol. ii. p. 163), immeasurably surpass, in truth and depth, M. Taine's efforts to describe what he appears not to have understood.

(Concluded in our next number.)

Dublin University Magazine.

THE LATEST FROM THE HOLY LAND.†

JUSTIN MARTYR may be said to have been among the first, if he was not the very first of the travelers who have spent their leisure time to good purpose in the Holy Land. The Empress Helena, the pronunciation of whose name, by the way, is fixed in the happily devised line:

"Sit meretrix Helēna, at sancta appetur
Helēna,"

was, a century after Justin Martyr, the first of the long line of ladies who have visited Palestine with a good specified object, and who have succeeded in accomplishing it. The latest of the travelers who brings us intelligence of interest from a place which is the fountain of light, and hope, and truth, at which the world eagerly drinks and is never satisfied, now gives us his experiences in two original and clever volumes, in which there is abundance of personal narrative, artistic sketches of scenery, very much rare suggestive matter, powerfully drawn characters, a philosophy which can not offend even those against whom its conclusions are drawn, and, therewith, not a superfluous line in the whole book. It is hardly possible for praise to go beyond this; neither do we go beyond the limits of our critical functions in saying it. We have here, not only a picture of the country, but its touching history told within

† "The Holy Land," by W. Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

that country's atmosphere and seeming to savor of it; and yet, with strong sympathies for home, while Mr. Dixon sits within his tent or his khan and writes of his wayfaring, or discusses the many momentous questions connected with the past, the present, and the future of the Holy Land.

Thoughts of home, and memories of home, and comparisons of men and things and places here, with men and things and places at home, seem to come upon all wayfarers through the havoc and the beauty of this ancient land. When Dr. Richardson was riding from Ramla to Jerusalem, the features of the country, he says, brought strongly to his recollection, the ride from Sanguhar to Lead Hills, in Scotland. The Scottish doctor, of course, thinks that the hills of Judea have rather the worse side of this comparison! In some view, with a certain difference, it is the same with Mr. Dixon. It is natural enough that a sudden sight of the "dear domestic sea" should bring to him "delicious dream of home." A traveler from the Rhine, coming in sight of K  lonich, would at least find in it an echo of his own K  ln, another Roman built "Colonia," on the distant river. When Mr. Dixon was on the same road as Dr. Richardson, his comparison of the scenery was not made with Scotland. "The tropical vegetation of the plain," he says, as he ascends, "near Ramla and Modin, has given place to a flora more homely and familiar in our eyes; a flora in which the holm-oak, arbutus, thorn and holly, sweep you back, in fancy, to the mountains of Killarney and South Wales." Even when speaking of the marauding tribes of the Syrian Desert, the author compares them with old tribes in the old native home. "Every year," he writes, "the harvests of Sharon, Shefelah, Esdraelon, tempt these marauders from beyond Jordan, just as the harvests of Kent and Mercia used to bait the Saxon vikings and the Danish jarls." Above white-walled and towered Acre, stands the bold headland of Cape Blanco, in which Mr. Dixon sees a "Syrian imitation of Dover Cliff." Elsewhere, he rides over a soil which reminds him of that of a Suffolk field. If not of England, it is of European scenes through which he has traveled that he is reminded. In the province

of Galilee, he sees repeated the woods of Lucca, the vine slopes of Xeres, the hills of Loja, the graped terraces of the Rhine; and among the softly-rounded hills, clothed to their summits with vineyards, he is as much at home as if he were at Heidelberg and Ulm. The proud race of horsemen and spearmen, whose cities were Tyre and Sidon, are the English of antiquity. After gazing on the length and breadth of the Wilderness, where the Baptist dwelt and the Messiah prayed, which spreads from Jerusalem and Hebron, and from the hills of Judah to the shores of the Dead Sea, he thinks of home, and says: "It is a tract of country about the size and shape of Sussex." And, as the figure of the pretentious Pharisee rises before him, with the broad red stripe on his mantle, broader than any stripe worn by the Pharisee's fellow-Jew, to distinguish him from Arab and Greek, Mr. Dixon looks homeward for a parallel, and we learn that the Pharisee made of his ostentatious red stripe, "what an Irish Celt makes of his green ribbon, a pious and a seditious badge"—the Pharisee claiming to excel all others in purity of faith and in hatred to the Romans who were masters in Jerusalem. But, it is not only in places and classes that Mr. Dixon is constantly reminded of home, but in individuals. When describing, most pleasantly and powerfully, that sect of the Essenes who carried their observance of the Sabbath to limits even beyond those he has narrated, Mr. Dixon remarks, "Herod the Great had given his favor to those harmless breeders of bees and birds, and Menarhem, one of their chiefs, had exercised a merciful influence in the tyrant's court." A reader, with a good memory, will perhaps smile, not unapprovingly, at Mr. Dixon's comment on his own text. "Menarhem was a Jewish William Penn." But it is rather in reference to places than personages that the traveler's heart or memory seeks illustrations from home. Nothing could be more natural than to connect Golgotha with Tyburn; nothing more graphic than the description which warrants the simile. On the mound, called by interpretation, Skull Place, "thieves, assassins, pirates, heretics, traitors, teachers of falsehood—men the most odious in Jewish eyes, were put to a

shameful and cruel death, being nailed by the hands and feet to a wooden cross, and left in the burning sun to die." It is pleasant to turn from this to another locality which Mr. Dixon compares with one at home. The former is the rose garden mentioned in the Mishna, in which figs might be sold untolled, and which, our author (after stating that Jewish gardens were never connected with the houses of the proprietors, but were beyond the walls) conjectures to have been "probably a sook or market in Jerusalem, like Covent Garden in London." The space occupied by the Temple platform, the Haram es Sherey, or sacred enclosure, is clearly represented to an English reader's comprehension in the words—"The Haram is about the size of St. James's Park, within the rails." Again, would you grasp at once the distance between Jerusalem and Nazareth, it is as a bird would fly, "about sixty-four miles, being nearly the same as that from Oxford to London." But, "by the camel paths, and now there are no other, it is eighty miles."

In tracing how the lawful traffic in doves, sheep, and sacred shekels, crept from the external market-place into the very courts of the Temple, whence the dealers and money-changers were driven by Jesus, Mr. Dixon remarks that "a thing for sale runs after the buyer;" and he finds a very happy illustration of the encroachment on what is sacred by what is secular, in the metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul's, where the traffic crept from the church-yard, which was a market-place, into the church, where "the main aisle became an open market, having goldsmiths' benches and hucksters' stalls, with mercer's bills on the columns, a crowd of people chaffering with cheap-jacks, and a litter of lap-dogs and poultry on the floor for sale."

Again, when standing in sight of Gorizim, and re-casting the feud of the pagan Jew of Samaria, with the orthodox Jew of Mount Zion; of the rejection of the former as Jews, at all, by the High Priests, who forbade them entering the Temple courts; and of the building of a new temple on Gorizim, the traveler's thoughts again turn homeward for an illustration, and he tells us that "from that time forward the feuds of

Shechem and Moriah became hot as those between Rome and London after the bull of Paul the Third and the consolidation of the English Church." Mr. Dixon even thinks that a history of the religious antagonism between Rome and London in the darkest periods would reflect much of that between Zion and Shechem. "Like the anathema launched against England, from the steps of St. Peter's, a public curse was thundered against Gorizim from the Temple stairs." The same spirit influences him when dealing with nature alone, and not with man, by whose passions the beauty of that nature has been outraged. His description of the Sea of Genesareth is a true and masterly picture executed in word painting. Under his hand the beautiful lake, the canopy of cloud and sky, the light in which it lived, the shade in which it lay, the life that was on its waters, the other life that was on its shores, the glorious hills, the majestic rocks, the busy towns, the nestling hamlets, brings the old scene into new life, and Mr. Dixon gives the last touch to his picture, by saying: "On the Galilean bank the bright little towns and villages crowded upon each other, as in our own day villas and hamlets sparkle around the shores of Como and Geneva."

Here Antipas Herod erected that gorgeous city of Tiberias, which gave a new name to the lake or sea. On the beach of Genesareth, at Capernaum, St. John, when a child, may have played with his father's nets. Before he had composed his Gospel the lake had lost its ancient name in that of Tiberias, the name of the great city. "Tiberias had given its name to the waters on which it stood," says Mr. Dixon, as he looks on or remembers those waters, "like Geneva to Lake Lemán, and Lucerne to that of the Four Cantons."

In sight of this once mighty Tiberias, the author thus addresses his readers with true eloquence and powerful effect:

"In the eyes of a Jew that city of Tiberias, bright as it may have seemed in a Roman's eyes, would be judged impure, not only by the Oral but by the Mosaic law. In laying out his ground, the Tetrarch had been forced to plant some of his streets among ancient

graves. To what people these graves had belonged no man could tell; but to disturb the rock in which they had been dug by forgotten owners was an offence of which no Jew could have been guilty, not because, like a Frank, he would have thought the ground holy, but because, like an Oriental, he would have considered it polluted and accursed. Of all the evil things in this evil world, none was so repulsive to a Jew as death. No symbol of a broken shaft, of an extinguished torch—no imagery of a fading flower, of a sleeping child, made the thought of death beautiful and tender in a Syrian's mind. To a Hebrew the symbol of Death was that of a figure laying a snare or presenting a cup of poison to the lips. Abraham longed to get rid of Sarah's corpse—let me bury my dead out of my sight. A grave is never in the East a sacred thing, and the dead are never deposited in holy ground. Among the Jews a dead body was to be cast out from the city gates, far from the Temple, far from the synagogue, out into the dismal ravines, among the haunts of hyenas and savage curs. No tree, no flower, was planted over a Jewish grave; and a hole in a rock was all that was given to the greatest king. The foulest term in a language rich in powers of abuse was that of death, and the darkest spirit was appeased by calling his enemy a sepulchre and a whited wall."

Subsequently, when dealing with the expenses of traveling in the East, Mr. Dixon remarks that "a month at Mar Elias will waste your means, like a month at Brighton, and a sojourn with the Armenian Fathers, on Mount Zion, is no less costly than a residence at Long's."

As it is more pleasant to record good traits, even of infidels, than to count their failings, let us note some of the evidences to character adduced by Mr. Dixon, and which we might employ to our profit as well as our edification. "In every part of the East, among every class of people, a man is tender to his horse, his camel, and his ass, beyond the usage of any Christian land. In Syria, a man's beast is a member of his family, to be cherished and loved, in its degree, as a creature given into his care by God." The excessive oriental tenderness which finds an asylum for aged cats is not without imitation in our own Christian land. In some individuals the commonest virtue is allowed to run into a seed of vice. Character is to be judged of from the general features. A Turk will go out of his way rather than dis-

turb a sleeping dog. "If you see a man striking a dog in Cairo or Stamboul, you may be sure he is a Frank." The Moslem gentlemen of Jaffa who built a wooden pier, in order that the Prince of Wales might be able to land from the gig of a man-of-war, performed an act of most delicate courtesy. After it had thus served he chopped it into splinters, and gave the wood to the poor. This was an act of useful charity. In Frangistan, the wood, most probably, would have been sold. Again, when the wild Anezi informed our traveler and his companions in the wilderness that Hebron had revolted from the Turks, and that all the tribes beyond Jordan were in arms, they made their salaam, and rode away into the night.

"Have they told us the truth, Yakoob?" asked Mr. Dixon, when they had gone.

"The truth, master?" says Yakoob, with scorn; their religion will not suffer them to lie!"

The Englishman is at disadvantage with these Orientals in another respect. The latter express their faith, even in a common salutation, and are, of course, proud of the expression conveyed under the salute. Moslem salutes Moslem, his equal, with *Salaam aleicum!* "Peace be with you!" Eastern Christians, in salutation, make the sign of the Cross. This form might be open to abuse, but Mr. Dixon says that "this salutation is made with singular grace, even by the beggar in his rags." He adds that "an English traveler, making no sign of the Cross, when he greets a brother, is commonly supposed by the Syrians to be a Turk."

If the individual be thus ill-interpreted, so is the government as erroneously judged. Mr. Dixon learned many things relating thereto from an aged Sheikh, who bitterly remembered the Egyptian invasion of Syria, and all the calamities that fell in consequence on the inhabitants. The old Skeikh reasoned, after his fashion, from certain premises. The English cannonaded the Egyptians out of Syria. When the Latin Christians descended into the Libanon, English arms drove them away. It was England that drove the Russ back into his ice and snow. When, longer ago, the

Franks under Bonaparte, were ravaging the land, England drove them into Egypt and the sea. England then was the best friend of the Arab and his Caliph; the Saxon and the Arab are brothers. "The English are white Moslems of a western sect." Thus are individuals and governments studied and misinterpreted by men whose perceptions are clear, but their conclusions rather obscured!

Again, if the wild Anezi refrain from lying, because their religion forbids it, there are equally wild Syrian Turks who avoid robbery under the same prohibition. "More than once," we are told, "when our tent had been pitched for the night near a well, among peasants and soldiers, Yakoob has replied to a caution about leaving such things on the mat as might tempt these natives to pilfer. 'Heugh! they are safe. Turk no take them, his religion not allow him to steal.'"

Cardinal Wiseman used to tell, with unctuous glee, the story of a Roman Catholic priest who, on the day of Saint Edward the Confessor, had knelt at the shrine of the great king in Westminster Abbey, where, while engaged in prayer, he was disturbed by the remark of a verger, that "Nothin' o' that sort was allowed there!" No Arab would thus be disturbed in his mosque, which to him is a home. The street or road is his place of business or pleasure, the mosque is the place where he may wash in the fountain-court, rest in the inner shade, pray without interruption, and if he will, "after finishing his devotions he may throw himself on the mats and sleep." But the utmost liberality of spirit in these western parts, and with their peculiar habits, would never lead a man to the idea of furnishing a fellow-man with church accommodation to such an extent as this.

Among the good features in the Syrian character may be noticed not merely the recognition of family ties, however different may be the respective conditions of kinsmen, but the kindness exercised by the better endowed towards the houseless. "When a house has two tiers, as in some parts of Jaffa, and in the crowded quarters of Zion, it will probably be found that one lodge had been raised on the

top of another." The house has not been raised a story for the convenience or gratification of the proprietor, it is a consequence of custom stronger than law, whereby a poor man who has no house of his own is permitted "to erect a cage on his neighbor's roof, to burrow or dive under his neighbor's floor, if he can only find his way into this lodging without passing through another man's gate."

Mr. Dixon has the triple faculty of acuteness in detecting character, generosity in interpreting it, and ability in giving it portraiture. There is a plump Cairene trader on board the boat that takes him to Jaffa, who has become rich enough to buy happiness in the shape of four wives, and whose jealousy of, and anxious tenderness over them, condemn him to wretchedness and slavery for ever. Again, one sees all the disadvantages of the dress of his Arab rowers thus described, as "clothed in a loose sack or shirt, perhaps bound at the waist, perhaps not, an easy inexpensive costume, apt to many uses, though inclined to misbehave itself, in English eyes, as a mere article of dress." The scene on board the steamer, when the sun is seen rising over the ridges of Ephraim, as the steamer sights Jaffa, is like an old etching by Callot, with so many words for so many strokes: "Priests, soldiers, laymen, pilgrims, are astir in the saloon, in the dim nooks of which a Turkish effendi is kneeling at his prayers; a Moldavian pape is making love to a fair sinner; a French author appears to be copying facts from a French guide book into his own; and a Saxon seems bent on filching a pint of fresh water for his difficult morning bath. Young men who have no time to wash, having to land in less than five hours, are twisting cigarettes for the day. Young women are wiping up those hoops of steel which are soon to become a burden in the saddle, if not a danger in the fierce Syrian sun. Nearly all our guests of the cabin are roaring for their boots, their coat, their coffee, their pipes; but they are roaring to no end, for the steward of *Il Vaporeis*—asleep." We have heard of pink parasols at the pyramids, advertisements of English tailors on the mausoleum of the Pharaohs, comic songs chanted at pic-nics in the tombs of the kings, and bitter beer in the Via Dolorosa; but they seem less out of place than

erinoline about to go up to Jerusalem! Solomon could say of his darling Shulamite:

"Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
And the hair of thine head like purple;"

but a maid in steel hoops must have defied his powers of comparison. A nymph in erinoline would not suggest even "a wheat-sheaf set about with lilies." Jeremiah alone is equal to the task; the son of Hilkiah might say of her, as he said of Jerusalem, "Her filth is in her skirts!"

Then among "characters" belonging to the locality, few are more striking or amusing than the servant whom the traveler hires to be his master. Mr. Dixon photographs Yakoob in masterly style. Yakoob waits on, guides, feeds, and enlightens Frank travelers, by profession; but he goes his own way, and works his own will. He is an Arab; a Christian of any Church it may please the traveler to be, but still a Christian from conviction that so to be saves him from conscription! He is made up of bully, sneak, and slave, the first predominating. The sneak is seen in the furtive way in which he practises the religious acts of the Prophet's creed, to which he belongs, or does not, for it is difficult to define him. He is a gatherer of disconnected trifles, as all his fathers have been; and he finds comfort in despoiling the victims who come to look upon the loveliness of the land, because, as he believes, all is unlovely in their own.

For the pure Arab race, generally, Mr. Dixon appears to have no small share of affection. He repeatedly refers to the horror they entertain for the shedding of blood; but he also relates the details of the murder of a Frank physician, within a stone's throw of one of the gates of Jerusalem, in the calm eveningtide. This act of violence seems to have been committed by the Ishmaelites; and we confess that we can see little difference between shooting a man outright before plundering him, and beating him before he is robbed, so as to leave no hope of his living after they have done with, and for him. The Arab, no doubt, has his virtues, with counterbalancing vices, just as the Holy City has its apparent decorum with the usual amount of Turkish sin which lies beneath the folds of that very

decorous appearance. "In a Moslem town," says Mr. Dixon, "there are no plays, no concerts, no casinos, none of the impure public revelries which help to seduce the young in London. Paris, and New York. Bad men and worse women may exist in Zion, as in any other populous place; but here they have to hide their shameful trades, having no balls, no theatres, no taverns in which they can meet and decoy the unwary youth." Indeed there are no gaieties of the simplest sort abroad in Jerusalem, or even at home; for "no one gives dinners, scarcely any one plays whist." A Moslem seldom invites his friend to his house; and Franks do not seem the gayer when they ask a Frank "to sip acids and repeat to each other that there is still no news." There is something to the last degree "respectable" in the entertainments of the priestly gentlemen. "A Mollah will call some Sheikhs to his roof, where they will squat on clean carpets and recite their evening prayers. Refreshed with lemon juice, inspired by devotion, these sober revellers, each with his servant and his lantern, seek their homes and beds about the hour at which men in London are sitting down to dine." Such a banquetting would little suit either the clerical disposition or the clerical constitution in this country. Half a dozen reverends and right reverends, quaffing sherbet and reciting the Litany on an episcopal roof-top in London, would be neither edifying to passers-by nor salubrious to themselves. They are not the less virtuous or exemplary for taking their wine beneath the portraits of their host's ancestors, and making suggestions slightly satirical at the opinions of brethren who are with them generally in the faith, but at-issue with them slightly on discipline. But *majora canamus*. Let us look at a picture of the Virgin, which the author limnes with great power:

"Our western fancies," says Mr. Dixon, "working through an instinct of nature safer than half knowledge, have made of this simple life a pastoral full of grace and beauty. Hearing that the best years of her youth and womanhood had been spent before she yet knew grief on this sunny hill slope, her feet being for ever among the daisies, poppies, anemones which grow everywhere about; we have made her the patroness of all our flowers. The Virgin is our rose of Sharon, our lily of

the valley. The poetry no less than the piety of Europe has inscribed to her the whole bloom and coloring of the fields and hedges. May is her month. Gardens are trimmed in her service, and all her chapels are garlanded and decked with nosegays. The favorites of our meadows, some of them unknown to the flora of her own Galilee—such as lady-grass, lady-smock, lady-slipper, lady's key, marigold, and maiden-hair. But the rose and the lily—the rose for its lustre, the lily for its sweetness—are more than any other considered as the Virgin's own. These flowers belong to the landscape of Middle Galilee, no less than to the poetry of the Christian world."

Yes, the poetry and the piety of Christendom have combined to do honor to this "Month of Mary:"

"For, now before the altars rise
A perfume fair,
Which upward seeks yon distant skies,
And Virgin there.
The mother she, of love divine,
Sces flowers heaped about her shrine,
In bouquets fair and garlands fine,
The task of maiden to entwine
For Mary and May."

It must, however, be confessed, that in Continental churches the poetry is wrung out of the floral observance of May, and the piety is prettily manifest only in the young. When heaven is besieged by a violence of song that is out of tune, it is not alone the delicacy of ear which is violated. When heaven is besieged by devotees of the Virgin who belong to the *baulet* of a French opera-house, there is, as a Turk would say, "garlic amid the flowers." In a well-known church in Paris, the floral worshippers, this month, look very much more like waiting-maids of the "Venus Pandeimos," than maids-of-honor of the "Venus Ourania." In the old Pagan times, such persons were prohibited from approaching the altar of the mythological Queen of Heaven. The altar of Juno was kept sacred from their touch, and if it suffered by accidental contact, a solemn expiation followed. "*Pellex aram Junonis ne tangito,*" says Festus, "*si tanget, Junoni, crinibus demissis, agnum fœminam, cædito.*"

Then some of the flowery names only descend to "Our Lady," like many an other inheritance, from Venus. The "*Pectem Veneris*" was a familiar term before that of "Our Lady's Comb" was ever heard of. The readers of Aristophanes will remember that the mother of

Euripides sold it under another name. In the days of Gerard, the herbalist, the pious maids of London found abundance of "Lady's Glove" to deck themselves at their homes withal: "At Islington, by London, in the streete, as ye goe from the ende of the towne next London, vnto the church, and in many other barren and waste places neere London." All these places are now teeming with crowded human life, and the "Ladies' Gloves" there are different from that of "Our Lady." Old maidens cultivated "Our Lady's lace-grass," and plucked "Our Lady's thistle." But the most popular of all, perhaps, were the "Lady-smocks" or "Canterbury bells," for they were the first of the "cuckoo flowers," bursting forth chiefly in May, when the cuckoo doth begin to sing her pleasant notes without stammering." The Hampshire and Berkshire maids were not half so proud of their "Lady's mantle," which grew in profusion around them, as the maids of Clare, in Essex, were when gathering the milk-white Lady-smocks which grew there, in May, on the sides of the castle ditch.

Then it may be further noticed here that all the poetry, the piety, and the flowers do not belong exclusively either to Venus or the Virgin. Flora, the very goddess of flowers, originally had by far the greatest share. The floral gems were celebrated, in her honor, about this time; and if there be any enthusiasts left who go out on May eve to gather May dew, to wash their faces in it, and to rejoice in the Maying generally, it is fairly disputable whether they are honoring her whose feet in her girlhood and womanhood were among the flowers of Galilee, or that Florà or Chloris, among whose appellations could not be recorded the one which distinguishes Mary, and the rites of whose yearly festival her worshippers were ashamed to perform in the presence of the virtuous Cato.

From personages, let us look to the old cities in which some of them dwelt. Here is Jaffa, for instance.

Jaffa is one of the oldest cities in the world; and yet Mr. Dixon tells us that "the oldest houses are not more ancient than those of Soho-square." It existed before the Deluge; but the cape jutting out into the waves on which it stands, is

the only relic of the antediluvian period. Here Noah built the ark, of which some remains are popularly said to be still resting on Ararat. The tradition is all that is left of it at Jaffa. The floats of cedar of Lebanon, for the construction of the Temple, lay on those waters, but the sea-gate of Jerusalem has not now a quay at which a boat could ride safely. The name of Solomon is better remembered there than that of Pompey; but there was a time when the Jewish part of the traditions connected with the magnificent king might have died out. When Benjamin of Tudela visited the city, in 1165, he found there but a single Jew, and he was a poor dyer. The echoes of Saladin and Richard, which once clung to the place, are silent now. In the days of those fierce and courteous adversaries, Jaffa was a flourishing and populous city, too crowded to afford lodgings within it for the Christian army. Richard was within the ancient walls when he heard that the Duke of Burgundy lay grievously sick at Acre. "May God destroy him!" cried the meek and charitable soldier of Christ. "May God destroy him, for he would not destroy the enemies of our faith, though he was long in my pay." The walls up to which the fields creep close on the land side, and through the open gate of which the creamy-pink sand drifts into the city from the plain, may have among the heap some block of the old fortifications built in the thirteenth century by Louis the Ninth. But in 1432 De la Brocquiere found no stone of even the Crusaders' Jaffa left. The city, if it may be so called, consisted only of tents, or booths, covered with reeds. In 1647 Jaffa, as seen by Moncony, consisted of an old castle, and caverns which may have been there since the days of Noah, as they are now in those of Victoria. Up in the old Armenian convent yonder a soldier, as mighty as Pompey's Saladin, or Richard, tarried on his swift passage, to give a command, at which the Angel of Death might have shuddered. After Napoleon had passed, the prisoners of Jaffa were done to death by poison.

Mohammedan Jaffa must necessarily be what Mr. Dixon calls it, "a town, in the last degree new and strange to a Frank." It was especially so to those

crusading Franks who came to snatch the land from Mohammedan rule. It was to them the first fruit of sweet recompense. It was the City of Forgiveness. The "pardon," which was the guerdon of a soldier who took up the cross, only commenced from the moment when he landed at Jaffa, and looked towards Jerusalem. How different must have been the scene of the landing then from that which is beheld there now. The stage, however, was the same; the scenery has undergone no change. It is only the actors and costumes that have suffered mutation. The water-gate of Jaffa, Mr. Dixon tells us, "is no more than a slit or window in the wall, about six feet square, just level with the ground, and about five feet higher than the sea line, when the wind is hushed and the water still. A breeze from the west frisks foam into the doorway, blinding the Aga on duty, drenching the poor donkeys, preventing the porters from either loading or unloading boats. Through this small cutting in the rampart every thing coming into Palestine from the west—from France and England, Egypt and Turkey, from Italy and Greece—must be hoisted from the canoes; such articles as pashas, bitter beer, cotton cloth, negroes, antiquaries, dervishes, spurious coins and stones, monks, Muscovite bells, French clocks, English damsels and their hoops, Circassian slaves, converted Jews, and Bashi Bazouks; hauled up from the canoes by strings of Arabs, men using their arms for ropes, their fingers for grappling hooks, their scanty robe—a sack tied round the waist with a strap or sash—for a creel, a table, a kerchief, anything you please, except a covering for their limbs. In like manner all waste and produce going out of the country for its good or evil—maize, oranges, dragomans, penitent friars, bananas, olives, soldiers on leave, Frank pilgrims, faketers, consuls, deposed pashas—must be shot from that tiny porthole in the dancing boats, like Jonah into the sea. . . .

One hot and idle day, I had the pleasure of seeing a Seraskier's harem hoisted out of boats into the town." Such is the graphic picture of the way by the water-gate into Mohammedan Jaffa—"hot, sad, silent, and forlorn."

There is a description of synagogue

worship as observed in Nazareth, and, of course, in other villages, which will interest those who "desire to know" whence spring some forms in our own church worship. The description may induce others to regret that, in one respect, the old form was not more closely followed. Having described the preliminary course to the reading of the Law, Mr. Dixon thus writes from Nazareth:

"There being no priest, no deacon, no official expounder of the law present in those acts of village worship, every hearer had in those old times a right to express his opinion of the sacred text and what it meant. The views of an elder, chosen because he had made money and built a house, might be either futile, false, or wrong. A midreal delivered by such a man might contain bad history, false quotation, weak logic, in which case any one of his hearers could start to his feet, demand the roll from the Chezzan, open it again at the lesson, and preach against the Sheliach, putting him to the question, forcing him to explain, confronting him with chapter and verse. On certain days of the year this right of free inquiry and exposition was always used, the debate growing warm, the commotion strong, and the prize of the contest going to the man of most fluent tongue and most easy mastery of his text. This service of the synagogue, a practical assertion that the Jews were still a nation of priests, could not begin until the *battanim*, ten men free and of full age, were in their seats; these men representing the people, and having a function in the synagogue, which the prince and high priest had not. This village meeting employed no priest, allowed no slaughter of doves and rams. It was always a rival, and threatened to become a successor of that temple service, by which the sacerdotal bodies lived and ruled. In time it was so. This humble rite of prayer and reading, not the magnificent sacrifice in blood and flame, has made itself the basis of every religious system of east and west, being adapted alike in the Arab mosque, in the Jewish synagogue, and in the Christian Church. The temples of kings and high priests have passed away, their glory fading into a dream; while the chapels of the goat-herd and the fishermen remain, the types of celestial beauty in every corner of the earth."

On a question, the importance of which renders it of universal interest, that of the Sabbath, the author has the following passage:

"Among the many marks which stamped the Jews as a peculiar people, Sabbath observance was perhaps the one mark most distinctive and conspicuous. A Greek had his religious feast, a Syrian his gathering

in the temple, an Egyptian his sacrifices and his prayers. Many orders of men, besides Jews, had the rite of circumcision; to wit, the priests of Memphis, the Edomite shiekhs, the princes of Tyre. But no other people in the world had a seventh day of peculiar sanctity, a God's day, on which no man would labor for the things that perish. The Greek knew no Sabbath. The Philistine never ceased from his plough, the Sidonian from his ships. In Tiberias, in Ptolemais, one day was like another day. A division of time into weeks was unknown in Athens, and became known in Rome only when the legions learning it from the people of Alexandria, carried it westward from the Nile. The name and the thing were borrowed from the Jews, of whom it had long been a singular and striking sign. Heathen poets, like Ovid and Juvenal, distinguished a Jew by his Sabbath, even more than by his physiognomy and his garb; but, like every other virtue of his race, the Jew had debased his Sabbath virtue into vice. The Sabbath had been given to man as a blessing; the Pharisee had made it a curse. Proud of this gift of God to his fathers he fenced it about with edicts, toyed with it, made an idol of it, set it above every other rite, until the mere ritual observance came to occupy in his heart the place of God."

There is one chapter in this book, which no more lacks the hand of the master than the other chapters, but the picture in which lacks light and depresses the spirit of him who gazes on the picture. There we see the Holy Sepulchre, in the preservation of which all Christendom should be concerned, threatened with destruction from that which should protect it. The once glorious dome above the sepulchre is in such a ruinous condition that any day it may fall, and if that day come, the sepulchre will become a ruin too. The various Christian sects who throng thither, by toleration of the Turk, are too busy in hurriedly praying, elbowing in or being elbowed out of the sanctuary, by rival sects, cursing each other, to be aware of the impending peril, or to care for it if aware. The Turk bears with these sects and their unseemly practices. The Arab smiles at them, and cries, "God is great!" when he sees in what fashion the Christians love one another. The Jew folds his hands, accepts alms, and bides a good time coming, when he hopes that all but the Jew will go to Gehenna. Taken altogether, the tolerant Turk has the pleasantest aspect under the present condition of things.

He holds the keys of the holy places and freely admits to them all sorts of Christians from all parts of the world, who resort thither for prayer and praise. If he were to yield the keys to the Russ or Greek, to France or the Latins, or to the Eastern Christians nearer the shrines, the possessor would simply prohibit all worshippers from entering the holy places, who were not members of his own sect. Of all anomalous circumstances, the most anomalous seems that which not only deprives the Christians of the conservancy of their shrines, but which proves that they are not worthy of being the conservators.

The chapter dealing with the question of the restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem is full of other pictures where gloom and shadow prevail over the few bright tints. Mr. Dixon records the total failure of attempts to gather the dispersed sheep in their old fold, by persons whose motives are worthy of all respect, but who are not aware—or are too impatient to wait—that as the dispersion was so will be the gathering together and the bringing back, the work of the will of God himself; a work which will make Jews of the whole world; Jews of the faith and family of him Him who was born of the Virgin at Bethlehem, and was, for our advantage, nailed to the cross on Calvary.

Meanwhile, the Jew, native or settler, can be persuaded neither to possess nor till the land. The Greek does it, not for the Jew, but for himself or for a Greek master. The Jew speaks no language but his own, the Asiatic Greek speaks all that are understood where he has business. The Jew weeps by the wall, abides lazily for what is to come, and has no joy. The Greek is, away to the field or garden, helps in keeping the world moving, and laughs with or at everybody, including himself. He is, if a monk, of a far higher condition than the Latin monk—the latter is a recluse, knows nothing beyond his convent walls, is *behind* those walls, perhaps because he has offended or outraged the laws in his own country. He is a sojourner against his will, and burning to be once again with his friends in Europe. The Greek is at home, or makes himself at home, and the wealthy Greek conventuals are increasing their property in land, and

strengthening their grasp upon it, and are becoming a baronial power in solemn, suffering, glorious Palestine.

Yes, Palestine, solemn from the first; suffering, in the sequel; and glorious, for ever, in the eyes of Christian, of Moslem, and of Jew, has been as a home where brethren have fiercely quarrelled, but where the place was too holy that brotherly love should altogether die out of it. In the very fiercest of the bloody struggle for possession of that home, when Saladin and Richard led their respective warriors to mutual immolation, Lydda, that famed spot where St. Peter founded a church and St. George was born and buried, was the scene of a strange compact and a striking observance. By agreement of Richard and Saladin, the town was divided into two parts, a Christian side and a Moslem side, in which it was settled that “under the protection of St. George, a martial and heroic saint, worthy to be the patron of gallant men, the English knight, and his Saracenic foe, a foe no longer should dwell in peace and charity with each other, the Frank being free to kneel in his church, the Arab in his mosque.” If this be pleasant and instructive, not less so is what has followed. “For many years after the last Crusaders had retired from Lydda, the Christian church was kept in repair by English funds, and when these moneys ceased to flow into Palestine, the beautiful remains were protected against waste and theft by the erection, in one corner, of a tiny mosque: a plan which the Latins have wisely imitated from the Saracens, and applied to the Pantheon, the Colosseum, and other imperial edifices in Rome.”

The gallant Syrian saint, whom Saladin and Richard alike honored, St. George of Lydda, is said to repose in the dust beneath the ruins of the church. It is he whom Gibbon has converted into a bacon-contractor and an Arian, a felonious scamp and a stupendous heretic, who was rightly murdered, and whose body was justly cast into the sea!

We hardly render justice to this book by closing our analysis of it here. But we commend it to all readers, with the parting remark, that it is not merely a book for the hour, but one to be read, and studied, again and again.

North British Review.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.*

In a recent number of this journal, when quoting one of Mr. Matthew Arnold's luminous judgments, we ventured to express our belief that his papers, should they ever be brought together, would furnish us with some of the most subtle and most cultivated criticism in the English language. No man hastily decides on publishing a volume of essays; and we fear, therefore, that Mr. Arnold must have determined on this step before those remarks can have met his eye. Otherwise, it would be no small satisfaction to think that any words of ours had suggested the idea of this publication; or, what is perhaps more possible, had in some degree strengthened a half-formed purpose.

Writers in the periodical press are addicted to republishing their essays, and are prone to apologize for so doing. The tendency is natural; the apologies unnecessary. Men of the greatest ability and most profound information do not now think it unworthy of them to write, and to write their best, in magazines and reviews. And it is very natural that such men should seek to rescue their work from that forgetfulness which inevitably overwhelms such a form of publication. Moreover, it is for the interest of readers that this tendency should be encouraged. In their behalf it is especially to be desired that writings of the class we refer to should be preserved at least beyond the hour. It is not that the days of books, and of good books, too, are over. Surely to call English literature at the present time frivolous, is to take a very partial view. There is no lack of good writers or of thoughtful readers; but each of these classes appears smaller than it did some years ago, because the number of writers and readers of all sorts has increased. Especially what may be called a middle class of readers has been in our day almost created—men of too active intelligence to live by fiction alone, but who do not venture among the highest places of literature from want of leisure, or of mental range, or it may

be from imperfect education,—men who will hardly encounter Grote, or Merivale, or Mill, but who yet weary of the flash of Miss Braddon or the common-place of Trollope. It must indeed be a mind of a very ordinary stamp whose requirements can be satisfied by English fiction, disorganized and inartistic as it now is. The wants of this class of readers are best supplied by good essays or articles; and we therefore think that when a writer gratifies a natural ambition by seeking for his work a more abiding form than the review or the magazine, he should receive a hearty welcome, not, as is too often the case, a condescending, almost a contemptuous recognition.

It is, however, questionable how far considerations such as these are applicable to the case before us. Mr. Arnold's Essays can hardly be classed as good popular writing, and will hardly recommend themselves to ordinary and hasty readers. Their publication in this form can be justified on a higher ground—on the ground of their intrinsic merit. On the other hand, doubts may be entertained as to their probable popularity. They are all in the strictest sense critical, and criticism is never popular. Most of the sources of attraction which have made the success of so many similar publications are wanting here: we have not the attractiveness of biography, the power of history, or the yet livelier interest which attaches to social and political questions. Nor is the style of the criticism calculated to conciliate. No prejudices are flattered; no faults are left unexposed; and the standards appealed to are not such as will readily be recognized, or even comprehended, by the every-day reader.

Mr. Arnold began his literary career as a poet. It is not often that prize poems are worthy of being remembered; but Mr. Arnold's poem on Cromwell, which obtained the Newdigate at Oxford in 1843, was an exception to this general rule of oblivion. The purely poetical merit of some portion of it was not inconsiderable; but it was specially remarkable for the manliness and good taste which prevailed throughout, and still more for an effort at construction which succeeded in giving, even to a prize poem, something of artistic completeness. This manliness and cultivated

* *Essays in Criticism.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD, London, 1865.

taste, and this reverence for art, can be traced in all Mr. Arnold's subsequent poems: and these qualities, beyond all else, have made him the critic he is. In 1849 Mr. Arnold published anonymously a small volume of poems, and another in 1852. These were republished under his name in 1857, with additions and alterations; and in 1858 he attempted to enrich English literature with "what is most perfect in the forms of the most perfectly formed literature in the world,"—namely, the form of Greek tragedy. *Merope*, however, proved a failure, as such experiments usually do; but his other poems have achieved a very considerable amount of popularity. It is no part of our present purpose to enter into any criticism of Mr. Arnold's poetical labors. It must be conceded that the highest imaginative power is not his; but he possesses many eminent poetical gifts notwithstanding. His varied and musical versification; his diction, of great beauty, yet never overloaded with gaudy richness—indeed he sometimes carries his horror of mere verbal ornament to excess; his cultivated thought; a good taste which is never forgotten; a repose which dwells upon his page,—all these things combine to give his poetry a peculiar charm. It is refreshing to turn from the feverish obscurities which, under the name of poems, so trouble our literature, to the vigor of *Myceginus*, the Homeric echoes of *Solrab* and *Rustum*, the pathos and romantic beauty of *Tristan* and *Iscult*. Beyond question, Mr. Arnold can claim to be numbered among the licensed critics, according to Pope—

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

But it is Mr. Arnold's prose writings which will gain for him the greatest and most enduring reputation. For some years he has been in the habit of contributing to various reviews and magazines, papers which had power to command attention even amid the turmoil of periodical literature. Marked beyond common by originality of view and fearlessness of expression, they often excited dissent, sometimes provoked hostility; but they never failed to arouse interest and to stimulate thought. They were for the most part critical, and the criti-

cism was of a rare stamp. Long ago, Dr. Johnson remarked that "criticism, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labors of men eminent for knowledge and capacity, and, since the revival of polite literature, the favorite study of European scholars, has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science," (*Rambler*, 158.) If this was true of the criticism of Dr. Johnson's day, it is far more true of the criticism of our own. Formerly, when reviews and magazines were unknown, criticism stood by itself, and was pursued for its own end; or otherwise, was given to the world by the leading poets as explanatory of the principles on which they worked, and the rules by which they were guided. Such was, on the one hand, the criticism of Johnson himself; such was, on the other hand, the criticism of Milton, of Dryden, and in our own times of Coleridge, and even of Wordsworth. Yet at no time was good criticism common; and now it has almost passed away from among us. It has lost much by having become anonymous. The censor no more speaks with the weight of a great name, and the *genus irritabile* refuse to bow before an authority which they have not otherwise learned to reverence. Worse than this, criticism is forgotten in article-writing. The primary object is to make an entertaining article; and the work is undertaken by able men and experienced writers, but who have not made criticism a special study, and who do not set it before them as an exclusive aim. This tendency is quite fatal: for the first purpose of criticism is by no means to amuse or entertain; on the contrary, its first purpose is to teach and discipline, and herein lies its weakness as regards noisy popularity, but its real glory and strength. To these causes mainly it is owing that, in Mr. Arnold's words, while of "the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavor in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is, almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires,—criticism."

The truth of this sentence will be questioned by few. English criticism for years past has been at the lowest ebb; it observes no system, it rests on no principles, it lays down no rules. It was at first sight startling to see the *Saturday Review* not long ago contending that the prevailing fault of our criticism was too great leniency. But, doubtless, the remark was true. Those who love to disparage the critic's craft are always telling us how much easier it is to blame than to praise. It may be so, if whether the praise or the blame is well founded be held a thing of no account. On the other hand, vaguely to praise implies infinitely less trouble than to censure according to sound principles, and to justify censure by argument and example. A flagrant instance, now some years old, of the commonness and worthlessness of critical praise, has lately been again brought before the public. Moved by we know not what sudden impulse, Professor Aytoun has written to the newspapers denying that commendatory expressions with regard to *Festus*, which have been printed with his name attached, were really written by him. It had, we are told, been too hastily assumed that Mr. Aytoun was the writer of an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which the said expressions did appear; and he is therefore free from the reproach of having praised over-much; but then, in the same list of "opinions of the press," there were extracts from the best periodicals in the country (though without the names of the writers), extolling the merits of *Festus* in language which would have required some mortification if applied to *Paradise Lost*. What can be the causes of all this evil? Mr. Arnold suggests the following:

"For, what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it; it subserves interests not its own; our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted. An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for

a free play of the mind, we have not; but we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *British Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the political Dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that. And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society; every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free disinterested play of mind meets with no favor. Directly this play of mind wants to have more scope, and to forget the pressure of practical considerations a little, it is checked, it is made to feel the chain; we saw this the other day in the extinction, so much to be regretted, of the *Home and Foreign Review*; perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind; but these could not save it; the *Dublin Review* subordinates play of mind to the practical business of English and Irish Catholicism, and lives. It must needs be that men should act in sects and parties, that each of these sects and parties should have its organ, and should make this organ subserve the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them. No other criticism will ever attain any real authority or make any real way towards its end—the creating a current of true and fresh ideas."

Other influences are also at work, some of slighter force than the above, others more deeply-rooted and more powerful. Good-nature, a dislike of trouble, the arts of puffery, all tend to pervert criticism; but worst of all is the indecision and want of fixed principles among critics, who, uncertain as to what should be really aimed at, have, of course, no sound basis on which to rest their judgments. And what incalculable mischief is hereby done to literature? Writers reject only too gladly the authority of judges who speak with hesitating lips, and give themselves over to all manner of lawlessness. That a novel or a poem should be a work of art, framed according to certain artistic rules, seems an idea never present to their minds. They strive indeed after effect, but it is not legitimate effect; it is

the effect of "fine passages," so misplaced, so at variance with artistic excellence, that things which might have been beauties become deformities brought out into strong relief. To such writers the merit of a poem like *Dora*, or a novel like *Tom Jones* is an utter mystery. We need not dwell on this theme. Unhappily there is little need to convince the world of the shortcomings of English literature at the present time.

For this dismal saturnalia of sensation novels and spasmodic poetry, our so-called criticism is in no small degree responsible. The vagaries of half-educated writers have had no control; the taste of half-educated readers has had no direction. How much evil has thence resulted, no man can tell; things are at a sad pass when the watchers prove to be themselves in need of watching. Nay, our critics do more than negative mischief. They are strenuous in the propagation of evil. One critic like Mr. George Gilfillan can do infinitely more harm to literature than any number of spasmodic poets. For he is the prime source of mischief: he it is who calls those poets into their brief but harmful existence.

"But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense."

Are these things irremediable? Is criticism nothing but mere opinion resting on no more certain basis than caprice? and must literature therefore for ever wander without control, without a guide? Surely, no. Criticism may not yet have become what Dr. Johnson would have it to be, a science; but it is, when rightly understood, an intelligible and certain art. The laws which it lays down are not arbitrary; they are generalized from the practice of the masters of literature, and come to us approved by experience, and invested with the weight of authority. Criticism concerns itself both with form and matter, applying to these certain definite tests. It inquires, in the first place, whether the language, the illustrations, the metaphors are correct, and in good taste; in the second place, whether they are rich and beautiful; and, in the third place, it rises to a study of the characters, takes in the nature of the subject, looks to the due subordination of the parts,

and the artistic completeness of the whole. It is very idle, therefore, to assail such an art as being nothing beyond an unkindly love of fault-finding. On the contrary, it has its origin in a love of truth, and its real aim is to discover and foster excellence, though, as a means to this end, it may be sometimes necessary to expose pretence and incompetence. To be impatient of the restraints of criticism, to disparage it, to rail at it, to affect an unreal independence of its judgments, are certain signs of weakness in an author.

To prove all this, and illustrate it, and exemplify it, has been the aim of much of Mr. Arnold's writing. His first separate prose publication was, we think, the lectures on translating Homer, which he delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The originality, the fearlessness, we regret to add the occasional arrogance of tone which marked these lectures, gained for them much attention. But as they were fully noticed in the *North British Review** at the time of their publication, we can not do more than allude to them now. In the present volume he has collected together essays, ranging over a great variety of subjects, but all of them in the strictest sense, critical. In the first of these, called *The Functions of Criticism at the Present Time*, he not only explains those functions, but also vindicates their dignity and utility. Mr. Arnold must tell us himself what, and of what sort, is the criticism he upholds and would endeavor to practice:

"But stop, some one will say; all this talk is of no practical use to us whatever; this criticism of yours is not what we have in our minds when we speak of criticism; when we speak of critics and criticism, we mean critics and criticism of the current English literature of the day; when you offer to tell criticism its function, it is to this criticism that we expect you to address yourself. I am sorry for it, for I am afraid I must disappoint these expectations. I am bound by my own definition of criticism: *a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world*. How much of current English Literature comes into this 'best that is known and thought in the world?' Not very much, I fear; certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France or Germany. Well, then,

* No. lxxii, May, 1862.

am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics, who, after all, are free in their choice of a business? That would be making criticism lend itself just to one of those alien practical considerations, which, I have said, are so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass,—so much better disregarded,—of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavor, in dealing with this, to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world; one may say, that to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own; and the more unlike his own, the better. But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with,—the criticism which alone can help us for the future, the criticism which throughout Europe, is at the present day meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit,—is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?

"I conclude with what I said at the beginning: to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible."

We must not, however, suppose that Mr. Arnold would limit the sphere of criticism to literature alone. On the contrary, he maintains that criticism, being truly an endeavor to see things as they really are, can not be limited in its scope, but must extend its efforts in all things relating to man and human life,—society, politics, religion. He admits, indeed, that where these burning matters are concerned, it is most likely to go astray; nevertheless, it must set out on the dan-

gerous wayfaring, and take its chance. Safety, according to Mr. Arnold, lies in this only, that criticism must "maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims." It must abandon altogether the sphere of practical life, and rest content with discovering and impressing on the world adequate ideas, trusting that those ideas will bring forth their fruit in a fitting, though it may be a distant season. Such a work may be slow and obscure, but it is not the less the only proper work of criticism. Now this is a striking thought, but we doubt whether it be a sound one. It seems to rest on a confusion between the direct and the indirect influence of the critical spirit on the affairs of life. The indirect influence is exerted, of course, through literature. It is in this sense that Mr. Arnold upholds the justice of Goethe's claim to have been "the liberator" of the Germans, because he taught the German poets that men must live from within outwards, placing the standard inside the man instead of outside him,—a doctrine, as Mr. Arnold says, "absolutely fatal to all routine thinking." All this, to be sure, had not much effect on the political life of Germany, has not even yet had much effect in that direction; whence Heine's impetuous attacks on Goethe, "come to be eighty years old doing this, and minister, and in good condition; poor German people! that is thy greatest man." But whether such influence of criticism be really important, or all but imperceptible in its working, this at least is clear, that it is an indirect influence. The immediate effect is produced by literature, and we do not gain much towards clearness of thought by running up the chain of causality, and attributing that effect to criticism. But if we do so, we must be careful to note that the word thus used means pure literary criticism only—affecting active life, if at all, slowly and indirectly; and surely to say that such criticism must sever itself from the merely practical, and concern itself with "adequate ideas," though true and valuable doctrine, is not a novel discovery.

On the other hand, when comment or criticism, or whatever we choose to call it, applies itself directly to matters of action, it seems impossible but that it must take a practical turn. Let us test the thing by Mr. Arnold's own instances.

When extreme or ill-timed demands for political change are met by dwelling on our present "unrivalled happiness," he objects to the answer, not on behalf of the reformers, but in the interests of a correct theory of criticism. But what style of answer does he suggest as in accordance with his own theory? Why, the somewhat rude one of taking an aggravated case of child-murder from the newspapers, and tabling it against the "unrivalled happiness" notion. Now, we say nothing as to the value of this answer, nor pause to inquire how far the fact of child-murders taking place in England from time to time is inconsistent with the position that the people of England as a body enjoy more happiness than the people of any other nation; but we ask, is not this of Mr. Arnold's a most *practical* answer? It seems to us every whit as practical, though by no means so relevant, as the argument with which Mr. Arnold contrasts it, viz., that, happy as we may be, we should probably be yet happier were the desired political changes to take place. We remember a London paper, of a very unideal and Philistine* character, which had a column, entitled "Our Civilization," exclusively devoted to the chosen arguments of Mr. Arnold's ideal theory of criticism.

Again, the illustration given by Mr. Arnold of how criticism should approach religious themes, succeeds in keeping quite clear of any practical tendency, but this at the expense both of distinctness and utility. He objects to Bishop Colenso's criticism on the ground that it strengthens the common confusion between science and religion; and though he does not re-

print his two essays on the Bishop's first volume, which appeared some time ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, yet he "can not forbear repeating once more, for his benefit and that of his readers, this sentence from my original remarks upon him: *There is truth of science and truth of religion; truth of science does not become truth of religion till it is made religious.* And I will add: Let us have all the science there is from the men of science; from the men of religion let us have religion." Now this passage, so far as we understand it, appears to rest upon a very extraordinary misconception. If the truths of science and the truths of religion are to be kept always distinct—the one delivered only by men of science, the other delivered only by men of religion, what are we to make of their seeming opposition? That there is a *seeming* opposition no one will deny, and must we, then, accept the opposition as inexplicable? Can we make no endeavor to get beyond this seeming? Can criticism do nothing to reconcile? Is the task of showing that there is no real opposition between science and religion too "practical?" It rather seems to us that this might be attempted without placing any harsh restraints on the free play of thought, and that, if accomplished, it would be the greatest and happiest step ever made in spiritual progression; in a word, criticism might herein exercise not only its appropriate, but its noblest functions. Finally, approaching social questions in the same spirit, Mr. Arnold falls foul of the Divorce Court, because that institution does not accord with the "refreshing and elevating" marriage theory of Catholicism.

Now, if all this merely means, that criticism, being an honest endeavor to get at truth, must keep itself free from party catch-words, from party considerations, ay, even from party ideas, there can hardly be room for dispute. Surely so simple a truth need not have been so elaborated. But if it mean more than this, if it mean that criticism can be applied with profit, or, indeed, can be applied at all to questions of active life, yet in no way concern itself with results, keeping above all practical considerations, then we think Mr. Arnold altogether mistaken, and we are sure that his criticism will be for ever barren. Indeed, his theory breaks down

* This is a German nickname of which Mr. Arnold is very fond, and, as it is hardly possible to write on these Essays without referring to it, we subjoin his explanation of its meaning: "*Philistine* must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodelers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom, the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves, with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers, as a chosen people, as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as hum-dum people, slaves to routine, enemies to light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong."

in his own hands. In the examples he himself gives, he refutes the self-laudatory Briton by extracts from newspapers; he attacks the Divorce Court on the very practical grounds of its "crowded benches, its reports, its money compensations;" and when he turns to religion, his criticism only ceases to be practical by becoming totally useless, and not a little obscure.

To say the truth, it is not when dealing with these weighty matters that Mr. Arnold is at his best. He does not understand them; he does not, we suspect, greatly care to understand them; his interest in them strikes us as being forced. When he passes from confuting Mr. Adderley and Mr. Roebuck to analyzing the beauties of Maurice de Guérin, he carries his readers into a new atmosphere of warmth and light. His principles of criticism will be found safe guides in the region of the fine arts, though he does not seem to possess the special knowledge required in an art-critic; but literature is the theme he knows best, likes best—where he is, in all respects, most at home. His natural qualifications for the work of literary criticism have been enhanced by assiduous cultivation. No man can be a good critic who does not possess a familiarity with at least one great literature besides his own. And this is especially the case with Englishmen, who, as we have said before, find so little in their own literature which can stimulate or foster the critical spirit.

"By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world can not be of English growth, must be foreign; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence; the English critic, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it, which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason, specially likely to escape him."

Mr. Arnold's mind is open to foreign thought from many sources. His scholarship shows itself in the only way in which scholarship can show itself becomingly, *i. e.*, in its results, its influence on the judgment and the style. It

has given him what Pope considers the rarest quality of the critic, good taste:

"In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share."

But he has much that is higher than mere scholarship, though unfortunately separable, and too often separated from it; he has caught "the secret of antiquity"—has penetrated to the spirit of the ancient writers. The influence of Germany seems to have been but slight upon him; on the other hand, he has a perfect familiarity with French literature—the literature of criticism *par excellence*; some will say that he surrenders himself too unreservedly to its dominion. His Gallicism is perhaps extreme, and this, combined with his devotion to classical models, may give a certain narrowness to his judgments; but in these days of utter lawlessness, when there is truly no king in Israel, and every man writes as seems good in his own eyes, we welcome any ruler even though his laws be rigid and his rule severe. Coming to his work of criticism with such powers and such resources, he magnifies his office, very naturally, and not, we think, unduly. We have quoted one passage in which he tells us what criticism should be, in another and yet more striking passage, he tell us what criticism can do:

"The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the true function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men; they may have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labor may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are

ready. Now in literature—I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises—the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas, on every matter which literature touches, current at the time; at any rate, we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas; that is rather the business of the philosopher; the grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them: of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations, making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare; this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

"Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, 'in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is.' Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

"Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society, considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable—every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being, in modern times, very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry

had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are."

This book of Mr. Arnold's is not a large one, containing but nine short essays in all. From the first, that on the Functions of Criticism, we have quoted so largely that our readers can judge for themselves of its import and merits. We have also indicated pretty fully the scope of the second paper, on the Literary Influence of Academies, which appeared last summer in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Two beautiful critical estimates of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin follow, showing a rare power of sympathy and appreciation, and containing some very perfect specimens of translation; and not less beautiful and appreciative is a sketch of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Perhaps the best paper in the book, certainly the most characteristic, is that on Joubert, the "French Coleridge;" while that on Spinoza is plainly the most unsatisfactory and inadequate. Numerous as our quotations have been, we give the following extract from the notice of Heinrich Heine, because it illustrates, far better than any remarks of ours, Mr. Arnold's views on English literature, and thus throws light on his theory of criticism:

"We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's works or Heine's. And the reason is not far to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism,—to use the German nickname,—which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them, to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries; they were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation; they applied freely in literature

the then modern ideas,—the ideas of the Renaissance and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class whose intelligent sympathy had upheld a Shakspeare entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. *He enlargeth a nation*, says Job, *and straiteneth it again*. In the literary movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the signal attempt to apply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas; but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelly did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature; they could not succeed in it; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation, compared with the literary creation of Shakspeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries? The greatest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in Middle Age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer-royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works; far more solid and complete works than those which Byron and Shelly have left. But their works have this defect: they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life; they constitute, therefore, *minor currents*, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will be long remembered, long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognized, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature; their names will be greater than their writings; *stat magni nominis umbra*."

It would be too strong to call the critique on Heine disappointing, yet we may say that its very excellence makes us wish

there were more of it. Some of his best poetry is translated by Mr. Arnold into prose—into pure and beautiful prose certainly; but still we thus lose the grace, the nameless charm, the divine light; and a writer who is himself a poet might, we think, have attempted a metrical rendering. Moreover, this paper, though, like all the rest, rich in subtle observation and suggestive thoughts, as an estimate of Heine is insufficient. We are told distinctly enough what he was, but we get no idea of what he did. We have no full picture of his life, of the influences which made him the strange and wild writer he was; we have not even an adequate description of his writings themselves, still less an estimate of his merits, or an explanation of his influence. English literature has yet to be enriched with a true and sufficient representation of that most remarkable man, who combined "the wit and ardent modern spirit of France, with the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany." But to do this was no part of Mr. Arnold's purpose; so we rest with what he has given us well content.

Our readers will readily forgive us if we recall to their recollection Pope's picture of a model critic:

"But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favor, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and, though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Blest with a taste exact yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?"

Not a few of these qualities meet in Mr. Arnold. Certainly he has the taste, and the knowledge, the freedom from dull prepossessions, the readiness to recognize merit, and is far above all bias from any personal motive whatever. But we are not quite so sure about the "soul exempt from pride," or the "*humanly severe*." Mr. Arnold, indeed, is very strong on the necessity for urbanity in criticism; and in his essay on the Influence of Academies, condemns more than one English critic for undue vehemence. But those who love justice rather than

mercy, will gladly learn that, with Mr. Arnold as with Dr. Newman, urbanity does not by any means involve gentleness. It is not too much to say that the tone of his lectures on Homer was in some instances quite insulting; and how lasting is the pain inflicted by this polished venom, is shown by a letter addressed but the other day to the Dean of Canterbury by one of the least of the victims, the Rev. Ichabod Wright, in every line of which wrath against Mr. Arnold is seen struggling with imperfect powers of expression. To show how evil of this sort begets evil, and how unbecoming and discreditable to literature are the results, we will quote a passage from Mr. Wright's letter, where, finding prose fail him, he gives vent to his emotions in strains of sarcastic verse:

"Condemned by himself—refuted by himself—alas for his late 'Io Triumpher,' when visions of glory flitted across his soul, and exalted him in his rapt imagination to a throne inferior only to that of Homer himself! And you, Mr. Dean, will I am sure, now that he lies, 'μέγας μεγαλωστί τανυόβεις,' allow me once more to indulge my fancy in an imaginary soliloquy, reminding us of the reverses incident to humanity, from which even a Professor is not exempt.

"Alas! how my throne is tottering and shaking beneath me!
Methought I had slain all my foes,—Pope, Cowper, and Newman;
But ah! there they stand, like the ghosts of the children of Banquo;
And up from the ground, not the worse for my dagger, again springs
To haunt me, that wretch Wright, who dares now to beard and defy me,—
Exulting that I, the guardian and friend of the Muses,
Have penned lines so vile, that even the *Times* who befriends me,
Is beggared to scan them, and bids me go back to my Gradus.
O cursed Hexameters—ye, upon whom I once counted
To wake up immortal, *unique* Translator of Homer,
I would ye had never been cherished and nursed in my bosom!
Ye vipers, ye sting me! Disgraced is the chair that I sit in;
And Oxford laments that her Muses have lost their protector."

True, in his last words on Homer, Mr. Arnold expressed regret that his "vivacities of expression" should have offended Mr. Newman; and in the preface to this volume he expresses a similar regret with regard to Mr. Wright. But no apolo-

gies can atone for these so-called "vivacities." A tardy and half-contemptuous expression of regret can never do away with a rankling sense of insult. An injury may be forgiven; but an insult gives a feeling of degradation which, until it is revenged, makes forgiveness impossible. In truth, Mr. Arnold's love for "vivacity" is extreme. On this score he defends Mr. Disraeli's late speech at Oxford—that wonderful specimen of the tone of Pharisee and the spirit of the Sadducee, combined with the grossest clap-trap of modern Philistinism—and is almost indignant that any one should condemn the notorious outburst against "nebulous professors, who, if they could only succeed in obtaining a perpetual study of their writings, would go far to realize that eternity of punishment which they object to," or express surprise at the taste of the Bishop of Oxford and his clergy, who welcomed the clever and unworthy sneer with "continued laughter;" nay, on the assumption that Mr. Maurice was alluded to, he "can not doubt that Mr. Maurice himself, full of culture and urbanity as he is, would be the first to pronounce it a very smart saying, and to laugh at it good-humoredly." As if Mr. Maurice's good-nature was to be the measure of Mr. Disraeli's impertinence. As if such outrages upon the amenity of literature, to say nothing of the courtesies in use among gentlemen, were not the uttermost Philistinism; as if urbanity consisted only in the avoidance of vehemence, but gave all allowance to cruel and contemptuous insolence. Foppery of this sort only makes the man who indulges in it ridiculous—a consideration which may have more weight with Mr. Arnold than graver remonstrances.

It is but fair, however, to add that, with the exception of the Preface, the tone of this book presents a pleasant contrast to the tone of the "Lectures"—though the manner in which Mr. Kinglake is disposed of shows how an aggravated case of Philistinism must be treated; "on the breast of the huge Mississippi of falsehood called history, a foam-bell more or less is of no consequence."

Nor do we quite recognize as a leading characteristic in Mr. Arnold that he is "modestly bold," though herein also he improves with age and experience. For-

merly his arrogance astonished even the *Saturday Review*; now, however, while far from observing the precept to "speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence," he offends less than he did. We wish we could add that a similar improvement is observable in another of Mr. Arnold's faults—the fault of affectation. This is a fault very prevalent among us now; and it is one peculiarly unbecoming in a critic who aims at recalling our literature to some perception of classic purity and dignity. Can anything be worse than the affectation of the following passage from the Preface—combined, too, with a straining after humor which is very dismal:

"But there is the coming east wind! there is the tone of the future!—I hope it is grave enough for even the *Guardian*—the earnest, prosaic, practical, austere literal future! Yes, the world will soon be the Philistines'! and then, with every voice, not of thunder, silenced, and the whole earth filled and ennobled every morning by the magnificent roaring of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*, we shall all yawn in one another's faces with the dismallest, the most unimpeachable gravity. No more vivacity then! my hexameters, and dogmatism, and scoffs at the Divorce Court, will all have been put down; I shall be quite crest-fallen. But does Mr. Wright imagine that there will be any more place, in that world, for his heroic blank verse Homer than for my paradoxes? If he does, he deceives himself, and knows little of the Palatine Library of the future. A plain edifice, like the British College of Health enlarged: inside, a light, bleak room, with a few statues; Dagon in the centre, with our English Caabah, or Palladium of enlightenment, the hare's stomach; around, a few leading friends of humanity or fathers of British philosophy—Goliath, the great Bentham, Presbyterian Anglicanus, our intellectual deliverer Mr. James Clay, and . . . yes! with the embarrassed air of a late convert, the Editor of the *Saturday Review*. Many a shrewd nip has he in old days given to the Philistines, this editor; many a bad half-hour has he made them pass; but in his old age he has mended his courses, and declares that his heart has always been in the right place, and that he is at bottom, however appearances may have been against him, staunch for Goliath and 'the most logical nation in the world.' Then, for the book-shelves. There will be found on them a monograph by Mr. Lowe on the literature of the ancient Scythians, to revenge them for the iniquitous neglect with which the Greeks treated them; there will be Demosthenes, because he was like Mr. Spur-

geon: but, else, from all the lumber of antiquity they will be free. Everything they contain will be modern, intelligible, improving; *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues*, *Old Humphrey*, *Bentham's Deontology*, *Little Dorrit*, *Mangnall's Questions*, *The Wide Wide World*, *D'Iffanger's Speeches*, *Beecher's Sermons*—a library, in short, the fruit of a happy marriage between the profound philosophic reflection of Mr. Clay, and the healthy and natural taste of Inspector Tanner."

One form of affectation, frequent with Mr. Arnold is specially objectionable, we mean the inappropriate use of scriptural phraseology. Thus he took as the motto for his "Last words," *multi, qui persequuntur me, et tribulant me; a testimonium non declinavi*; to those who laugh at the grand style, he "repeats, with compassionate sorrow, the Gospel words, 'Ye shall die in your sins;'" and he illustrates the uncertainty of literary success by quoting, "many are called, but few are chosen." We assure Mr. Arnold that this sort of thing can not fail to offend; and, perhaps, he will be not less moved by the consideration that people will probably accuse him of having caught the trick of it from Mr. Carlyle, though certainly Mr. Carlyle is never so distasteful in his allusions.

We confess that even Mr. Arnold's egotism and arrogance has for our minds we know not what curious charm; but we can not feel assured that other readers will feel the same; and we therefore regret these and such-like blemishes, exactly in proportion as we estimate highly the services which a writer like Mr. Arnold is capable of rendering to English literature. As we ventured to tell him when commenting on his Lectures, a censor so outspoken, and who judges by so high a standard, is sure to provoke bitter opposition. Many will be impatient of his cultivated criticism. Many will be abashed by his usual good sense and moderation. He, more than most men, should be careful to afford no vantage-ground of attack to his enemies, to show no weakness which his friends will find it hard to defend. He owes this not only to his own reputation, he owes it also to the hopes of doing good to literature, which he is justly entitled to entertain. Why should he give occasion for triumph to the sons of the Philistines?

What, then, are these hopes? or, in other words, what benefits can be expect-

ed to come from sound criticism? Mr. Arnold, as we have seen, claims for it high and useful functions, as the servant and pioneer of the creative faculty, discovering, or at least rousing into activity the ideas with which that faculty must work. Besides this, and below this, it exercises a more direct influence—a *corrective* influence. And this it does on the general public as well as on writers; with the former, insisting on correctness of opinion, with the latter, on correctness of production. "In France," says M. Sainte-Beuve, as quoted by Mr. Arnold, "the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused or pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is, whether *we were right* in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it?" Mr. Arnold may well call these words "remarkable;" they throw a flood of light over the whole doctrine of criticism. How clearly they expose the mere folly of what we hear every day around us with regard to works of art of all kinds—"It may not be very good, but I like it:" the people who thus speak, seeming to think that their unreasoning caprices are criticism, never dreaming that if a thing is not good, they should strive *not* to like it,—that they are bound, had they any intellectual conscience, *first* to ascertain whether a work of art is good or not, and that liking or disliking should follow the results of that endeavor, not precede or be independent of it. No one who studied the French pictures in the Exhibition of 1861 will dispute the truth of M. Sainte-Beuve's words. For such a study must have satisfied any one that Frenchmen can with truth claim for their artists a preëminence in good taste, and such preëminence can only be attained by those who approach these matters in the spirit which the great critic ascribes to his countrymen. *To seek above all to see whether we are right in being amused or moved;* if this rule could be impressed on the public, what an advance would be made, from what blunders would art and literature be preserved! We should no longer have people lauding the commonplace of Trollope as an artistic representation of life, or mistaking for humor that gross caricature by which Mr. Dickens is pulling down his reputation;

or, in a different style of art, letting foolish weakness rise in the heart and gather to the eyes—over deathbeds according to the popular novel, or before such pictures as Mr. O'Neil's "Eastward Ho!" they would feel rather that they were wrong in allowing their feelings to be stirred by unreality and false taste, that it was their duty to resist any such clap-trap appeals to sources of deep and real emotion. And so these sources of emotion would be opened to us more freely; and, in the intellectual as in the moral world, seeking what is right only, we should find most surely the highest pleasure and the truest beauty.

On writers, again, it is the function of criticism to impress moderation—*sanity* both in thought and expression. It is as an aid to criticism in discharging this function that Mr. Arnold thinks an academy would be of value—at once supplying a standard of judgment and forming a court of appeal. We think he overrates the utility of such an institution. It might, and probably would do something for the form, but we can not share Mr. Arnold's expectations of what it would do for the matter of our literature. We can see how it might cure "notes of provincialism" in expression; but how could it affect notes of provincialism arising from poverty of thought? An academy might have had power to chasten the style of Burke, but we doubt if it could ever have made a profound moralist of Addison. At all events, English criticism must be content to labor without such aid. And the work to be done, at least in our day, is mainly a work of correction. Hence the common remark, that it is the duty of the critic to welcome merit rather than discover faults, is not true. Ben Jonson puts it: "Some do say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily." Now, of course, criticism must not make faults, but we maintain that its first duty is to detect and expose them. The truth is, that the above remark applies only to the productions of the highest genius. In everything below this there are errors which can not be left unchecked, or still worse, included in a gush of indiscriminating praise, if sound literature is to be fostered, prejudices and bad taste aba-

ted. To the duty of laboring for this end, the pleasure of praising must always be postponed; and, as has been said more than once already, that duty was never more incumbent on the critic than at the present day. Eccentricities, false estimates, and every sort of extravagance in style are rife among us. The common limitation of the word "art" to painting exclusively, is itself a sign, if any sign were needed, of how utterly inartistic our literature is. In such a state of matters unjust censure is as nothing; real merit will struggle through; but the critic who praises carelessly, recklessly, is guilty of a grievous offence against the true interests of literature.

Of our eccentricities Mr. Arnold gives some examples, showing how they strike the minds of French critics. The examples he selects are the *Jashar* of the late Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Forster's *Life of Mahomet*. It may be that both Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Forster have been guilty of extravagance, yet it would have been well had Mr. Arnold selected more eminent offenders. In literary, as in political rebellions, the great leaders should be first left for punishment. Nor are there wanting men of mark who have sinned grievously against literary law. Mr. Carlyle, during the latter portion of his career, has impaired his reputation, and diminished his influence, by plunging into every sort of eccentricity both of thought and style. And a man, even more prominently before the public than Mr. Carlyle, has wandered into extravagancies yet wilder, and that on one of Mr. Arnold's favorite subjects. It seems to us very unaccountable that, in his lectures on Homer, Mr. Arnold should have passed without notice the uncontrolled eccentricities of Mr. Gladstone, and the amazing meanings which he tortured from the poet. And this is not only unaccountable, but much to be regretted. The reception given to Mr. Gladstone's bulky volumes might be cited as one of the strongest instances of the insufficiency of English criticism. Every newspaper and periodical in the country, except, if our memory serve us right, the *Times* and the *Scotsman*, joined in the chorus of unreasoning and exaggerated praise. Especially no depths of prostration could be too deep for the

Saturday Review. Now Mr. Gladstone violated every law which Mr. Arnold regards. His book showed neither moderation nor sanity, nor even good taste—as in the famous comparison of Minerva to the electric telegraph. It is against such a parrot-cry as this that Mr. Arnold's testimony would be of especial value. Such a critic as he is renders his fitting service not in holding up small men to ridicule, but in exposing the errors of great men. But though we can not quite forgive him for not having shown Mr. Gladstone's *Homer* in its true light, he yet deserves some praise for having in this preface at least indicated, for the first time, so far as we know, the truth as regards Lord Derby's *Homer*: "I admire its freshness, its manliness, its simplicity; although, perhaps, if one looks for the charm of Homer, for his play of a divine light, . . . Professor Pepper must go on, I can not."

In the work of resisting false estimates, criticism will find plenty of occupation in Scotland. Partly from our noisy nationality, partly from the want of general cultivation, and the consequent absence of good taste, this fault is very prevalent among us. Indeed, Scotland at the present day, fallen from her high literary estate, is in many respects, in her narrowness, in her inaccessibility to great ideas, in her vehement self-assertion, a very Philistia. But at all times Scotchmen have been given to over-estimate and over-praise Scotchmen in a manner which works much evil. In the lowest point of view, this does no lasting good to the praised themselves, for other tribunals are less partial, nay, may be led into excess of severity by this excess of praise; while, in any other point of view, it does direct harm, hindering real advancement, obscuring both from ourselves and from others the knowledge of the truth. Thus we find the late Francis Horner, a sedate man of a well-balanced mind, placing Dugald Stewart on a level with "the first of those who know," and predicting that his "writings will live as long as those of Cicero and Plato, and will go down to distant times with their works." Here we have a "note of provincialism" which jars upon us rudely. Thus to class Cicero with Plato in the same

rank as philosophers shows a culpable carelessness almost amounting to indifference to truth; but to set Dugald Stewart there also, is to treat the critical spirit as altogether a thing of naught, and, though this is a less matter, to run the risk of depriving him of the reputation which is justly his. Again, Lord Jeffrey—for it is better in such a matter as this to take examples from the past—was beyond doubt an accomplished man, and a brilliant writer. But if we compare him with such a critic as M. Sainte-Beuve, or if we read Mr. Arnold's comparison of him with Joubert, we can hardly fail to see that it would be more becoming if the terms in which his merits are often extolled among us were to suffer some abatement.

The third tendency which it is the appointed duty of criticism to resist, namely, fine writing, is also a peculiarly northern vice. It is a tendency at present extending itself, like some pestilent weed, over all English literature: a writer on this subject in the *Cornhill** could select his "samples of fine English" not only from Tupper and *Reynolds' Miscellany*, but also from the *Times*, the *Literary Gazette*, and the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*! But in Scotland the vice is almost universal. It is to be found in our books and our newspapers, it is rampant in our pulpit, it intrudes, when opportunity offers, even upon the dignity of our bench. Were the writer in the *Cornhill* to set about collecting a few "samples" of fine Scotch, he might produce an amusing and most astonishing paper. This may be partly ascribed to the popularity of writers like the late Professor Wilson, a man of undoubted genius, but of a wild and unregulated genius, and in whose writings the influence of severe cultivation is hardly ever to be traced—an unfortunate popularity, in that it has led weaker men to imitate what is not susceptible, nor, indeed, deserving of imitation. These admiring mimics have caught the faults only of the original—in the well-known words of Johnson, they have "the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; the contortions of the Sybil without her inspiration." But the main source or

this vice, as of the former, is the want, so general and unhappily so increasing, of a familiarity with the best models, especially of those which antiquity has left us. And this leads us to an objection occasionally urged against Mr. Arnold's critical point of view. He is sometimes spoken of as an upholder of the classical as opposed to the Romantic style, and in a sense he is so. Thus he can not yield to the dogma frequently announced now-a-days, that "the poet who would really fix the public attention must leave the exhausted past, and draw his subjects from matters of present import, and *therefore* both of interest and novelty." He believes, on the contrary, that the best materials for poetry are to be found not in situations and incidents in themselves mean and disagreeable, however they may be elevated by the power of the imagination, but rather in events and ideas in themselves grand and beautiful, possessing an immediate dignity and interest, irrespective of the force of association; and, so far, he holds with the classicists. He believes, further, that distance from ourselves, either in time or idea, tends to bestow this immediate dignity and interest, while nearness to ourselves tends to take it away. Poetry, according to his idea, should approach, as with the most classic of the great poets it did approach, to sculpture, at once in natural beauty of subject, and in perfection of form. Yet he is far from confining poetry to classical themes in the strict sense of the word. He does not so limit his own choice. Most of his largest poems come from very different sources—from Northern mythology, from Eastern legend, from the cycle of Arthurian romance. His view, in short, is, that all noble subjects are fitting for poetry, only that the more distant the subject the more likely it is to possess this element of nobility, not having been exposed to the vulgarizing influences of familiarity. In this point of view Macbeth becomes as classical as Agamemnon—the Weird Sisters, "withered and wild in their attire," as classical as the awful Eumenides—Una, with her lion, as classical as Antigone or Electra. We believe Mr. Arnold to be right in his theory. Despite such successes as those of Wordsworth or of Tennyson, we suspect

* Vol. iii. p. 205.

that what is so glibly called "the poetry of every-day life," will generally prove a very sorry affair. The poet is indeed, as is often said, the interpreter of his age, but he is so indirectly, by allusion, by general tone, by his point of view, not directly by depicting the common life of people round about him. No great poet has done this—not even Shakspeare, the most universal of all. Not in this way have the highest peaks of Helicon been scaled. Aspects of life so different from those familiar to us as to seem of another world—or, it may be, other worlds altogether, creations of imagination or of faith; such are the fit and chosen materials of the highest poetry. Seeing that the "poetry of every-day life theory" has found a supporter so acute as the late Mr. Brimley in his essay on Tennyson, we are glad to find it opposed by Mr. Arnold.

But while it would be incorrect to call Mr. Arnold a disciple of the classic style, as the expression is employed by Schlegel, no man can have a truer appreciation of classical literature, or value a familiarity with it more highly. Men, he says, who often enjoy commerce with the ancients, seem to him "like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience, they are more truly than others, under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live." Now, no one can reproach Mr. Arnold with admiring the ancient beyond due measure, because of ignorance of modern literature. He but adds another to the many instances which show that it is the most accomplished and most cultivated men who most value the cultivation of antiquity. It is the want of this cultivation more than any other cause, which fosters, especially among us Scotch, those sins of eccentricity, and over-estimates, and fine writing, on which we have already remarked. Criticism can do much to restrain these things, but the discipline which the study of the classics gives can do far more; nay, without such discipline we may not hope for any such criticism. It is very idle to quote Shakspeare with his "little Latin and less Greek;" we are speaking now of ordinary mortals, of men who write from intelligence and understanding, not of the divine sons of genius. It is impossi-

ble, within this range, to rate too highly the importance of a knowledge of the classics as a regulating and corrective influence. Here we can cite in our favor a witness whose testimony can never be otherwise than acceptable, and who certainly had no love for Latin and Greek in excess, Sydney Smith: "Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we can not be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients: the moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists." It is a thing of some moment just at present, that the value of the ancient writers should have found so powerful an advocate as Mr. Arnold—a man eminently qualified to form an opinion on the matter, and not less capable of upholding it.

This subject naturally leads the mind to Oxford, on which nothing has ever been written more beautiful than the following passage—in itself no unfavorable example of the grace of Mr. Arnold's style:

"No; we are all seekers still: seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play."

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her garments to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! What example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in those incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left milps out of sight behind him; the bondage of *was uns alle bündigt, Das GEMEINE*? She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or

two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines compared with the warfare which this Queen of Romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?"

Readers who have accompanied us thus far do not need to be told that, in our judgment, Mr. Arnold's little volume is a work at once of sterling merit and of great value. That he may be, as indeed we believe him to be, wrong in many of his practical results—such as his admiration for academies, and his choice of English hexameters as a vehicle for rendering Homer—is a thing of no real moment. The virtue of his teaching consists in the excellence of the standard he sets up, and in the soundness of the principles he applies. The more widely he is read, the greater the influence he obtains, the brighter the prospects of our literature. And it is because of this high estimate of Mr. Arnold's labors that we have dwelt more fully on those points where we differ from him than on those where we agree with or yield to him; and, would that we were not forced to add, that it is also because of this estimate that we regret deeply the foppery, the arrogance, the affectation which marred the beauty of the lectures on Homer, which, in the preface to these essays, moves a sorrowful laughter, and which appears rarely indeed, yet too often, disfiguring the essays themselves, lingering like a subtle poison. With these weaknesses Mr. Arnold has done, and yet will do, much; but, without them, how much more! Admiring him as we do, we can forgive him; but how can he forgive himself?

Bentley's Miscellany.

MODERN LIFE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

OUR European diplomacy, whenever it moves on home ground, likes nothing so much as soothing and wiping matters up. It would like to settle everything kindly and lovingly, and roughly assails every one who, after the fashion of the day, rides on an extreme. In Turkish affairs, however, it falls into the very error with which it charges others. It seizes this matter to-day with a steel gauntlet, to-

morrow with kid gloves; one time it is full of disgust at the ineradicable Turkish barbarism, and another full of admiration at the incessant progress of Turkey; it now employs a language which sounds as if roared from the trumpets of the last judgment, and then lisps as softly as if it had at its lips the flageolet of an Arcadian shepherd. At the present moment it neither allows its thunder to roll along the Bosphorus, or its sun to shine on it. The burning questions being settled, diplomacy pauses, or mixes the cards for a fresh game. We, however, will take advantage of this pause to take another glance at the Turkish capital, and point out the changes which have originated there under French influence.

The splendid landscape, in which the great and small world of the Turkish capital moves and has its being, has remained unaltered. Just as it did one hundred years ago, the Bosphorus winds between exquisite shores, adorned with gardens and kiosks; and on entering port the traveler still sees a picture, which, bordered on one hand by the Seraï, on the other by Scutari, has a glorious background in the Prince's Islands and Olympus. But Constantinople is no longer the idle city, with mysterious harems, savage Osmanlis, slave markets, and caravanserais. The waters of the Straits no longer open in the silent hours of the night to receive sobs, whence moans and sobs issue. The turban of the janissary hangs in second-hand clothes' shops, the yataghan and long gun of the Arnaut are temptingly displayed in windows, in order to induce English tourists to purchase them. Birmingham and Sohlingen are driving Damascus into the background in the bazaars. On the Bosphorus float merchant vessels under every flag, brigs, schooners, and three-masters; steamers send their smoke over the kiosks on shore; telegraph poles, with outspread wires, run in all directions. The hundreds of boats crossing each other in port convey all the discoveries of science, all the novelties of art, all the vanities of fashion, the latest novel, the newest libretto, the most modern fabrics; and all these European strangers are welcomed with equal joy in the Turkish harem and the Levantine salon.

Some changes, however, have taken

place in the panorama unfolded before the visitor. Pera, the city of diplomacy, and Galata, the seat of Frank commerce, have acquired quite an European look, through new buildings. Stone houses of several stories, broad gas-lit streets, elegant coffee-houses, glass-covered arcades, rich shops, booksellers' establishments, photographic *ateliers* brilliant fronts full of silks and jewellery, an Italian and French theatre, a Château des Fleurs, palaces of the embassies casinos and clubs, combine to form a whole which has nothing Oriental about it. On the other side of the haven, Stamboul—where the Muhammadan city is joined by the Armenian, Greek, and Israelite quarters, Yeni Kapu, Psamatia, Fauar, Jubali, and Balata—has retained its appearance; but even there stone is beginning to be substituted for wood, and ere long street lighting will enable the Mussulman to go out after sunset without the indispensable paper lantern, which the slightest puff of wind extinguished, and its bearer was then left to defend himself as best he could against mud-holes, masterless dogs, and night watchmen. Then, too, the Turks will be able fearlessly to cross the bridge to Pera and Galata, and more frequently take part in the fêtes and soirées, so constantly given in the two Frank quarters, where many Muhammadans and Oriental Christians are already residing.

Only twelve years ago the streets of Pera and Galata were narrow, winding, and dirty. Any one who ventured into them at night carried in one hand a lantern, in the other a pistol, or a loaded stick. Most foreigners remained at home at night, and felt securer when they heard the massive gates, which separated one quarter from another, but have now disappeared, banged to. It was rarely that an ambassadorial ball brought together the foreign colony and the Levantines. The latter, as Europeans who had become Easterns, formed a separate group; and three other groups were composed of the Christian subjects of Turkey, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Greeks. National and religious hatred created even greater hostility among these groups than did trade jealousy. The Europeans, too, lived in colonies, and grew so accustomed to this existence that they avoided all con-

tact with strangers, regarded every new face suspiciously, and were always on their guard. To the fires which widened the streets, to the gas that lights them, to the stone now substituted for wood in the new buildings, is owing a change in the habits of society which may be regarded as an important progress in Oriental life. The various nationalities visit each other, even though their hatred endures. Since steam navigation has increased, European elements have been brought in larger doses to Constantinople. Everybody takes his share of them, and thus an inevitable approximation is produced. The same ideas, the same wants, are drawn from the same sources. Mental life is being developed, and with it the desire for expansion. The new society requires newspapers, books, theatres, and as all use the same papers, books, and theatres, a union has sprung up, which extends to the noble Turkish women. Not a few of them learn French, and maintain a permanent, almost intimate, intercourse with the Christian ladies in Pera.

Those fires, which made a breach for progress, imposed, it has been calculated, a yearly tax of 400,000*l*. No house stood longer than twenty years, and in that period Constantinople became a new city. In ten minutes a house was burned to the ground, in a few hours an entire quarter became a prey of the flames. Every week, every day, and not unfrequently twice or thrice a day, Constantinople was alarmed by the fire signal. Then thundered the alarm-guns, posted on a hill upon the Asiatic side, and commanding the whole neighborhood; the cannon in the towers of Galata and the Seraskierat replied, the public criers dashed their iron-shod sticks on the ground, and repeated from street to street the cry of "Yangin var!" Half-naked firemen ran with wild yells through the city, and knocked down every one who did not get out of their way in time.

In one respect the transformation of the city is to be regretted. The old wooden houses were light, elegant, and characteristic. Painted of different colors, and protected by widely-projecting roofs, they made Constantinople, seen from the roads, the most splendid and peculiar panorama in the world. The

narrow, winding streets offered light and shade and a warm breeze. The rooms were lofty and airy, and could be easily warmed in winter with a mangal. The modern stone houses do not catch fire, but their six stories, their small windows, and smoking chimney-pots, convert Pera and Galata into European towns. Not a single architect has thought of imitating the delicious style of the old wooden houses in the new building material. All have strived to produce clumsy, massive buildings, true to the plumb-line, and to treat the city in the same way as Turkish reform has treated the national garb.

In one district it is a great pity that it was forced to yield to the new style. Galata was joined by the Kaviar-Khan, consisting of several gloomy and dirty lanes, in which were one-storied shops, with iron doors and grated windows, for the sale of caviare and other wares. At certain hours of the day there assembled in these lanes bankers, merchants, money-changers, brokers, agents, and speculators, among whom the Greek element prevailed. They stood on door-steps, or sat under the awnings of the shops on straw-bottomed chairs, or sometimes on the bare ground, and smoked or let the beads of their rosary slip through their fingers. Here the most contradictory reports passed from mouth to mouth, they gesticulated, yelled, quarrelled, and settled prices. Goods or shares were not the object of this traffic, everything turned on gold, English, French, Russian, Turkish gold, and its relative value in Turkish paper money. Kaviar-Khan was the exchange of Constantinople, and might almost be called a power. The government in vain issued decrees against this system, in vain did it several times order the Khan to be closed, in vain did it erect right facing it an elegant, airy, sheltered exchange—Kaviar-Khan held its own till the paper money was called in. Even now the prices of sugar and caviare are discussed there, but the fate of Turkey will never more be decided in its lanes. While the Khan has fallen into decadence, however, the Exchange is flourishing, and the share-holders are paid very good dividends.

In addition to the Exchange, credit

associations, factories, streets, and railways have sprung into existence. Two years ago an industrial exhibition was got up for the encouragement of agriculture and trade, at the close of which the prize-holders were presented to the Sultan, and decorated by him with the Medjidié. Abd-ul-Asiz, before he ascended the throne, was a man of progress. He possessed a model farm, which he managed himself, on the Asiatic coast, two leagues from Constantinople, and he went to his estate almost daily in his steam yacht. On his accession he gave it to his nephew, Murad Effendi, but made him pledge himself to continue it. The Sultan has also made a fine collection of minerals. He is fond of sport, is an excellent horseman, and has accepted a nomination as member of a jockey club, which has been founded at Smyrna by Count de Bentivoglio. His tastes have naturally led the Turkish youths to imitate him. Every year in spring and autumn, races are held in the vicinity of Constantinople—real races with stands, judges, jockeys, a weighing-place, and everything belonging to it. In the same way a mixed committee get up an annual regatta, in which yachts, boats, and kaiks take part, and there are both rowing and sailing-matches.

The Turks have taken a more rapid and lively interest in all material progress, than the Christians and Jews. There is a natural reason for this. Trade and finances were in the hands of the rayahs, who yielded to their natural sloth, and rarely quitted a circle of operations by which they earned money easily and quickly. The Turk, to whom this system of business had hitherto been strange, but who had a large capital at his disposal, did not hesitate to intrust his money to new societies, recommended by respectable names. While the Christian only saw in these enterprises an oppressive competition.

The whole society on the Bosphorus is extravagantly superstitious. Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, are alike in this respect, and the Levantines follow the general current. The Greek believes in a domestic spirit (Stikio,) who lives at the bottom of a well, and comes up at night in order to do the inhabitants of the house good or evil, according as they

have pleased or displeased him. The Stikio assumes all possible forms, and appears as a dandy, a girl, a negro, &c. He performs small services for his protégés, but any one who offends him can reckon on tricks being played him, or even on a thrashing. Like the Greeks, the Armenians have taken to the worship of pictures of the saints. The saint demands that a lamp should burn before his picture day and night, and if it ever goes out, he avenges himself by fearful dreams and night-mare. Fortune-telling by the hand or the surface of a well is in universal repute. At the present time, a Muhammadan negress and an old Jewess are carrying on a roaring trade, and are always consulted in illness or robberies. On certain days people make a pilgrimage to Elijah's well, or to the springs of Balukli, whose water on such days possesses a healing power.

Whenever these and similar Oriental fantasies do not show themselves, you might imagine you were in Europe. In Pera and Galata balls and parties are given, which will bear comparison with the salons of Paris. The Orientals are fond of and cultivate music, and they are quite conversant with the Italian operatic repertoire. Their taste, it is true, does not rise above a certain level; in music, they adore Verdi; literature, Alexandre Dumas; and in philosophy, Volney. Pera has a large opera-house, with boxes fitted up in the Italian style, an orchestra of fifty musicians, and an Italian troupe. Scalese, Corsi, Negrini, Madame Penco, and other notabilities have sung on its boards. A French theatre, which has been for two years under the management of an Armenian, plays everything: tragedies and dramas in prose and verse, comedies and farces. In an Armenian theatre, where the language employed is Turkish, you can see both original pieces and translations from the French and Italian. Amateur theatres pullulate; every circle of society can supply a full number of lovers, male and female, noble fathers, respectable ladies, and villains.

The Turkish women have willingly adopted European amusements and fashions. Operas and balls please them far better than the solitary life to which they were formerly condemned. In Eu-

rope, however, there are also serious employments for the female sex, which render the wife the husband's assistant. The Oriental wife will not listen to anything of this sort, and believes she has fulfilled her duty when she annually presents society with a child, which she does not suckle herself. If a young Greek, Armenian, or Levantine girl is educated in a convent, she learns to read and write, a little; if she remain at home, she learns to speak French from her European governess. She gets on fastest in those things in which she receives no instruction, and will look out of the window for half the day, or practise positions before the mirror. The mother dreams away three-fourths of her time on the sofa, and leaves her children, who are always numerous, to the care of the servants. The lesson she incessantly repeats to her daughter is to look out for a husband. As there are far more girls than young men, the latter are treated by the ladies with that attention which in Europe falls to the share of the fairer sex. The richest toilette, the most provocative desire to please, and employed, and even scandal is not shunned, if it compromise a man; the end justifies the means. Love-letters, rendezvous, secret betrothals, in case of need even an elopement, followed by the paternal blessing—all is permitted, but no *mésalliance*. In this land, where there is no nobility, no aristocracy of the mind or of wealth, a Castilian arrogance prevails. Everybody is vain of his personal position, so that a cloth-dealer would never give his daughter to a tailor, or a carpenter marry a shoemaker's daughter.

When the daughter has visited the theatres long enough, and shown herself sufficiently at the promenades, followed at some distance by her mother, and her object of marrying has been gained, she asks for a rich equipment, not in clothes and linen, but in silk dresses, jewelry, and, above all, diamonds. No maid-servant will marry a shoeblack unless he lays at least a diamond breast-pin on the altar of love. The most necessary things are neglected, but there is a lavish display of superfluities. When married, the young lady rises at a late hour, spends a good part of the day on the sofa, drinks many cups of coffee, receives visits from

time to time, forgets the little she has learned, does not write, read, or work, and leaves all the household duties to her numerous servants, all monetary cares to her husband. The latter goes at day-break to Galata, spends his day in the office, at Kaviar Khan, or on 'Change, and goes home late at night. In winter, the couple, whether rich or not, visit the theatre, where they have a box or at least the fourth of a box. On Sunday morning, church and a walk offer an excuse for displaying the richest toilette. The embassy balls, which unite all the fractions of society, are naturally attended. So soon as the first beams of the May sun burst forth, everybody flies and settles down either on the quay of Therapia, or at Biyuk-derêh, and Yeni-Keni, on the shores of the Bosphorus, on the Gulf of Kani-Koi, or under the shady groves of the islands of Kalki and Prinkipo. The town house is entrusted to a poor family, who in this way get free lodgings, and a wooden house is hired for six months, generally at a very high price, in which the lady shuts herself up for the whole day. She dreams till evening on her eternal sofa, and then goes out in a dazzling toilette, to refresh herself in a coffee-house on the beach. As regards the husband, he goes every morning, in all weathers, in a *kaik* or steamer, to Galata. The trip takes two hours, and is either dangerous or uncomfortable. In a *kaik* you are exposed to be upset by every puff of wind; on the steamer, three to four hundred persons are packed together in the cabins, on deck, and on the paddle-boxes. At night the husband returns home tired and hungry. Thus people live in summer on the Bosphorus, expensively and uncomfortably. Where the money comes from is an insoluble enigma with many families.

On Corpus Christi day everybody hastens from the country into town. The Catholic clergy of the European quarter celebrate this festival with great pomp. On each Thursday and Sunday for a fortnight a procession marches forth from the two churches of Galata and Pera, and proceeds, with various halts at street altars, and under a shower of flowers, through the streets, where houses are adorned with flags and carpets. The boys and girls of the Christian schools carry

flags, the sons of the most respectable families appear in the costume of St. John, with a shepherd's staff and sheepskin, or else in that of St. George, helmet and lance. In short, the procession is an Italian one, more theatrical than religious. Several Turkish cavasses precede the procession and make way for it, and the banners are followed by a battalion of troops with the band. By the side of the cross, which is borne by a priest, marches a guard of honor, and Turkish officers with drawn sabres surround the Host. A second battalion of troops closes the procession. When there is a halt at an altar and the believers kneel down, the drums roll, the band plays the imperial march, and the soldiers present arms.

The intolerance of the Christians forms a disgraceful contrast with the respect which the Turks display for all confessions. The insults exchanged between Greeks and Catholics at every festival would frequently lead to sanguinary excesses if the Turkish authorities did not interfere. On Easter eve the Greeks assemble in the court-yards near their churches, with a lighted taper in one hand and a pistol in the other. For three days they keep up an incessant firing in honor of the Saviour's resurrection. Woe to any Catholic who fell among these pious people! Trampled on, beaten, singed by pistol-shots, the "dog of a Latin" would for a long time bear the marks of Greek fraternal love. The Jews were formerly exposed to such ill treatment at Easter, that they dared not show themselves in public. At the present day the Turkish authorities have taken such severe measures, that only a symbolic insult still occurs. An enormous sheet of paper, on which a caricaturist has drawn a Jew, is carried through the streets, and the Christians throw copper or silver coins at it. The bearers burn the picture in front of a church, and thence proceed to a pot-house to spend the money in a Christian debauch, which generally ends in fraternal knife-stabs. The disappearance of this religious rancor would mark a progress greater than any of those to which we have referred in our article.

Leisure Hour.

ECCENTRIC ETYMOLOGIES.

"An instinct in some minds, like the special capabilities of the pointer," is a description given of Etymology; but the most successful truffle-hunter of the race could scarcely unearth derivations such as we are about to cluster in this paper. They have been revealed in accidental ways—stumbled upon in old authors, or in modern who have ransacked the old; but, in the regular course eliciting etymologies, they never would have been found at all.

An abbot of Cirencester, about 1216, conceived himself an etymologist, and, as a specimen of his powers, has left us the Latin word "cadaver," a corpse, thus dissected. "Ca," quoth he, is abbreviation for "caro;" "da," for data; "ver," for vermicibus. Hence we have "caro data vermicibus," flesh given to the worms! While the reader smiles at this absurdity, it is curious to know that our common word "alms" is constructed on much the same principle, being formed (according to the best authority) of one letter taken from each syllable of the cumbrous Latinized Greek word "eleemosyna."

The aforesaid abbot no doubt pronounced some thousands of times during his life the transubstantiating formula, "Hoc est corpus meum;" whence has grown the conjuror's catchword, and slid into the usage of ordinary life in connection with jugglery or unfair dealing, "hocus-pocus."

At the abbot's period, also, a clause was extant in the tenure of many English estates, to the effect that the owners might not fell the trees, as the best timber was reserved for the Royal Navy; but any trees that came down without cutting were the property of the tenant. Hence was a storm a joyful and a lucrative event in proportion to its intensity, and the larger the number of forest patriarchs it laid low the richer was the lord of the land. He had received a veritable "windfall." Ours in the nineteenth century come in the shape of any unexpected profit; and those of us who own estates rather quake in sympathy with our trembling trees on windy nights.

Under those trees roamed the red and

fallow deer, which had a habit of scraping up the earth with their fore-feet to the depth of several inches, sometimes even of half a yard. A wayfaring man through the olden woods was frequently exposed to the danger of tumbling into one of these hollows, when he might truly be said to be "in a scrape." Cambridge students in their little difficulties picked up and applied the phrase to other perplexing matters which had brought a man morally into a fix.

As the season went round those deer-scrapes became overgrown with vegetation, and were picturesque discrepancies in the woodland surface. One of the plants that might be found thus helping to cover unsightliness was that named in Latin fumitory, and in English "earth-smoke." Wherefore so called? Because the old botanists believed it to be produced by spontaneous generation from vapors arising out of the earth. Saith one of these credulous folk, "It cometh out of the erthe in grete quantite, lyke smoke: thys grosse or coarse fumositie of the erthe wyndeth and wryeth out, and, by working of the ayre and sunne, turneth into thys herbe."

Another plant, the derivation of which seems equally curious, is mustard. Etymologists have fought over it, and pulled it to pieces in different directions. "Mulum ardet," says one, or, in old French, "moult arde," it burns much. "Mustum ardens," hot must, says another, on account of French mustard being said to have been prepared for table with the sweet must of new wine. But a picturesque story about the name is told as follows: Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, granted to Dijon certain armorial bearings, with the motto "Moult me tarde"—I long or wish ardently. This was sculptured over the principal gate, and, in course of years, by some accident the central word got effaced. The manufacturers of sinapi or senévé (such were the former names of mustard), wishing to label their pots of condiment with the city arms, copied the mutilated motto; and the unlearned, seeing continually the inscription of "moult-tarde," came to call the contents by this title.

So, likewise, because a fixed scale of duties were payable to the Moorish occupants of a fortress on Tarifa promontory,

which overlooked the entrance to the Mediterranean, all taxes on imports came to be called a tariff. Also, because a certain sea-captain of Charles II's time, commanding the royal ship "Black Eagle," and having the surname Fudge, was noted for telling untruths and bombastic stories, we still exclaim that monosyllable when we have reason to believe assertions ill founded—an unenviable manner of becoming a household word.

The adjective "bombastic," just used, has an odd derivation of its own. Originally, "bombast" meant nothing but cotton wadding used for stuffing. Shakespeare employs it in this sense. (The bombazine of ladies' dresses comes from the same root.) Hence, by an easy transition from the falseness of padding a figure, "bombast" came to signify "pretentiousness of speech and conduct," as an adapted meaning; and gradually this became the primary and only sense.

The old abbot with whom we began could probably have put us on the right road for the derivation of the word "gossip," which in his time bore a meaning perfectly harmless; but now, by the system of moral decadence, which Archbishop Trench has so ably illustrated as influencing human language, has come to be a term of unpleasant reproach. In the part of the country where the writer lives the "gossips" of a child are constantly spoken of, being his god-parents, who take vows for him at his baptism. The connection between these two actual uses of the word is not so far to seek as one might suppose. Chaucer shows us that those who stood sponsors for an infant were considered "sib," or kin, to each other in God: thus the double syllables were compounded. The Roman church forbids marriage between persons so united in a common vow, as she believes they have contracted an essential spiritual relationship. But from their affinity in the interests of the child they were brought into much converse with one another; and as much talk almost always degenerates into idle talk, and personalities concerning one's neighbors, and the like, so "gossips" finally came to signify the latter, when the former use of it was nearly forgotten. It is remarkable that the French "commérage" has passed through identically the same perdition.

"Neighbor," in the abbot's time, was known to mean "the boor who lives nigh to us;" and here is also a word that has been degraded; for boor then did not represent a stupid ignorant lout, but simply a farmer, as in Dutch now. Likewise it is probable that our abbot knew the modern word "steward" as "stedeward," viz., the keeper of a place, "stow" and "stede" signifying "place" in Anglo-Saxon. The far grander office of "stadtholder" means the same. And, when touching upon French titles, we may speak of the *connétable* or constable, who was the count that governed the royal stables, and of the *maréchal* or marshal, from the Teutonic "mark-seal," master of the horse. His charge was the war-horses of the king. Having shown some degraded words, we may fairly look upon these as ennobled ones, raised from the commonality to the peerage.

Vulgar expressions have often an odd etymology. There is the phrase "to quiz" a person; concerning which we have seen this explanation: "A certain great personage is said to have exhibited the exercise of a child's plaything called the quiz, in consequence of which the citizens of Dublin and London were for some time ridiculously employed in the same puerile sport whenever they appeared in the streets; whence to quiz a man came to signify to dupe him sportively with a ludicrous mistake." Another expression, to "chouse" a man out of anything, originated from the fact that, in the reign of James I, a Turkish interpreter to the sultan's Embassy in London defrauded the Turkish and Persian merchants of a large sum of money; and the word for interpreter in that language is "chiaous." His official name became attached to his deed, and synonymous with it; but the immortality thereby conferred is not quite so humiliating as that of Captain Fudge, being more adherent to the place than to the person.

The pace of a horse called "cantering" was once a slang word, derived from the pilgrims' cavalcades to Becket's shrine at Canterbury. A literary journal lately pointed out how the full word is used by Lord Shaftesbury in his "Characteristics" (temp. Charles II); he speaks of "the common amble or canterbury."

A schoolboy's letter of the seventeenth century has lately revealed that "chum"

is a contraction from "chamber-fellow." Two students dwelling together found the word unwieldy, and, led by another universal law of language, they shortened it in the most obvious way. Bishop Fleetwood says that "dandy" is derived from a silver coin of small value circulated in the reign of Henry VIII, and called a "dandy-prat." "Dunce" comes to us from the celebrated Duns Scotus, chief of the schoolmen of his time. He was "the subtle doctor by preëminence;" and it certainly is a strange perversion that a scholar of his great ability should give name to a class who hate all scholarship. But here was the working of prejudice; for the errors and follies of a later set of schoolmen were fastened on their distinguished head; and the phrase ran, "Oh, that's a piece of dunserly," when they opposed the new learning of Greek and Hebrew.

That scholastic and ministerial badge, the surplice, is said by Mr. Durand to derive its name from the Latin "*superpelliceum*," because anciently worn over leathern coats made of hides of beasts; with the idea of representing how the sin of our first parents is now covered by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that we are entitled to wear the emblem of innocence. Sound theology hinted here, and forgotten by Rome when she imposed upon such as our aforesaid old Abbot of Cirencester costly copes and rochets, emblems thus of her own additions to the simplicity of the faith.

In his days, likewise, the Norman-French "poltroon" had a significance obsolete now: days when Strongbow was a noble surname, and the yew-trees of England were of importance as an arm of national defence; then the coward or the malingerer had but to cut off the thumb ("*pollice truncus*" in Latin)—the thumb which drew the bow, and he was unfit for service, and must be discharged. "Malignerer," lately brought much into use by the exigencies of the American war, is from the French "*malin gré*," and signifies a soldier who from "evil will" shirks his duty by feigning sickness, or otherwise rendering himself incapable; in plain words, a poltroon.

The common creature of the sea, whose gambols have passed into a jest and a proverb, the porpoise, is so named because

of his resemblance to a hog when in sportive mood. "Porc-poisson" said somebody who watched a herd of them tumbling about, for all the world like swine, except for the sharp dorsal fin; and the epithet adhered.

Perhaps the reader has been puzzled, as the writer has been, by the word "navvy" applied to laborers. Why should earth-workers be called navigators? They whose business lay in the element antipodean to water, why receive a title as of seafaring men? Looking into an old magazine the other day, we found that, at the period when inland navigation was the national rage, and canals were considered to involve the essentials of prosperity, as railways are now, the workmen employed on them were called "navigators," as cutting the way for navigation. And when railways superseded canals, the name of the laborers, withdrawn from one work to the other, was unchanged, and merely contracted, according to the dislike of our Anglo-Saxon tongues to use four syllables where a less number will suffice.

The greatest curiosity in the way of derivations which has ever fallen under the eye of the present explorer is that (traced by Archbishop Trench) which connects treacle with vipers. The syrup of molasses with the poison of snakes! never was an odder relationship; yet it is a case of genuine fatherhood, and embodies a singular superstition. The ancients believed that the best antidote to the bite of the viper was a confection of its own flesh. The Greek word "*theriac*," of the viper, was given first to such a sweetmeat, and then to any antidote of poison, and lastly to any syrup; and easily corrupted into our present word. Chaucer has a line—

"Christ, which that is to every harm triacle."

Milton speaks of the "soyran treacle of sound doctrine." A stuff called Venice treacle was considered antidote to all poisons. "Vipers treacle yield," says Edmund Waller, in a verse which has puzzled many a modern reader, and yet brings one close to the truth of the etymology.

It would be easy to enlarge this paper with further specimens of eccentric derivations. A good purpose will have been served if any reader is set upon seeking

into the roots of our marvelous English language, the richest and most composite of all tongues; which carries in its words hints of history, and biography, and poetry, unveiling themselves only to the diligent student, but rewarding him with all the deliciousness of discovery.

Leisure Hour.

THE NEW CAPITAL OF ITALY.

A BRILLIANT distinction has been awarded to Florence, once the head of a Mediæval Republic, recently the capital of the Tuscan Grand Duchy, but now constituted the metropolis of united Italy. Though highly agreeable to the citizens, this act of preference has not provoked any display of popular enthusiasm, but been received with great sedateness, as the right thing in the right place; just as a Queen of Beauty accepts any fresh homage without surprise, as a tribute to be exacted, not as a privilege to be acknowledged. The selection may be justified on political, military, historic, and traditional grounds, for the capital will have the Apennines as a line of defence from invasion, should it come either from the side of Austria or France; and not less famous has it been in the past than any of the other competing cities, while more prosperous at present, and more promising for the future.

"Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks, where smiling Arno sleeps,
Was modern luxury of commerce born,
And buried learning rose redeemed to a new morn."

The sovereign will find ample accommodation in the Palazzo Pitti, recently the grand-ducal residence, renowned for its superb gallery of paintings and rare literary collections. Its legislature will hold its sessions in the Palazzo Vecchio. This vast and massive pile is strong and imposing as ever, after its wear and tear of nearly six centuries. It was the seat of the old republican government, and is still overtopped by the tower, the great bell of which used to warn the citizens of danger and summon them to counsel or to fight in cases of emergency. The Lower House will assemble in the Hall of the Five Hundred, *Sala de Cinquecento*,

covered with the frescoes of Vasari and his pupils. Another spacious and richly decorated chamber, on a higher story, *Sala de Ducento*, hitherto occupied by the municipal body, will be the meeting-place of the Upper House.

Delightfully seated in the garden valley of the Arno, at the foot of hills rising in the back-ground into mountains, the city is like a gem set in splendid framework. It is hence appropriately called *la bella*, "the beautiful," from the exceeding loveliness of the site, while its own structures of the olden time have an air of picturesque grandeur, as the castellated mansions of patrician families engaged in civic feuds, which now offer a striking contrast to the modern architecture which the spirit of progress has called into existence. The river, ordinarily placid and smiling, is fed by mountain streams, and hence becomes a rushing flood after heavy rains, occasionally damaging the bridges or carrying them away, overflowing its banks, laying the streets and lower floors of the houses under water, while arresting the railway traffic. On the occasion of a calamity of this kind in the past year, the archbishop invited the people to prayers before the fresco of the Annunciation, in the church of that name, which had the stupid legend inscribed over it in letters of gold, that, failing to complete the picture according to his wishes, angels took the work out of the artist's hands and gave the finishing touches themselves. The birth of "modern luxury of commerce" is rightly referred to the banks of the Arno. In the Middle Ages the merchants were princes, connected by trade with all European countries, keeping large dépôts of goods at the principal ports. They were the bankers of powerful sovereigns, sometimes suffering from giving credit. Our Edward III borrowed till capital and interest amounted to 1,365,000 golden florins, his inability to repay which was a sore discomfiture to the lenders. This noble coin, the golden florin, unequalled at the time for beauty, was first issued at Florence in 1254. It bore on one side the emblem of the republic, a lily, and on the reverse the head of the patron saint, John the Baptist. The word florin, now naturalized in our language as the

name of the two-shilling piece, is derived either from the city or the flower.

The roll of illustrious men is a long one, natives of the place or of the territory, intimately connected with its fortunes, who contributed to win for it the distinction of being styled the Athens of Italy. The list includes painters, sculptors, architects, poets, philosophers, and other literati, as Dante, Michael Angelo, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Alfieri. Their monuments are in the church of Santa Croce, the Pantheon and Westminster Abbey of Florence. This grand old church, built towards the close of the thirteenth century, has recently received a new façade, chiefly through the munificence of one of our countrymen, Mr. Sloane, long a resident in Tuscany. It was uncovered with state ceremony, May the 3rd, 1863, being the five hundred and seventieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation stone, when the consecration was attended, as the historian relates, by "all the good citizens of Florence, both men and women, with great rejoicing and solemnity."

The father of experimental science, Galileo, was interred by ducal orders in Santa Croce, in January, 1642. A majestic memorial symbolizes his great achievements. His last days were passed in the environs of the city, near the hill of Arcetri, where most of those lunar observations are said to have been made to which Milton alludes when saying that Satan's shield

"Hung o'er his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe."

The hill-seated Fiesole, here referred to, antedated Florence, which lies extended at its base, and may be regarded as its offspring. It was a trading station in the old Roman times; but, being of difficult access, traveling merchants, preferred remaining with their goods in the plain below, where a few rude store-houses formed the original nucleus of the present city, which did not emerge from obscurity till the age of Charlemagne.

In the fourteenth century flourished Boccaccio,

"Him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue,
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech."

The Italian language, based mainly upon the ancient Latin, is generally soft and musical, but is not homogeneous. It embraces a great number of dialects, very widely differing from each other, caused by the infusion of different foreign elements in particular districts, and partly by long-standing political divisions and varying interests. Of these the Tuscan is deemed to be the purest and the most harmonious idiom. It is, consequently, the language of the educated classes, irrespective of locality, and has been for a long period the ordinary vehicle of literature. Boccaccio, born in a neighboring town, and buried in the place of his birth, was contemporary with the great disaster of Florence, the plague of 1348. His prose contains a vivid description of the progress of the pest and its awful havoc. Imported from the Levant, it ravaged most of the Italian cities, but was specially notable in Florence from the number of the victims, 100,000, and the large proportion of them who belonged to the high-born class.

In the preceding age Florence gave birth to the most distinguished of her sons—Dante. Six centuries will have elapsed since the date of his birth, 1265, when his statue, to which Turin has subscribed handsomely, will be erected in the historical piazza before Santa Croce. Happily his principles, uncompromisingly hostile to the temporal power of the popedom, have gained firm establishment through the length and breadth of Italy, though a feeble show of opposition is occasionally manifested. On the first visit of Victor Emanuel to Florence the archbishop met his sovereign at the door of the cathedral, conducted him into the building, and intoned the *Te Deum* in his presence. For this he received a written, though privately transmitted, reproof from Rome, and has since avoided any outward sign of favor to the liberal cause. Even the edifice itself has been made to exemplify antagonistic principles. On the anniversary of the restored Italian nationality its aspect has been Ghibellin without and Guelphic within. Brilliantly has the cupola been illuminated in honor of the festival, as the exterior is under the control of the civil authorities, while the interior, subject to the sole jurisdiction of the clergy,

as if possessed by a blind, deaf, and dumb spirit, has resounded with no voice of thankfulness, and been resigned for the time to solitude and gloom.

The cathedral of Florence, a splendid edifice, was founded in 1298, and carried on by various architects, the last of whom, Brunelleschi, conceived the grand cupola, and saw it nearly completed before his death, in 1446. This was so much admired by Michael Angelo as to be taken as a model for that of St. Peter's at Rome. A light and elegant campanile, or bell-tower, detached, according to the fashion of the age, rises by the side of the building. In front appears the octagonal Baptistery of San Giovanni, the most ancient of the public structures extant. All three edifices are completely coated with a varied mosaic of black and white marble. The cathedral has an English interest. At the west end, above a side-door, a figure on horseback appears, painted in fresco, representing Sir John Hawkwood, who was buried at the expense of the state, and thus honored by a public order. His name is not recognizable in the one used in the inscription—Giovanni Aguto—but it is rendered distinct by explanation that the latter word has the meaning of *Falcone del Bosco*. A notice of him takes us back to the age almost immediately subsequent to that of Dante.

Few men have been more notorious in their day, both feared and eulogized, than Sir John Hawkwood. All Italy was familiar with his name, and rang with the fame of his exploits. He held lands and castles, served and defied popes, seized counts, corresponded in a masterful tone with princes, and received a proposal from the Greek emperor, John Palæologus, to come to his aid against the Turks. A road, said to have been constructed by him for military purposes, still exists in the district of Faenza, and bears his name in its Italianized form—the Strada Aguto. Yet of the man himself all the information is very meagre. He was of humble origin, the son of a tanner, born at Sible Hedingham, in Essex. A fine cenotaph once existed in the church of his native village. Fuller describes it, though not extant in his time, as “arched over, and, in allusion to his name, rebussed with *hawks* flying into a

wood.” The tanner's son was bound apprentice to a tailor in the city of London, but, being of adventurous spirit, he became a soldier of fortune. Entering the service of Edward III. he proved himself a valiant soldier, fought at Crecy, received the honor of knighthood, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers. Upon peace being concluded, Hawkwood, now Sir John, did not relish a return to his own country as a landless knight. He therefore turned his attention to Italy, then distracted by civil dissensions, put himself at the head of a number of his own countrymen, and proceeded thither as a Captain of Free Lances, in 1361. He served various paymasters; and foes did not fail to apply the lines of Lucan to him—

“Nor faith, nor honor, warms the hireling's breast:
For him he fights whose pay is deemed the best.”

But he was no vulgar mercenary, and refused the offer of the Venetians to proceed against Padua because its prince was his friend. At last his sword was placed at the disposal of the Florentines, among whom he died, says Froissart, “loaded with riches and honor, at a very advanced age, in 1394.” Hence the monumental fresco-painting in the cathedral, executed by Uccelli, by order of the republic.

Every contemporary Italian writer, whether friend or foe, speaks with admiration of Sir John Hawkwood as a military commander, especially with reference to the skilful disposition of his troops, his stratagems in battle, and his well-conducted retreats. Mr. Hallam awards to him the honor of being the “first real general of modern times, and the earliest master, however imperfect, in the science of Turenne and Wellington.” A poet wrote verses in his praise:

“O Hawkwood, England's glory, sent to be,
The bulwark to the pride of Italy,
A tomb just Florence to thy work did raise,
And Jovius rears a statue to thy praise.”

Some notices have recently been recovered from the Venetian archives of of this remarkable chief, and of his countrymen who followed his banner. One of the latter answered to the well-known name of Colin Campbell. Another is described as “the valiant man, the Englishman, William Gold, constable.” He distinguished himself so greatly

at the siege of Chioggia as to be enrolled by the Doge Contarini in the list of citizens of the republic. A grant is also extant, setting forth the service done by him, for which the doge decreed him an annual pension for life of "five hundred ducats of good gold." Englishmen have not been wanting in Italy in our own time, both serving on the battle-field without pay in the cause of liberty, and protesting with the pen against past misgovernment as peaceful residents in the fair cities of the country. Inscriptions in English on many sign-boards indicate their presence and number in beautiful Florence. An English church, built by subscription, opened in 1844, is in the Via Maglio. Our great poetess, Mrs. Browning, better known by her maiden name, Miss Barrett, at a recent period sang her last song by the banks of the Arno; and there also has since passed away from the living an old man eloquent and lettered, Walter Savage Landor, the subject of many errors and eccentricities, but, from first to last, through fourscore years, the friend of Italian freedom.

One thing remains to be noted, and it is the best of all, not only in itself, but in its bearing on the future strength and greatness of Italy. The Word of God is no longer a prescribed book in Florence, and full religious toleration is allowed by the constitution. "Who could have thought," writes one, "that in a city where a few years ago the prison door closed on those who were only guilty of reading that prohibited book, the Bible, we should now, in full security, be printing Bibles, Testaments, and a large evangelical literature, and consecrating to the preaching of the gospel the first Italian Christian church erected here for many a century, and held in possession—like the building of which it is a part—under the royal signature, by the descendants of the Israel of the Alps?" The reference is to the Waldensian church, and college, and to a printing-press, established under royal authority, in a portion of the premises of the Palazzo Salviati. But others, besides the Vaudois pastors, are engaged in the same field, not without encouraging results. Of the higher fruits of their labors this is not the place to speak; but there is an influence at work which has greater power than statesmen always

take into account. On the ground of toleration alone, it may be affirmed that religious liberty is the surest safeguard of political strength and freedom.

For the capital of Italy we would express the same wish that, when uttered by an old Scottish patriot and reformer, was adopted by the city of Glasgow as its motto—"Let Florence flourish by the preaching of the Word."

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT EFFLAMM.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

[In this ballad the Breton poet, according to custom, confounds the famous Cambrian chief, Arthur, with a warlike divinity of the ancient Bretons; of both-in-one marvelous tales are told, most of them well known. This legend is of great antiquity, as the recurrence of triplets proves.]

I.

The prince of Erin's daughter sweet
Was peerless in her beauty's fame,
For her he sought a partner meet,
Enora was the maiden's name.

By many sought, she all disdain'd,
And none would choose who came to woo,
Her favor till Prince Efflamm gain'd,
Renown'd for birth and beauty too,

But he had vow'd in pious mood,
To seek a desert wild and drear,
There to abide in solitude
Far from the bride he held so dear.

And, even on his wedding night,
When all within the palace slept,
He rose and left that lady bright,
And softly from her chamber crept:
Slid down the stair and wakened none,
Then fast and far he journey'd on,
Followed by his hound alone.

But, when he reach'd the shore, in vain
He sought a bark to cross the main;
There was no vessel lingering nigh,
And dark the night, and dark the sky,

But with the moon his hopes awoke,
A little chest it seem'd to show—
A little chest, pierced thro' and broke,
Tossed on the waters to and fro.

He dragged it towards him, got therein,
Then launched it, 'mid the wild waves' din;
And, long before the morning's light,
He hail'd the Breton coast in sight.

That was a time, so legends say,
That monsters made the land their prey;
Savage and hideous beasts were there,
And more at Lannion than elsewhere.

Arthur, of Brittany the lord,
Slew many with his wondrous sword—
Arthur, a king of famous name,
Who has no equal since in fame.

When leap'd Saint Efflam from the flood,
He saw the king in furious strife,
His steed beside him, snorting blood,
Strangled, but struggling still for life.

Before him rear'd a beast of dread,
One red eye in his forehead gleam'd,
Green scales all o'er his shoulders spread,
A two years' bull in size he seem'd.

A tail of iron, twisted tight,
Jaws stretching wide, from ear to ear,
Arm'd with sharp, pointed teeth, that white
As the fell wild boar's tusks appear.

Three days on ceaseless conflict bent,
Not one the other could subdue,
Until the king was almost spent,
When to the shore St. Efflam drew.

When Arthur saw the saint, he cried,
"A drop of water, pilgrim spare!"
"Ay, by God's help," the Saint replied,
"Thou shalt have water at thy prayer."

And thrice he struck the mountain height—
Thrice, with his staff, and forth there burst
A fountain, sparkling pure and bright,
Whence Arthur quenched his burning thirst

The monster he attacked again,
Then in the throat his sword thrust deep;
The beast sent forth one cry of pain,
And, headlong, floundered o'er the steep.

The victor said, with courteous air,
"Come with me to my palace fair:
Henceforth thy fortunes are my care."

"Nay, gentle king, it is not meet:
Here will I rest my pilgrim feet,
This mountain is my last retreat."

II.

Amazed, at morn, awoke the bride,
To find no husband by her side—
"What evil could to him betide!"

And, even as brimming streamlets flow,
Enora wept whole floods of woe;
Deserted!—left!—abandon'd so!

All day, the livelong day she wept,
All night a ceaseless moan she kept,
Till wearied out, at length she slept.

Then came a blissful dream, that gave
Her husband lovely as the morn:
"Come, follow me," he said, "and save
Thy soul, and weep no more forlorn;
Oh, come, my solitude to share,
And let us spend our lives in prayer."

And, in her sleep, she thus replied:
"Where'er thou art I follow thee;
Like thee, recluse will I abide,
And our souls' weal my care shall be."

Aged bards have sung the lay,
How the bride blest angels bore
Across the ocean, far away,
And laid her by the hermit's door.

When she awoke, with falt'ring hand
Thrice she knock'd, and gently said:
"Thy wife, thy dear one, here I stand,
Brought by angels to thy aid."

He knew her voice, of tender tone—
He saw, and hail'd her as his own;
Her hand in his he took, and there
Her welcome gave with many a prayer.

Close to his own he built a cell,
Where grew the broom, for her to dwell,
Shelter'd from storms, upon the mount,
Behind the green rock, near the fount.

There lived in peace the holy pair,
And great the miracles they wrought;
The weak would to their cells repair,
The sick their prayers and succor sought.

One night the sailors saw the sky
Open, and heard such melody
As must be heavenly angels' song!
Full of joy they listened long.

Next day a mother, sore distressed,
Her infant on her barren breast,
Came, Enora's help to pray—
But knocked in vain, the door was closed,
Look'd through a chink, and lo! reposed
In death the holy Lady lay!

Bright as sunshine was her face,
Filled with glory was the place,
And by her knelt, all shined in light,
A radiant child in vesture white.

Straight to St. Efflam's cell she sped;
The door stood wide—the Saint was dead.

That no one should such truths forget—
Which never in a book were set—
These marvels were in verses strung,
Which in the church shall long be sung.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Two of our public libraries—the Astor, of New York, and the Redwood, of Newport—contain a complete set of the Gentleman's Magazine, so remarkable as a continuous publication. The history of a book is often as interesting as the book itself, and this is eminently true of the Gentleman's Magazine.

This world-renowned magazine was founded by Edward Cave, whose life, written by Dr. Johnson, and now contained among his biographies, first appeared in its volumes. The first number was issued in 1731, under the title of "The Gentleman's, or Monthly Intelligencer, by Sylvanus Urban, Gent." The publication, a novel one at that period, secured the fortune and immortality of its projector. For many years he endeav-

ored to enlist printers and publishers in the undertaking, but without success. "That they were not restrained by virtue from the execution of another man's design," says Dr. Johnson, "was sufficiently apparent as soon as that design began to be gainful; for in a few years a multitude of magazines arose and perished." The original purpose of Cave was to condense the more important articles, which appeared in the weekly newspapers, into a monthly collection—"a method," he states in his advertisement, "much better calculated to preserve those things that are curious than that of transcribing." Hence the title-page of the early volumes is ornamented with a device, typical of this purpose, viz: a hand grasping a boquet of flowers, under which are the words, "*E Pluribus Unum*," afterwards adopted as our national motto. The very word magazine also expressed the same general design, and this word was then for the first time introduced into the language to express a literary collection, or repository." Johnson, in the first edition of his dictionary, published in 1755, after giving the previous definitions of the word; as, "a store house," "an arsenal," "an armory," adds, "of late this word has signified a miscellaneous pamphlet from a periodical miscellany named the Gentleman's Magazine, by Edward Cave." That part of Dr. Johnson's life, which records his connection with this magazine, is the most pathetic and interesting of his history. His aid was required and given in every department of the periodical—poetry, prose, criticism, abridgement, and replies to correspondents. His sturdy sense, together with his varied acquisitions in every department of knowledge, gradually led its proprietors from the low field of compilation and selection into the higher one of original composition. "London, a poem," appeared in its columns in May, 1738. The reports of the proceedings in Parliament—if they can with propriety be so denominated—also formed a marked feature of the magazine, and aided in extending its influence and circulation. It is well known that, owing to the erroneous opinions which then prevailed, the publication of such reports subjected the offender to severe penalties. Seven years after the first number

of the magazine was issued, the House of Commons had adopted a resolution "that it is an high indignity to, and a notorious breach of the privileges of this House for, any news writer in letter or other papers (as minutes or under any other denomination) or for any printer or publisher of any printed newspaper, of any denomination, to presume to insert in said letters or papers, or to give therein any account of the debates or other proceedings of this House, or any committee thereof; as well, during the recess as the sitting of Parliament, and that the House will proceed with the utmost severity against such offenders." Notwithstanding these threats and the dangers incurred, a large part of this magazine was devoted to such reports, which for some years were furnished by Johnson. Without hearing the speakers (see them he could not), often with little else than a memorandum of their names, and a meagre note or two of the line of argument, given to him by Cave, or any one who had stood in the gallery of the House of Commons, he wrote out the debates; sometimes making speeches for those who had not made them, and "always taking care," as he said to Boswell, "not to let the Whig dogs have the best of it." Thus, many speeches, made familiar to us by frequent declamation in our school boy days, which we then regarded as the eloquence of English statesmen, were invented by Johnson. The reply of Pitt to Walpole, beginning with the words, "The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me," is a case in point.

Once in company with Lord Loughborough, Dr. Francis, and Mr. Foote, the conversation turning on this "Reply," it was praised with much warmth by those present. Dr. Johnson, who had remained silent, and contrary to his habit not even seeking to participate in the conversation, at length astonished the company by saying, "that speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter street!" When he was informed that Dr. Smollett was writing a History of England, he wrote to him, cautioning him not to rely on these debates, given in the Gentlemen's Magazine, as they were not authentic; but the work of his own imagination!

These reports were called "debates in the Senate of Lilliput," and under this disguise were imperfect and meagre; as we have seen, and often imaginary. They are of little value as any true reflection of "the age and body of the time." And it is remarkable that for years most of the intelligence which the British public possessed of the deliberations of their representatives should be of such a character, and derived from a man, who, whatever may have been his abilities or learning, was equally well known for his narrow prejudices, ungovernable temper, and blind party zeal, all unfitting him from giving any fair or undistorted representation of public questions.

So imperfect were the reported proceedings of the British Parliament in the time of Burke, that in one of his earlier speeches, he refers thus to the subject:

"All our proceedings have been constantly published, according to the discretion and ability of individuals, with impunity, almost ever since I came into parliament. By prescription, people had obtained something like a right to this abuse. I do not justify it. The abuse had now grown so inveterate that to punish it without a previous notice would have an appearance of hardship, if not injustice. These publications are frequently erroneous, as well as irregular, but not always so. What they give as reports and resolutions of this House have sometimes been fairly given."

As may be seen from this statement of Burke, in which praise and censure are commingled, to report the proceedings of Parliament, even that great orator could denominate "an abuse."

As in the age of Johnson, Burke and Pitt, so in that of Swift, Pope and Addison, reporters as a class and reporting as a profession, were alike unknown; and this single fact may suffice to explain much that would be otherwise unaccountable in the history of many eminent men of both these periods. Without birth or fortune, with so little talent for debate, that during the nine years he sat in Parliament, he never but once attempted to speak. Addison rose to the highest political post in the kingdom. Macaulay has given the true explanation of this seeming anomaly:

"During the intervals," he says, "which elapsed between the time when the censorship of the press ceased and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public

man, of much more importance, oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a statement or an argument is to introduce that statement or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the "conduct of the Allies," or to the best numbers of the *Freeholder*, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the Legislature. * * * The orator, by the help of the short hand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer."

Reporting has been brought to great perfection within the last few years, and now, both in America and England, constitutes a distinct profession. It is well for the interests of society that this is the case. Much that would have been very desirable in settling the truth of history, much that would have added to the stock of positive knowledge, has been forever lost for the want of the practice of this art. Philips, in his "*Curran and his Contemporaries*," alludes to our losses from this cause during the stormy period of the Irish orator. How many noble orations have died with the occasion which awakened them, and can no more be recovered than the fleeting breath can be recalled back to the mansion from which it has once passed away! Some of the best speeches of Mr. Calhoun, which competent judges pronounce superior, as models of compact reasoning, to any found in his published works, were never reported, and now live only in the memory of those who heard them. The indifference of Henry Clay to the reports of his speeches, was a matter of notoriety at every period of his life. The utterance of his opinions and feelings was given to the breath of popular applause, or censure, with the same carelessness with which a noble oak resigns its leaves to the autumnal winds. When the reporter brought to him, for correction, a proof of his great speech on the compromise measures of 1850, he refused even to look at it.

By whomsoever made, the report of the Methodist Church property trial, when that church was divided by a northern and southern line, was a most remarkable exhibition of the skill of the reporter. The best exemplification, both as respects rapidity and accuracy in reporting, in any work of magnitude, is to be found in

the *Congressional Globe*. The reporters accomplish within stated periods an amount of labor which would seem almost incredible. Either a natural aptitude, or great practice, has brought them to such perfection that they are able to take down 10,000 words in an hour. Some of them have taken down two hundred and twenty-five words in a minute, and between twelve and thirteen thousand words in an hour. Now, how voluble soever a speaker may be, he seldom utters more than 7,500 words in that time. Even the late Mr. Choate did not much exceed this rate. Hence the absurdity of the statement, which went the round of the newspapers, that he could not be reported. But, besides, he spoke with much intonation, and this greatly aids the reporter.

The debates of Congress make about 40 columns daily of the *Globe*, and appear the next day after they have taken place. In such a mass of printed matter, there is, of course, much that is worthless, much that is irrelevant to the subject professed to be discussed. The future historian, who consults it for a knowledge of the questions which have agitated our time, as he wades through one speech after another, will be ready to exclaim, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing. He talks more than any man in Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek all the day ere you find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the search." Still with all their faults, these reports must always remain the most valuable, and, in fact, the only authentic parliamentary history of the present time.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains many curious and interesting contributions to science and literature, and many remarkable events and circumstances have here their appropriate record. We read the obituary notice of the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, written by Burke, as if the great painter, whose portraits united the dignity of historical painting with the amenity of landscape, had died but yesterday. Other men, less known, have their merits portrayed in graceful eulogy.

"Some Frail memorials which the votive hand
Shall snatch decaying from the grasp of time,
And bid them live on record."

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. I.

The earliest known copy of "God save the King" is to be found in its pages in 1745—this national anthem having been sung that year in the theatres, when the rebels were occupying Edinburgh! The earliest account of Franklin's experiments in electricity appeared in this magazine for 1750, Franklin being at that time his majesty's postmaster at Philadelphia.

Rogers, Charles Lamb, and others whose names are now so familiar to us, made their first attempts at authorship in the pages of this magazine. The earliest contributions of the two named are in the year 1777.

Selections from this magazine have been made at various periods—a very discriminating one being that published in London in 1811, in four volumes. A knowledge of its contents has been further promoted by five index volumes, in which the subjects are alphabetically arranged, and thus made easily accessible to the student. A list of the plates and cuts contained in the magazine was published in 1821. The *Gentleman's Magazine* has survived all its earliest competitors for public favor. The *London Magazine*, published in 1732—the *Royal Magazine*, in 1759—the *European*, 1789—*Scot's Magazine*, 1796—enjoying amid all the revolutions of taste, and the competition of more modern enterprises an extensive circulation, and the prediction contained in some lines prefixed to one of its numbers in 1752 has been fulfilled.

"Why tho' ten thousand authors fall
Does Urban still survive them all?
And why does time in mad career
Still spare his work from year to year?"

* * * * *

To live shall be thy happy lot
When all thy rivals are forgot."

Temple Bar.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

In driving or walking along a country road during the spring or early summer time, how pleasing it is to see the way beautifully chequered by varied light and shade, when the sunshine plays between the yet light foliage of the hedgerow-trees which grow on either side!

When there is a longer break than usual from tree to tree we are almost ready to complain of the bright sunlight,

and long for the sweet alternation again to recur.

Still worse if the trees thicken into a dense plantation, and we travel on under a canopy of dark foliage, where the intertwining branches and matted fronds of the pine suffer no sheen of glimmering light to glance down on our path.

The unbroken serenity of Egyptian sky tires sooner perhaps than the cold and leaden hue of our own autumnal firmament, though November days in England are proverbial for causing people to make the most of their social and private grievances and bring their years to an untimely end.

During our longest summer days, when we look at the sun still shining between eight and nine o'clock, it almost seems as though he were staying up too late, and now that it was time for the animal creation to go to rest he had better make haste to dip below the horizon and let the night come on.

Well may Lord Dufferin's cock think it was time to leave off crowing and jump into the sea, when they had sailed into such high latitudes that there was neither break-of-day nor sunrise for him loudly to declare.

"There shall be no night there," tells us plainer almost than any thing else in revelation of the great change to be undergone in man's condition. At present it would be a sad deprivation to be robbed of those dark peaceful hours, when

"Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world."

Many of us may be far too fond of adding the night unto the day, as the muse of Tom Moore advises; but the most rakish of mortals find that a repetition of such a practice does not convene either to their comfort or convenience; for if dame Nature is maltreated, she will invariably, sooner or later, retaliate upon those who slight her prerogative.

I hardly know whether many of us would like to be deprived of our long winter evenings, when, as the day draws to a close so much earlier, we seem to have more time at our own more immediate disposal, and give ourselves up more freely to social communion.

"Shades of evening close not o'er us"

is a line which very few would like to see literally fulfilled; for when it is getting dusk, many people put up the shutters with considerable alacrity, as though they were rather pleased than otherwise that the more convivial time was approaching.

Many are the kinds and gradations of sunshine and shadow: the light vapors that float around the earth—fog and mist and thunder-cloud; the heavier vapors that distemper the atmosphere of the mind—doubts and fears and brooding melancholy; these serve to hide the sunshine from the world and darken the heart of man. But they are moving all: the mists disperse and the clouds float away, and mother Earth looks more beauteous than ever, again irradiate with light; and who has not seen the child's face look twice as pretty after an April shower of tears, or known an elder spirit on which the beauty of holiness seemed reflected after passing through a dark vale of sorrow? Varied indeed are the intensities of shadows on the earth: the light volatile film which scarcely has the power to refract a ray of sunshine; those heavy masses of vapor, properly called cumuli, which, resting apparently on the ground, rise like alpine heights half way to the zenith; the dark, purple-hued, tempest-laden clouds, which lie brooding on the horizon, while the sultry air and the deep mutter of the distant artillery of heaven tell of the coming storm: all these are constantly throwing their light or dark shadows over the earth and changing its aspect.

Again, there is a deeper gloom when this revolving globe turns the spot of earth we stand upon away from the face of the sun altogether, and night settles down upon us. And then a sister world will occasionally intervene between Apollo and ourselves, and throw a sudden chill over us, as though she were a bit jealous of his benevolent smile, and would fain induce him to treat us more coldly.

The lights and shadows playing upon the world, in a measure have their counterparts in life's history, and man's days upon the earth are almost as varied as an April sky. Rarely does a day pass over but that some faint shadows darken our path—bright anticipations are dashed down, sunny hopes are turned into de-

sponding forebodings of evil, or joys revert to grief. And, perhaps as unexpectedly, light breaks in upon us when the day is dark and dreary: "Heaviness may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." We are too apt to note well all the evil that befalls us, and to make the most of our daily trials, without dwelling sufficiently on the many lifts we get to help us on our way.

If we live in a valley, and our windows look out upon some mountain height, and a fearsome shadow darkens that conical peak, we are just as sure of its being by and by again lighted up with sunshine, as we are that the day will break on the morrow morn. The mists, we know, will roll away; the cloud that overhangs it now will all dissolve in gentle rain, or pass away and be no more seen; and the trembling light will dart from crag to crag, burnishing the rocks with gold, and giving them all the fresh beauty of a new creation.

So is it with ourselves, in a great measure, if we are only circumspect enough to look calmly at the recurring shadows and sunshine darkening and illuming any portion of our lives.

We are not presuming to doubt that there are peculiar visitations of affliction which almost bar out the light of hope, when in the morning the stricken soul would cry out in the depth of its anguish, "Would God it were evening!" and in the evening, "Would God it were morning!" Now we are speaking of mortal life in its general tenor, when it neither rises to ecstatic heights of sublimated joy, nor grovels in the deepest slough of human misery.

Perhaps you have been a fisherman: if so, you must have noted many a time, how a sudden gleam athwart the pool has magically glorified the little landscape you were just beginning to put down as a very humdrum sort of place; and, instead of making up your mind—as you were about to do—never to come that way again, you think of asking an artist friend to make an original drawing of the pretty spot for your drawing-room scrap-book. Or in whipping-up a trout-stream, where the purling waves ripple over many a mineral gem, softly rounded by the gentlest of lapidaries, you have been arrested in your interesting sport and fairly com-

pelled to lay down your rod for a time, while a bright flash of sunlight, darting between two heavy clouds, has intensified the beauty of the babbling brook, and the rocks and woods on either side, and the glade of turf seen through some drooping willows,—so wondrously different has the picture looked in that sudden blaze of sunshine, after seeing it so long in the sober light of a cloudy sky.

Perhaps you have been a watcher in the chamber of sickness, and, after the long hours of darkness and anxiety, have hailed with joy the first gray light of dawn, which, were the heart ever so cast down, always brought a gleam of hope along with it, and seemed to revive you as with a sweet breath of Oriental perfume. When a dull leaden-coloured sky canopies the earth from horizon to horizon, we are quick to notice the narrowest rent in a cloud through which the missing sun may smile upon us once again; and, after a gloomy distrust has darkened our mind for a season, we are just as eager to snatch at straw-like occurrences, which, if they themselves can not buoy us up, give us hope to hold on a little longer till some strong hand is stretched out to save.

'Tis indeed a glorious sight to witness the return of animation to a dying spirit, such as seems all at once to vitalize the prostrate frame, and put a liquid brilliance in the filmy eye; and, though the change be but transitory, and "the still cold hand of death" soon becalms that beauteous form into all the stern stolidity of marble, yet it whispers to us of a life to come. Pollok, one would think, must have witnessed such a scene, to have drawn so delicate a picture:

"The Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark
vale;

And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,—
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

Perhaps you are often in a gloomy mood with yourself and all your surroundings, and feel a kind of savage joy in debarring yourself at such times of all agreeable diversion, virtually saying, "I *will* be miserable, and nobody *shall* hinder me." And

yet, by and by, when somebody has given you a good-humoured fillip, and the mist which so obfuscated your geniality has been blown away, you feel half ashamed of your misanthropical turn, and are glad to do some kindly act of benevolence to balance your account with society, and, as it were, bring your good nature up to par.

Perhaps a diseased constitution has at times shown you every thing as through a smoked glass, and shorn your sun of happiness of its brightest rays, causing a total eclipse of all your vivacity much oftener than was agreeable. And then, when a thorough clearance has been effected, either by an active course of medicine, or by the longed-for change of air and scenery, what a new man you feel, and how heartily you despise all your former melancholy forebodings, wondering what on earth could have put such strange fancies into your head! Wait a little while, till some of the channels, through which your spleen and melancholy were drawn away, begin again to be choked up, and you find your cheerful spirits oozing away, and a gathering cloud, dark with anticipated ills, brooding over you like the wings of an evil spirit.

Perhaps you have been a Philosopher, and have groped for Truth among the mazy abstractions of the metaphysical and psychological schoolmen, and amid dry analyses of thought have waded so deep, that at last you have floundered helplessly into the sea of transcendentalism. If so, you have lived in the murky atmosphere of fallacious speculations, and ought to be thankful for a ray of common sense to bring you back again to the more tangible realities of time, and the more palpable verities of life. Perhaps you have lived in the world of scientific research,—have bent over the microscopic lens, and traced one minute organism into another till the infinitesimal declension of organic matter seems brought to its extremest limit; have worked, in the sweat of your brow, in the laboratory of the alchemist, where, if you have not labored in the fond delusion of hitting upon the philosopher's stone, you have at least become better acquainted with various products of mother earth; have looked with inquisitive eye through the long-drawn telescopic tube at distant suns, till you almost

longed to be a wandering star, to roam from system to system of this vast universe, and, thinking nought of time and space, spend the eternity of your being in ceaseless discoveries of fresh marks of His wisdom, might, and goodness, who planned and formed the glorious whole; have, in fact, ascended and descended into the mysterious ways of Providence as far as the limited line of man's intellect has permitted us to go:

“Probed earth's deep secret cells of mystic store,
Scaled the last spheres that bar creation's door,
And peered into the dark dread void beyond.”

And through all your profound researches into science, and ambitious flights of thought, have you ever had your sky perfectly clear, with no lowering cloud to darken the prospect? Have you ever worked on continuously, for days and weeks and months, without a portentous gloom descending, as it were, to sully your brightest ideas, and smear the fairest pictures of your imagination? Even a Turner has a difficulty in painting a landscape in harmony, without a cloud in the sky. Better do they succeed who, like Rembrandt, delight in deep shadows; for they have no difficulty in finding scenes to their taste, and need not travel far to look at men or things under a cloud.

Find the employment which can be pursued regularly, without let or hindrance from overshadowing cares, and you will not lack disciples eager to follow you in your avocation. But it is not fair to underrate the value of a cool shadow, though we do prefer sunshine in a general way.

How often what has been looked upon as evil, and which seemed to cling to us tenaciously, like a cursed thing, has in the end proved the greatest blessing to us! It is not common for people, after they have been grievously disappointed, or have suffered some heavy loss, to set themselves to work to ascertain any trifling amount of benefit they may have derived from circumstances which they at first thought were all against them. And yet, after any great blow has fallen upon us, much time in general does not elapse before we begin to perceive that we had better not bewail our misfortune too deeply, lest we should discover that after all there was not so much cause for

unseemly lamentation, and that our troubles would melt away before a scrutinous examination. It is apt to make one feel small to find out either that we have been setting great store on what in the end proves utterly valueless, or that we have been shrinking, in rather a cowardly manner, from what is powerless to harm. If we were to make a rule to wait patiently for a certain definite period,—say, if you like, for a year and a day,—before we give vent to any murmurings over our crosses and vexations, many a trial that we thought would overshadow all our lives with its baneful influences would, in that period, be found set up as a beacon light, to signalize the unexpected good our seeming calamity had revealed to us, and to cheer our hearts when we fall into another “slough of despond.” Shadows that do not seem at all to throw a grateful shade over our lives often warn us of coming storms, and, like the dark little petrel to the mariner, tell us there is dirty weather coming on. And when we are thus prepared, by an overhanging cloud, for a storm of misfortune that is about to break upon us, we are far less likely to be upset in the squall, or swamped in the heavy sea rolling so fearfully around us. It is very frequently the case that when calamities fall upon us, they do not come singly, but there is, as it were, a shower of them; and any occurrence that will serve in some way to break their weight at first, when they threaten our unprotected heads, must be hailed as a gentle messenger, though it may come in an unwelcome form, and be “as black as a Tully” or one of Mother Carey’s chickens. As a good soaking from a thunder-storm often does a person no harm, but perhaps in some way is rather beneficial than otherwise to their health, so when an apparent misfortune does fall rather heavily upon us, it does not consequently follow that, after all, we shall be really any the worse for it. He is a crusty personage who grumbles at every mishap that occurs, as though it would bring him in sorrow to an untimely end; and I am given to think that the majority of those who let puny troubles worry them inadequately are strange, just at present, to real affliction of a grave character.

There is a chastening of the spirit

under the heavy hand of Providence, which at length often produces such a subdued tone of mind, that resignation becomes a resident virtue in a character perhaps once proud and haughty; and this is one reason why the wise man said: “It is better to go into the house of mourning than the house of mirth.”

Many must have noticed the radical change of character produced by a severe illness, or other personal affliction, upon any one whose proud spirit and haughty self-reliant confidence seemed to hold itself, in conscious strength, as quite superior to the ordinary class of mortals, and in no way to be subdued by the ills of life to which they so readily succumb.

Look in upon such a character, and converse with him after he has been “shaken over the grave,” or brought into the closest communion with those who have suffered long, and left their places vacant; and tell me if the shadow under which he has passed has not, in blanching his cheek, and drawing that leaden line of sorrow round his eyes, also left him marked with more graceful beauty, having given to him the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

It is hardly fair, I think, to call old age the shady time of life, as though there were little or no sunshine and happiness for persons bordering upon three-score-and-ten.

Little children often seem so buoyantly happy, that we are almost led for the moment to set them down as free from care; but how short-lived is their joy! We pass by them again in a few moments, and a cloud is hanging over them, for verily the little things are all in tears.

In the prime of manhood, when the passions are strongest, and the physical and intellectual vigor at their height, there is the battle of life to fight; and if keen enjoyment is realized in all the full exuberance of health and strength, troubles also then will fall thick, and, perhaps with a heavy strain as well on the heart-strings, will try what mental tension we can long endure. In later years, when the unruly part of our physical nature interferes less with the mental energies, there is often a calm placidity of temper and an unruffled equanimity, that

we may look for in vain in the heyday of life. It is something like the Indian summer in America, which is welcomed, indeed, after the burning sun and devastating storms of their hot months.

In looking back upon some aged men whose acquaintance I have made, there seems around a few of them to be a halo of mild tranquillity, such as we do not see realized in any other stage of life. Let us sit again under the eaves of that quiet cottage, so cosily nestled in the valley, and so pretty, with its spiring fir-trees, and the rustic wooden bridge thrown over the brooklet that girdles those roundly-swelling knolls of grass which form most of the little homestead. We sit there with the old cottager,—who might say with Barzilai, “thy servant is this day fourscore years old,”—because the overhanging thatch, and the flowers luxuriantly creeping above our heads, pleasantly shield us from the glare of the sun. And a smile plays pleasingly over the old man’s face—so venerable with its fringe of whitened locks—as he reverts to olden times, and tells us youngsters all about his hives of bees, and the woods which once encroached upon their pretty domain, and the birds which formerly used to sing there, but have now deserted the valley altogether; and other reminiscences of days when he was young.

When these recollections of his early prime brighten up his countenance, there seems such a happy smile of placid content there, that one might almost be led to envy him his years, they teem with such a store of pleasing memories. Children are playing around the cottage; and one beautiful cherub boy—that only wanted a pair of tiny wings, to make him as sweet an angel as ever Rubens painted—told us he came from London, but was not in any hurry to go back again; and his fat, good-tempered face, dimpled with smiles, showed us that fresh air, exercise in the patches of fields around the house, and the plain cottage-fare, agreed with him remarkably well. It hardly seems fair, contrasting these two pictures of youth and age, to allow that the old man has any chance with the child, in looking at the bright and dark side of their daily life. Nay, some may say, if you are treating of sunshine and shadow, why travel further for similes? here are quite

enough before us in the old man and the child.

But stay, friend; for one who is sitting beside me, on the same bench as the octogenarian, came here when a child, and used to play about on the same sunny slopes as the little darling that was prattling to us just now; and love for the cozy spot brought him to see it once again, after several years’ absence. The veteran cottager scarcely seems older now than he did ten years ago; and in those days the children often envied the old man, and thought, if they could do as he did, they should often be so much happier and more contented.

In the first place he had no lessons to learn, and could go out and in when he liked, without asking leave; and in the hot weather he could drink when he was thirsty, which they were not always allowed to do; and if it was very cold, he sat by the fire as long as he liked; nor, indeed, had he to get up early in the morning when he was called, unless he pleased, and it was quite convenient to do so.

These, which seem such slight advantages in favor of the old man, were certainly thought much of by the children; and we must look at his advantages from *their* point of view, if we are to try adequately to estimate their several sources of joy and sorrow. Surely he had no merry, ringing laugh like theirs, as they gambolled about in their childish games, and chased the butterflies from flower to flower! But then he rarely had to cry, and their pretty faces were often wet with tears. Surely he could not make one in the ring of little fairies, that jumped up and down untiringly, while two of their number chased one another round the circle, bobbing in and out among the tiny arms and legs, and sometimes bursting the magic ring of clasped fingers, in their hot pursuit! But then he was not called in-doors when the fun was at its height; nor had he to march off to bed just in the coolest part of the evening, long before it was dark. Surely he could not trundle a hoop very far, without letting it fall, nor skip very long with the nicest ropes! But then he could walk where he chose, ay, even go out of bounds, without fear of being put to stand in the corner.

But whose is that face and figure rising before my mind's eye now, and asking me to take the picture while memory has it in fresh keeping? "Thos. Noonan, aged 100 years," was written upon his coffin, some few weeks back, when he was carried to the churchyard. It is not many months ago since I met him, bent upon a morning's walk of some four miles or so, and he nodded quite cheerily, and did not seem at all distressed, though he was carrying a bag, containing a few articles that he was collecting in his round, and would dispose of by and by at the nearest marine-store.

I have often stopped to talk with him, and hear him relate some of his adventures when he sailed with Nelson's fleet in the "Billy Ruffian" (*Bellerophon*). He was present at Trafalgar, and some other naval engagements, and did not, on the whole, dislike his majesty's service, finding it far preferable to that of the American merchant, under whom he subsequently served.

Logging timber during the winter months in the forests of North America, and afterwards getting it on board ship, was, according to his account, any thing but pleasant employment.

He was a kind-hearted old soul, and would often go a mile or more out of his way to see a very infirm old man, who was about two years younger than himself. I have seen him, after a long walk of some four miles, and a good deal of it uphill too, place his bag down at the threshold of the door where his old companion lived, and, leaning against the door-post of the cottage, inquire after his health, and then quietly scrape his shoes before he went in to see him.

There must be some downright hearty friendship in that man, who, being between ninety and a hundred, goes far out of his way to see even the dearest of friends. Walking an extra mile or so, to pay a morning call, may not seem much to those who are young and lusty, and put a league or two behind them easily; but wait till you are four-score-and-ten, and then see how it will be.

Sometimes, in watching this old gentleman trudging along with a bag rather fuller than usual, I have asked him if the weight did not sadly distress him; but he made light of his burden, and said he did

not mind anything under twenty pounds, though he could not conveniently carry more.

A trifling gratuity was always received with a grateful smile, and with none of the whining tone of the professional beggar,—those cant phrases and unctuous benedictions which we would so often prefer being without, when we have such serious doubt both of the sincerity of those who utter them, and of our own deservings. Though old Noonan must have had many troubles, yet his days were far from being darkly shadowed, and the sunshine in his smiling countenance would put many of us to the blush, who love to be under a cloud, that we may find excuse our unjust murmurs.

Perhaps there could not be invented a greater punishment for an inveterate grumbler than putting him in a position where he could not possibly find any cause for complaining.

When there was an atmosphere all sunshine and cheerfulness around him, and every grievance driven away,—just as St. Patrick banished all the venomous reptiles from "ould Ireland,"—then it would be most disagreeably palpable that the main cause of his discontent was inherent within him, and very little dependent on external circumstances. Such a knowledge would be far from consolatory, and we fear that his poor finger-nails would get bitten harder than ever, when he found there was no one upon whom he could cast part of the blame, and so rejoice in not being alone in his misery.

Sometimes a fearsome shadow suddenly darkens our sky, and we hurriedly glance around for a place of safety and protection, like a timid fowl when a bird of evil omen hovers over the farmyard. Though we are not now exactly afraid of one of the Arabian Nights genii coming and flying away with us in the dark, still most of us have some bugbear of our fancy that will occasionally shake his dark pinions over us, and make us ashamed of our moral pusillanimity. And in times of sunny freedom from such morbid fancies, when our pulse beats free, and we have no black bile disturbing the harmonious working of our physical machinery by clogging the wheels of our existence, how heartily do we despise such absurd and doleful misgivings, and think we never

more will be so ungrateful to our universal Father!

"Horas non numero nisi serenas."

It would be well, in numbering our days, if we counted them rather by those about which there is something pleasant to remember, than be continually summing up those which were beclouded by care; but we are generally more prone to single out the dark portions of the picture, as if there were no sunny spots which will live in memory, bright through a long vista of intervening years.

It is wearisome to ride or walk along a level road for any great distance. Both ourselves and the horse we ride are very glad occasionally of a hill to climb; for though it may be more toilsome to labor up it, we know there will be a downward slope on the other side, which will be all the more enjoyable after struggling up the ascent.

I wonder if the reader ever tried to imagine a world where there were no ups and downs in life, but where personal, domestic, social, and national well-being was always maintained with the nicest equilibrium! If he has, I am afraid he will have found that happy family difficult to preserve from physical and mental stagnation. Verily occasional discomfort seems so essential to our full appreciation of ease, and occasional discord to the keenest enjoyment of harmony, that without these common disturbers of our peace, we should hardly know how to tickle our senses into a supreme delight.

The worry and turmoil of business make the comforts of a happy home, away from the din and clatter of city life, all the more enjoyable. The anxieties and responsibilities of official life give a greater zest to leisure and recreation, when the harness can be thrown off for a spell, and the manager at the bank, or secretary at the company's office, can bid good-bye to red-tape, and relish the wild freedom of the moors, or quieter pleasures of the seaside. In going out of, or entering any large town, we are sure to find on the outskirts a lot of elegant, genteel residences, where the wealthier men of business retire to, after spending the greater part of the day at their counting-houses or shops. After a long morning spent in all the bustle of commercial strife,—with

peradventure a few crosses to ruffle the temper, such as strikes among workmen, the unpleasant tightness of the bank screw, the non-arrival of an important cargo of perishable good, the failure of Brown, Jones, or Robinson, and other vexatious events incidental to large capitalists as well as humbler tradesmen,—it is very jolly indeed to hail a cab and be set down at your pretty Italian villa, where the smoothly-shaven lawn invites you to tread on its soft green velvety pile, and the roses and honeysuckles waft a delicious perfume in through the low windows opening on to your sloping terrace, gay with masses of brilliant flowers.

Of course it is an understood thing that business cares are not allowed to enter through the portals of your peaceful retreat.

"Procul, oh! procul este profani,"

is considered to be posted over your gateway, so that the little circle of friends who meet you at dinner scarcely know whether you are a city broker, a post-captain, or a civic functionary with aldermanic claims.

But, after all, is it not the irksomeness—if you please to call it such—of your daily avocation that makes your cozy villa so enjoyable? If you do not think so, stay there entirely for a few days, and do not even have your business-correspondence brought to you; and say if you like your sylvan walks and elegantly-furnished apartments so well, now you have got ample time leisurely to enjoy them.

I am afraid, before you had been there continuously for a week, the gardener would begin to find master's temper rather uncertain, and the feminine part of the establishment would wish you out of the way, and suggest a drive into the City again, as a sort of wholesome recreation.

Few of us can get on well without something that is in some measure a sort of daily burden that will exact a moderate amount of energy from us; and if it is something over which we personally have not much control, perhaps it is all the better. If we have nothing to do, and set ourselves the task, we often go about it in such a half-hearted, lackadaisical manner—knowing that it is of no great moment whether the work is done or not

—that the self-imposed employment seems the weariest of all others, and we would gladly serve another master. "Six days shalt thou labor." There it is: work must be done; difficulties must be encountered; obstacles must be surmounted; rest must be won by fatigue of mind or body; and it is of no use our trying to shuffle-off one of the laws of human nature imposed by Providence, and which the experience of six thousand years tells us had better be fulfilled to the letter. It certainly is bad when employment that is altogether uncongenial beclouds the best part of our days; and it would be good policy, we think, then to effect a change, even at some pecuniary sacrifice.

But there are many who never know the pleasure of performing an unpleasant task so well that the fact of working it out piecemeal, in such a way that no one can cavil at the quality, gives a sense of inherent satisfaction, and duty has its own reward. There are few employments but what will yield something to interest us, if we give ourselves up to them with a good will, determined to make the most of a position we would nevertheless desire to alter. Look at Hugh Miller, when, under the pressure of poverty, he was compelled to labor with a gang of ordinary workmen in a stone-quarry! Verily he did not like the situation; but for all that he made the best of it, and not only became an excellent stonecutter, but by assiduously searching for knowledge among the stones he labored upon, laid the basis for that fund of geological information, which afterwards produced *The Testimony of the Rocks*, and other valuable scientific works, which hold a high rank both in England and among the savants of other lands.

Among our Church dignitaries, one who gained the highest episcopalian seat labored as a youth in the central mining districts of England. Even the dark shadows of the coal-pit did not deter him from gaining light and knowledge, and working his way out of the uncongenial mine into a purer atmosphere more befitting the exalted nature of his intellect. Many of us do not mind a longish walk in the dark if we are tolerably sure of finding our way to the sunlight again.

Working men do not object occasionally to dirty work in a dark hole, if they can see the job will not last long. Witness that grimy fellow, who has now walked past the window, with a large bottle of ale in his hand. He and his fellow-workmen have just been slaving hard at a hot and heavy task, and I have no doubt but that the thought of the refreshing draught of beer they were going presently to enjoy had a cheering effect upon them, and made them care less about the perspiration streaming down their naked busts as they toiled away at their sweltering work.

They say, "it is a long lane that has no turning;" and it must be a dark pathway that has no gleam of light to flicker down upon it. Even the very chiffoniers of Paris and mudlarks of London, who spend the greater part of their life in the city sewers, find something to interest them in their seemingly offensive employment; for has not the history of some of their number appeared in the columns of a contemporary journal, showing that a dustman or a scavenger may not fail to make his life sublime, should he turn his energies to good account? No life on earth can be made all sunshine; but it is far easier for us to becloud our way, and render it much more dreary than it need be. There are always plenty of clouds hovering overhead, and some of them look very black indeed when we turn a melancholy face up to them. Even the sun himself has "a sickly glare" when the eye is filmy and illness enervates our frame.

Let our spirits rise superior to the common ills of life, and then we shall see many cloudlets melt away, as they do in the firmament, when

"In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
Rolls through the dark-blue depths."

And if we turn the darkest portions of our lives to good account, and let our chastened spirit become, as is wisely intended, more highly rectified by passing through afflictions, we may sing, in reverting to the shadows under which we have passed, when the cold dew of suffering beaded our temples,

"How beautiful is night!"

C. W. P.

Pentley's Miscellany.

MALMAISON.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD EMPEROR.

IN the autumn of the year 1848 I left Paris, to seek in the tranquility of St. Germain-en-Laye repose for my spirits, after the terrible events to which I had been an unwilling witness had passed away. I had seen the sack of the Tuileries—the throne carried upside down through the streets—and had listened night after night to the rattle of musketry, and the roar of cannon employed in that worst of scourges—civil war—and I was too glad to change the scene.

The autumn weather was lovely; they were gathering the vintage from the site of the old gardens of Henry IV., close on the Seine, and from the bank between the river and the celebrated terrace. The whole place is full of the memories of past dynasties, of the said Henry the Bearnais, of the Stuart exile kings, of the grand monarch, of the great Napoleon. About three miles from St. Germain, commanding a view of the sweet vine-clad banks of the Seine, rising up to the aqueduct of Marli, stands Malmaison, on a gentle eminence.

I look back with feelings of mingled melancholy and satisfaction to the chance which led me, when I was at St. Germain, to make the acquaintance of General Montholon, the faithful friend and follower, and companion in exile at St. Helena, of the great Emperor. I was introduced by mutual friends to the general and his lady, at a moment when the events in which he was concerned were fixing the attention of all Europe. I was often with them, and thus became cognizant of many matters of importance and excitement, which few of my country people had then an opportunity of knowing. The Bonaparte fortunes began again to rise in the scale of destiny, and the successful canvassing of the faithful friend of the late Emperor gave great hopes that his nephew would attain the minor dignity of President of the French Republic. The evenings I spent at the Montholon villa were full of absorbing interest, being usually alone with the countess when the general returned from

Paris. I heard the passing events of the day discussed without reserve. His mornings were devoted to receiving—in the capital—the addresses and deputations which poured in from every quarter to Louis Napoleon. So much did I hear of “the prince,” that my curiosity began to be much excited about him, never before having entertained an idea of his being anything above mediocrity, either in character or talent, if even he came up to that.

Whatever might have been the faults of General Montholon, he eminently possessed the refined and polished manners of the French nobleman of the old school. Constant intercourse with the great world, as companion to the Emperor, had sharpened a naturally acute intellect, and endued it with a singular power of penetrating the motives and capabilities of his fellow-men. I could not explain to myself how such a man could have been so far deluded by Louis Napoleon as to embark with him in his mad decent upon Boulogne. Still less could I account for the apparent certainty he seemed to entertain of the ultimate success which would attend the prince's competition for the presidentship, against the tried and approved Cavaignac. One night, as we were discoursing unreservedly on the “signs of the times,” I summoned courage to ask, point blank, what kind of person Louis Napoleon really was, boldly adding, that the rash adventures in which he had been engaged rather led me to the conclusion of his being an ambitious, but a very weak man. That he was ambitious the general did not deny, but with regard to his being weak, he kept repeating, in answer to my remark, “Point du tout—point du tout, je vous assure c'est un homme de moyens.” He then went on to explain how he had cultivated and developed his talents to a high degree during his long imprisonment at Ham, of which he and madame had both been the sharers.* I could not refrain, however, from expressing once more my doubts as to the soundness of his judgment, whatever his

* In consequence of this imprisonment the general lost a fortune, which, at the death of his mother, he would have inherited. Being dead in law, because of his imprisonment, the fortune passed away to the next heir.

talents might be. The general mused for a moment, and then said decidedly, "Je ne dis pas qu'il soit un homme commeson oncle, mais cependant c'est un homme de moyens, un homme d'une grande fermeté de volonté. et d'un courage qui ne connaît pas la peur." How often since have these words come back to my mind!

My evident scepticism made Madame Montholon smile, and when wishing me good-night, she said, in allusion to the discussion, "Well, then, you must come and judge for yourself. As soon as the prince reaches Paris he will, probably, come out here to pay me a visit; you must join our dinner-party, and meet him *en petit comité*, when people are always seen in the truest light." Accordingly, a few days after Louis Napoleon arrived in France, I received the following note from Madame Montholon, written hurriedly, just as she was setting off to Paris:

"MY DEAR MISS R,—Entre nous, I am going to propose to the prince to return with us to-day. As you wish to see him, perhaps you will take your chance of his doing so, and dine with him and ourselves. The worst that can happen to you will be to dine alone with us.

"Yours truly,
"S. C. DE M."

I was doomed to disappointment in this natural piece of curiosity. That morning, in the Chamber of the National Assembly, a disturbance occurred of a nature that obliged Louis Napoleon to remain all day in Paris; and thus I lost the only chance of coming in close contact with a man about whom I had heard so much, and whom I longed to meet, in order to venture an opinion as to the part he was likely to play on the great theatre of European events. I never saw him until he was emperor; returning from the camp of Honvault into Boulogne, he and our late Prince Consort were riding side by side, engaged in easy and smiling discourse.

In the course of conversation at dinner, on the day in question, Malmaison happened to be mentioned, and on my expressing regret that I had never seen the interesting residence of Josephine, which, having been purchased by Queen Christina, could only be visited by permission of the Spanish ambassador; General Montholon, with his usual consider-

ation and politeness, offered to escort me thither, being one of the privileged few who had admission at pleasure. Accordingly we went next day. On approaching the former abode of the repudiated empress, I confess I was considerably disappointed, both by its style and magnitude; but all this was quickly forgotten; my attention was soon enchained by objects of intense interest, connected with the present and the past.

An infirm and dejected-looking manservant, not over and above well dressed, came eagerly forward to open the gate for us, exclaiming as he did so, "Mon général! oh, mon général! mais que je suis heureux de vous voir." The old nobleman greeted the *vieux serviteur* quite as cordially as he was received by him, though in a manner less demonstrative. They conversed a little together about changes that had taken place, and then the general, turning towards us, said with a faint smile, "Le pauvre diable was one of the *dramatis personæ* in the last great scene enacted here, which you are about to see represented on canvas, where he and I figure in the youth, and any good looks we possessed, thirty-three years ago." After loitering awhile in the grounds before the house, we entered it, and, preceded by our ancient escort, were ushered into the first reception-room, where, on the wall just facing the door, was placed the painting above mentioned, containing a group of eight or ten persons, likenesses from life, ranged round the figures of Napoleon and Queen Hortense, whom he was in the act of embracing, before bidding her and France an eternal farewell.

Under no other circumstances have I ever been so forcibly struck by those changes which impress the reflecting mind with the transitoriness of all worldly things, as on this occasion. On the canvas before us appeared General Montholon and our guide in the zenith of life—though represented in a moment of agitation amounting to despair, yet those manly countenances were untouched by the corroding influences of prolonged sorrow. Beside me stood the living individuals, withered and broken down, not only by the pressure of accumulated years, but by the consuming effects of care and disappoint-

ment. I thought that little else in the mansion had a chance of calling forth emotions of similar interest, but in this I was mistaken. On leaving the picture-room, we proceeded to survey the other apartments; there was not one of them which did not conjure up to the mind of his faithful follower some vivid reminiscences of what had taken place on the last eventful visit of the dethroned emperor. He hurried from chamber to chamber. "Here was the state apartment in which the emperor had sought repose on the night previous to his departure. Here was the room which he himself had occupied, and here Bertrand had slept." Then he bewildered himself as to the various chambers which had been occupied by the rest of the small band of fugitives, and walked backwards and forwards from one to another, endeavoring to recal things more distinctly to his mind. This awakened the remembrance of much that had been said by different persons during those agonized hours which preceded the fatal one that banished them so many years from France. As the train of painful recollections rose thick and fast in this retrospect of bygone times—like the forms of the dead which come in the agitated slumbers of fever, flitting dimly before the mental vision—the old nobleman's countenance and manner became more clouded and perturbed, and I felt glad when we at last left the house and entered the pleasure-grounds behind it. He walked quickly, until we reached an alley near the entrance. "It was here," he said, mournfully, "that the emperor paced up and down for a few minutes previous to his departure." "Ay!" exclaimed he, excitedly, as if stung by some remembrance, "it was just on this spot that he stopped to say something to me aside, when about to get into the carriage which was to take him away for ever." After this he became silent, and we walked on farther into the wood; but soon he stopped suddenly. "Let us go home," he said, "for all is changed here—quite changed; boundaries close one in on all sides, and everything has become contracted and circumscribed." This remark was strictly true as regarded the pleasure-grounds, which had been reduced to a much smaller

compass, and in truth contained little to admire, either as to space or beauty.

After we returned to St. Germain, I remained to dine with my kind friends. Among many scenes of varied excitement which I have passed through during my life, I have never spent a day so filled with themes of absorbing interest. Persons, entirely apart from my country and sphere, associated with a man whose name had once filled Europe with terror, seemed to rise before me, living and true—the present receded—and the great emperor and his train came up from the gulf of the past and filled the mind with an intense apprehension of their presence and reality. Not much was said during dinner while the servants were present, but when we returned to the drawing-room the flood-gates of memory re-opened, and the tide of recollections continued to flow on, until the hour arrived when I had to take my departure. The excitement experienced by the old general in his visit of the morning caused a revulsion in his feeble frame, which created a feeling of extreme chilliness, and although in reality it was a mild autumn evening, he shivered with cold, and had a fire lighted—one piece of wood after another he kept throwing into the grate, until the flame became quite a great blaze, and then placing himself in front, on a music-stool, with his back turned to the fire, he continued holding forth to madame and to me about various singular occurrences and conversations that had taken place at St. Helena, more freely than he would probably have done with other people and under other circumstances. He dwelt much on the indescribable spell that bound all those who approached the emperor, whose name he never mentioned without a degree of emotion, amounting almost to tenderness. He endeavored distinctly to portray his personal appearance, vividly describing the marble stillness of his countenance in a state of repose—the wonderfully piercing expression of his eye, when excited to attention by any person or thing—his sternness of demeanor towards those whom he either disliked or suspected. All this he ably contrasted with his perfect suavity among his friends, the lighting up of his features when awakened

into gaiety, and the singular fascination of his smile in addressing those to whom he was attached. "His power was irresistible!" exclaimed he, with animation; "where he bestowed his love it was impossible not to return it with intensity and devotion. Ney was a proof of the empire he gained over the affections of others, and I, whom he honored by calling me his son—I"—the old man's voice trembled in the singular conclusion of the sentence—"I loved him, as if he had been a woman."

Nearly fifteen years have passed away since that interesting day, and many extraordinary changes have taken place which at the time were not anticipated, while others, more natural and more likely to happen, have strangely failed of being accomplished. General Montholon has followed his beloved master to the grave, and Louis Napoleon sits on the throne of France, which it is even possible he might not have attained without the skilful management and unwearying exertions of his uncle's old friend, whose devotion to the Bonaparte family proved his strongest principle of action, and but too truly showed itself as the mainspring of a long life.

How completely this is recognized by the French nation may be easily imagined, for in naming the subject of the old general's faithfulness among themselves, they term it in words, perhaps more expressive than elegant, "*la fidélité du chien.*"

Bentley's Miscellany.

TWO DAYS IN BATAVIA.

At length the spice-breathing verdant coasts of Sumatra and Java emerged from the azure waves. Our frigate, the *Gertrude*, sailed into the Straits of Sunda, and proudly passed, with dilated canvas, one island after the other, perfect emeralds upon the sapphire-hued waters. There was great rejoicing on board, for we two hundred beings had been packed together like herrings quite long enough. The bay of Batavia, too, opened before us, a magnificent verdure-begirdled, almost circular basin, thronged with vessels

belonging to all nations. When the anchor had been dropped, the troops on board our ship—for we had on board a fresh supply of recruits—were permitted to choose their own dinner, in honor of the festive occasion. A majority of votes decided for boiled potatoes and butter, and all set to work peeling the former in excellent spirits. An officer of health came on board, and granted our ship free intercourse with the surrounding ships and land. The excitement among the soldiers is momentarily augmented, for we have reached the land of wonders, and something strange must be at once discovered. The guard-ship sends a midshipman to inquire about passengers, landing, the length of passage, and any remarkable incidents. So soon as the report has been made, a boat is lowered from our frigate, and the captains, naval and military, go ashore, protected by an awning from the sun's heat. Native boats, of every sort and size, and filled with brown and yellow men, only covered as to the hips, and impelled by sails or peculiarly-formed paddles, flock upon all sides of the ship, and offer fruit and rice cakes for sale. Though they are forbidden coming on board, a lively trade is carried on. They hand up the wares in baskets fastened to poles, and receive the value in exchange. Broken Dutch words and rapidly-learnt Malay figures and intimations facilitate the barter. The soldiers, not listening to the warnings of their officers, eagerly clutch at the unknown refreshment, at the pisang, the Nanka Wolandra, the Rambutan, and the pine-apples, and still more eagerly swallow their refreshing meat and cooling juice. The sellers ask for bread, an article they highly esteem. There is an abundant and superfluous supply in the bread-chest. It is fetched up in caps and buckets, and handed to the Malays and Chinese. They give in exchange for it whatever they think proper, and the troops, who are in no way interfered with, accept anything. As is natural, owing to the hurry and crowding, sundry biscuits fall into the water. At the same instant a huge caiman rises, several sharks come up with a golden green flash, and quarrel over the dainty morsels. The native boats put back with shouts and clamor. The soldiers have tasted the fruits of the

country, and have now also seen some of its living creatures.

The troops are urged by the non-commissioned officers to get ready for landing. One after the other arrives on deck, fully equipped and loaded, just as they quitted Harderwyk. All are in that cheerful temper with which men leave a prison, within whose bare walls they have been confined for three months. The drum beats for dinner, but the hitherto prevailing regularity is unheeded. The master bakers still try to give orders, but the lads consider their duties at an end. The fruit has stilled the appetite, and the longing to land overpowers every other feeling. The cook and his assistants grumble because their duties endure to the last moment, and are in return favored with far from flattering sobriquets, which the soldiers have learned from the sailors. From the shore arrive three large Malay prahus, with low bulwarks, each with a mast and an enormous matting sail: they are the boats to land the troops, say the sailors. The troops rush to the side of the frigate turned towards the shore, while the sailors let down the side-ladder. There is a constant row going on, for the sailors, either undesignedly or through native roughness, upset every soldier who gets in their way. Without awaiting orders or keeping any discipline, the troops rush down the ladder into the prahu, which is pushed off just as it appears in danger of sinking from overcrowding. A second takes its place, and then the third: the officers have no occasion to see whether any one remains behind, for all are too anxious to escape from the cage. Last of all, the officers descend in their turn, the only persons who bid farewell to the crew.

There is a short trip across the roads, during which all eyes gaze savagely at the caimans which cross the track, and then the prahus enter the river on whose banks Batavia is built. On the right and left are forts, with menacing cannon. And then come buildings, overshadowed by palm-trees, exotic plants of the most enormous dimensions, and beneath them the most extraordinary human beings, in waving garments and with flashing eyes. And lastly there is a quay built of bricks, and a group of officers upon it, gazing at the new arrivals. The hearts of the

latter beat almost audibly: all their energies seem to be concentrated in their eyes. The matting sails are slowly lowered, and one prahu after the other is pulled up to land. The troops leap ashore without bidding, feel firm ground under their staggering legs, stare at one another, can not understand their feelings, for they all feel intoxicated, and do not know whether to laugh and shout or to look serious. The awaiting officers give their newly-arrived comrades a hearty welcome: there are beakers full of sparkling wine, and a hearty, cheerful welcome in the land of the sun. The troops, after some trouble, are drawn up in two lines, and a freshly-baked loaf and half a bottle of wine are given to each man. They hastily swallow what they have unconsciously accepted. They have not the will and patience to eat and swallow. They are occupied with waking dreams. They stare around in amazement and doubt, as if all they see around them must suddenly disappear. They feel strange themselves in this strange entourage, in this realized world of fairy tales.

At length they march off, with drums in front, into the Queen of the East, along the streets, on either side of which stand palaces, half in the European, half in the Oriental style, once the abodes of the most golden splendor, and the most luxuriant enjoyment of life, now magazines and offices, where the merchant sits and cogitates, to whom the whole earth is merely a draught-board, with ships for counters; and, farther on, the new Batavia of the parks and porticoed villas, where the pallid European wife and the hot-blooded creole adorn themselves with jewels, and are almost continually slumbering in order to awake again for wild passion, comparable in beauty to the first woman who issued from the Creator's hand—when at rest, gaily glistening snakes, but in their passion blood-sucking tigers. And there is the "Great House," the centre of the government, and in front of it the defiant lion of the Netherlands, which once drove the English up the Thames; and on all sides is a gleaming glory of plants and flowers; and here and there the heavy-horned buffalo; and along the road half-naked, barefooted brown men and women, carrying fruit and edibles in baskets hanging from long

bamboo poles on their shoulders; and yellow Chinese, with their almond-shaped, cunning eyes and pendulous pigtails, with their heads covered by broad-leafed hats, and white garments fluttering about them, as they hasten to their various avocations. And above all these new and strange sights is the deep-blue vault of heaven, and the fresh sea-breeze fanning the burning cheeks and cooling the hot foreheads.

The troops march along like gentlemen. They are the lords of the land and all its treasures, for a white skin imparts nobility, and even the private is never addressed otherwise than as Tuan (sir) by the natives. On the right lies the fortress, which commands the country for a long distance, and under its guns is Weltevreden, a village composed almost entirely of military buildings, storehouses, and barracks, clean and neat—an exact image of the Dutch home-land. But while the Dutch have remained true to themselves in Batavia, they have been unable to escape the influence which the fabled East exerts over Europeans. They have, so to speak, encircled the sword with flowers, and hung the protecting walls with fresh green hangings of grass. On reaching the gate of the camp, where the garrison of Batavia is quartered, a regimental band places itself at the head of the procession. Gay sounds, triumphal marches, and merry strains, accompany the new comers to their temporary abode. The barracks, two stories high, with a wide verandah in front, are airy, cool, clean, and comfortable. The detachment marches into the capacious court-yard, which is surrounded by a blooming hedge of prickly plants. The captain who brought them across the ocean now hands them over to the captain commanding the Dutch dépôt in Batavia. With this incident the voyage is ended, and a new life begins. The officer now in command is a rough, strict gentleman. He tells the men with great but severe calmness that he shall treat them as each deserves, after which he assigns their quarters. The sergeants are given a very large lofty room, while the corporals and privates go up a flight of stone steps to a long hall. All the windows and doors open on covered passages, which run along the two sides of the edifice. Along the walls are bedsteads,

with mattresses and pillows of rice-straw, and light cotton counterpanes. The troops lay aside their baggage, but do not feel the slightest desire for repose.

The cry is heard, "The baker's men will come down!" and, to their excessive annoyance, the privates who held this office last must temporarily perform the duty. These coarse fellows, too, feel the necessity of collecting themselves. The transition has been too sudden, the objects are too new, too strange, too confusing. They would most prefer to get drunk, but where are they to procure spirits within these stone walls, and after the menacing warning of their new commander against drunkenness and smuggling spirits into the quarters under his charge has so lately rung in their ears? They sulkily obey the summons, and, on receipt of further orders, fetch from a kitchen, open on three sides, large tin caldrons full of beef-tea and boiled fresh beef for themselves and their comrades. Benches are used as tables; each man has brought a knife and fork from aboard ship; but few use knives, for they greedily tear the fresh meat, which they have not tasted for so long, with their teeth. The next dish is dry boiled rice, accompanied by a Malay condiment, called sambalyoreng, composed of cayenne pepper and onions fried in palm-oil. Some of the men take a little too much of the latter, and run about with awful execrations, declaring that the foul fiend in person has taken possession of them.

The new comers are allowed to stroll about outside for a few hours—till eight o'clock P.M. The bazar-lama, or old market, is no great distance off. A few old soldiers acquainted with the localities join the recruits as welcome guides and eager parasites. The new comers no longer have an eye for the novelties that surround them, or an ear for the sensual music of the Malays. They rush into the Chinese dram-shops: *Tabe, ke* (Welcome, good friend), and *sopi* (spirits), are the first Malay words they thoroughly learn. *Arrac* is a sweet poison, especially when mixed with fruit essences, and overpowers even the strongest men. It flows into the cups, it overflows the lips. The recruits wade in felicity, wallow in delight, and believe the boasting language of their elder comrades. A shot from the 12-pounder gun

in front of the great house, which is the signal for tattoo, thunders in unwelcome ears, and interrupts the orgie. With hesitating steps, stupid, mumbling half a dozen different sorts of dialects, they totter back to barracks. But on this day indulgence is shown; the sentry at the gate notices nothing and suspects nothing. The old hands alone, who have taken advantage of the opportunity, are carefully examined, and a bottle of spirits concealed under the tightly-fitting uniform of one of them is mercilessly confiscated. The recruits are called over in their sleeping-room, according to regulations, but it is absurd to think of sleep and quietness. The bright illumination through numerous lamps hanging from the ceiling, and which burn till daylight, keeps up the excitement. Two or three soldiers have brought in Malay women with them, but this causes no offence. In the Dutch East Indies this is permitted the soldiers, and the barracks swarm with Malay women and their children. In that country marriage is merely a matter of propriety, and is based on pecuniary considerations principally.

The recruits, who have fallen asleep at a very late hour, are awakened at five A.M. by the signal-gun from the "Great House," the rattling of drums, and the loud shouts of the sergeants on duty for the baker's men. The tormented men, still half asleep, and in an awful state of seediness, go down growling to receive in the kitchen the tin vessels of the previous day, which they have fortunately not been called on to clean, filled with very strong coffee and half-pound loaves. The women in barracks are kicked out, and then the men inspect their breakfast. Expressions of angry surprise at the absence of milk, and uncertainty as to how the liquid is to be imbibed, mingled with oaths, are audible on all sides. Surely they are not expected to thrust their mouths into the caldron, like pigs eating out of the same trough. Some try to use their spoons, but soon give up the experiment as tedious and ill adapted. At length, a Frenchman discovers that the shell-shaped cover of his canteen can be employed as a coffee-cup. The idea is applauded and imitated. They fill and drink, and devour their loaves, and the while chaff each other about their seedy ap-

pearance, or complain about headaches and faintness. In the heated climate of the tropics intoxication leaves far more serious results. Suddenly day breaks, and the bright, dazzling sunshine overflows everything. The lamps are left to go out of themselves, for they are forgotten. Drums summon the troops to the barrack-yard, but the sergeants are obliged to compel them to dress and go down. They fall in gradually. "For this once you will be forgiven the delay and irregularity," their commandant addresses them, "but tomorrow I expect prompt obedience, cleanliness, washed faces, combed hair, brushed uniforms, and polished buttons. If not, I shall be all here, and act as valet to you." Opposite the recruits are drawn up older soldiers, belonging to the dépôt, either regular duty men, or such as are awaiting there a discharge. They are all weather-beaten fellows, on whose countenances vulgar passions and heavy exertion have traced deep furrows. The captain turns to them, and one of their sergeants hands him the previous day's report, which he hastily runs through.

"Mönkebach," he says, in a distinct voice, "detected, while trying, when in a state of intoxication, to smuggle a bottle of spirits into barracks—Mönkebach." The man thus summoned—a tall, thin fellow, with dissipated features—advances from the ranks. Round the corners of his mouth quivers an expression of terror and desperate defiance. "For a long time past," the captain addresses him, "you have been placed in the second class. You have been punished by the severest imprisonment. You have repeatedly received five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty lashes. There is no curing you. Fifty lashes are your sentence. Have you anything to say in your defence?" The culprit has nothing to say, and holds his tongue. A bench is brought up, and he lays himself of his own accord upon it on his chest, holding on to the other end with both hands. A blanket is thrown over him, and pulled tight by two corporals. Two other corporals step forward with bamboo-canes of the thickness of a finger, and station themselves one on either side. The recruits who arrived on the previous day open their eyes to the fullest extent, breathe heavily, and hardly dare to ex-

change glances of anxiety and disgust. The captain makes a sign. A sergeant counts in a loud voice from one to fifty, and with each number the sticks fall in turn with a sharp whistle on the almost unprotected body. The tortured man does not give one sign of feeling, not a groan reveals his suffering, but his face becomes of a dark red hue.

When the sentence has been carried into effect, the blanket is removed, and the culprit attempts to rise, but he falls helplessly on his knees with convulsed features and a heavy sigh. The corporals who held him down seize him under the arms, and drag him off to the prison, where he will be left for the next four-and-twenty hours to his feelings and thoughts. "Take warning by him," the captain says to the new comers. "Drinking is the root of all evil. Whatever tricks you may have played in Europe, are forgotten here. The road to prosperity and honors lies open before you here. Only behave yourselves decently. Otherwise you will sink in the mire as deep as you hoped to rise. We are here under martial law, and can not permit any ugly tricks. Now be off, and let me see you again at nine o'clock, clean and fit to appear before the general." They are dismissed, and form into groups, with more or less evidence of agitation, according to the difference of character. Old hands inform those who care to listen that the punished man had been a student of theology, and lost all his chances of ordination through connection with a young woman; in hopeless despair he enlisted among the colonial troops, and ere long was employed as a commissariat clerk. But a gradual increasing tendency to drink ruined all his prospects: he was sent back to his battalion as a private, eventually placed in the second class, and was now about to be taken back to Europe to be discharged there as incorrigible. Such cases as this are the great evil of the Dutch colonial army, and yet they can not be prevented. These troops, recruited from all parts of the world, and the last refuge of scamps can only be kept in order by the severest discipline.

Next came parade before the general. For the last time the recruits brush and clean the uniforms and accoutrements

which they have worn ever since they left Harderwyk, in order to appear before their commander-in-chief. Each of them is ordered to hold his pay-book open in his hand. The general with his staff walks scrutinizingly along the ranks. He is no old martinet who has gained his present position by seniority. The Dutch army in the East Indies is always assumed to be in a hostile country, and a handful of men are called upon to hold in subjection the warlike inhabitants of the island-world. In such a situation merit is the sole cause for promotion, and privileges of birth and influence are utterly thrown aside. The general is a man of middle age, with a bright sparkling eye. The officers of his suite also look as if they were thoroughly up to their work. He does not heed the pay-books: he only looks at the men standing before him, who are generally ruddy and hearty owing to the voyage. How many of these powerful men will be left a short time hence? or have escaped the ravages of the climate and dissipation? It is not the defiant enmity of the Malays that removes the majority of the European troops. It is calculated that out of one hundred European soldiers only six remain alive at the end of six years, and but two of them with unimpaired constitutions. The general reminds the officers to question the men as to their former vocation and acquired abilities, and a report is to be sent in on the same day, so that each may be suitably employed.

The recruits are now conducted beneath the widely-overarching verandah of one of the storehouses. Articles of clothing are served out to them suitable for the climate, jackets and trousers of stout blue cotton-stuff, cotton shirts and socks, light leathern shoes, and caps with a very projecting straight peak. The government is not sparing with the articles, for it is anxious about the welfare and life of its living capital, and it decorates European soldiers in a way that forms a striking contrast with the native troops. Loaded with three or four suits each, the recruits return to barracks, where soup and meat, rice and pimento, await them, but another desire overcomes their usual greediness. They hastily throw off the clothes they have worn

ever since leaving Harderwyk, and feel converted into externally new men.

Up to three P.M., or during the greatest heat of the day, the troops are not allowed to leave the barracks and surrounding grounds under any pretext. Some throw themselves on the beds in order to fetch up the lost sleep of the past night; others proceed to the back-yard, where Malay women keep a shop of eatables under a palm-leaf roof supported by bamboo poles. Women of all descriptions are allowed unimpeded access to the barracks at all hours of the day and night. Here blooming brown girls, only covered from the hips to the feet by the sarang, or witch-like creatures who, however, are not old in years, offer, for a trifle, fish, poultry cut up in pieces, pisangs, slices of yam, all fried in palm-oil, cucumber salad with an abundant addition of small onions, and very strong coffee amply sweetened with raw sugar. For the convenience of eating there are stools and benches made of plaited bamboo. The fellows eat and drink as if they had been starved yesterday, and will go without to-morrow, and hence must take advantage of to-days opportunity. At the same time they learn loving expressions and words of insult.

It is getting on for four o'clock, and the drums beat. The tin vessels, which the not yet relieved baker's men bring up, contain a strongly peppered and spiced vegetable, boiled with lumps of fresh pork. The former resembles cabbage in taste, and bears a great resemblance to European garden produce. It is tasted and neglected by the overlaiden stomachs. The time for going out is approaching, and some of the men, who pay a little attention to their appearance, complain of the lustreless state of their shoes. Where are they to procure blacking from? They are taught by comrades who have been longer in India, and prove it to their own satisfaction by experiment, that leather, when rubbed with the shells of the pisang, looks as if it had been varnished. And now the hour has arrived and the barrack-gates are thrown open. All those who are not on duty can remain out and amuse themselves as they please till eight o'clock. Such is the daily rule. They stream

out, but few of them to gaze at the population among which they are cast, or to admire the landscape and the works of human hands, the contrast between the stone-built palaces of the European and the bamboo huts of the Malays; the majority flock to the Bazaar Lama, with its drinking-shops and gambling-booths. The scenes of the previous day are repeated. In an opium-house, where the smokers fall into a glorious sleep in the company of girls, there is a regular fight, because the men drunk with spirits ridicule those drunk with poppy-juice. Still, there are no sanguinary results, as the market-guard interferes betimes and clears the house of all the quarrelers. But, on the eventual return to barracks, the same indulgence is not displayed as on the preceding night. Those who are able to walk and stand, however staggeringly, are not interfered with, and those who fall down are left to lie where they are; but disturbers of the peace are more strictly treated. Some five or six of them are locked up. The rest mostly pass the night on their beds without undressing; the heat of the atmosphere, the fire in their inside, permits no refreshing sleep. Even when the surrounding noise has died out on the next morning, the captain very unceremoniously condemns the culprits to three days' undisturbed residence in a very disagreeable locale, merely supplied with a wooden bench, and grated windows in the roof. They are protected there from the sun's heat, and the mosquitoes keep them well awake by day and night. Then the entire party are conducted to the pay-office, and the pay they have saved during the entire voyage is handed over to them in glistening new gold and silver coinage, fresh from the mint in Holland. The receipt of so large an amount has a most overpowering effect upon men who for a long time past have counted their wealth by four-penny-bits. They laugh, talk, and chaff one another, in spite of their corporeal suffering. Rosy anticipations excite them, and they revel in dreams of enjoyment. The profligates do not suspect that this is the last hour they will pass in each other's company. On return to barracks the orders are read to them, telling them off to the battalions and garrisons in the Indian archipelago,

scattered in groups, larger or smaller, over Java and Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes. The majority must prepare for immediate departure, because ships ready to sail are lying in the roads. Hardly one thinks of leave-taking, for they are blinded and enchanted by new hopes and prospects. The rest are not let out of barracks during the day, because they will reach their destination by land, and have to start the same night. The buffalo-carts are already standing at the gate to receive their baggage. And thus they set out—the majority with not very light heads—some one way, some another, with but slight chance of ever seeing Batavia again, and none of ever returning to their native land.

From the Art Journal.

THE SAHARA.

THOSE who visited the Paris *Exposition* of 1864 will remember the striking picture by M. Fromentin, the first French painter of Oriental subjects. Its title was “Coup de Vent dans les Plaines d'Alfa (Sahara).” The sudden violence of the wind was vividly portrayed in the beaten herbage, the defensive attitude and terrified aspect of the horses, and the fluttering bernouses of their Arab riders.

The best account of the Sahara that has yet appeared in English literature is that by Mr. Tristram,* from which we give an extract relating to the physical geography of this region:

Our ordinary application of the term “Sahara” for the great northern desert of Africa is not strictly accurate; and in these notes I have restricted its use to that portion of the country to which the natives apply it. They divide Africa north of the line into three portions—the Tell, the Sahara, and the Desert: the Tell being the corn-growing country from the coast to the Atlas; the Sahara the sandy pasture-land where flocks and herds roam, from the Atlas through the Hauts Plateaux or Steppes to the region where all regular supply of water fails;

and the desert, the region which extends thence almost to the watershed of the Niger—arid, salt, affording no sustenance to cattle or sheep, but where the camel snatches a scanty subsistence, and which is, excepting in its rare oases, equally inhospitable to man.

The physical and geological characteristics of these regions vary considerably, but they are all comprehended by the Bedouin under the term “Mogreb,” or land towards the *sunset*, of which the eastern limit is the Gulf of Cabes, and the western Atlantic.

If we cast our eyes on the map of Africa, we shall see no portion of the globe apparently so compact—so self-contained. A peninsula, attached to Asia alone by a narrow isthmus, Africa exhibits no islands, like those which encircle Europe, struggling as it were to be freed from the continent. No deep gulfs and bays indent her shores: she stands compact and solid. The geological convulsions which have dislocated Europe have met with an impenetrable barrier in the ridge of the Atlas, which has sternly repelled every encroachment. But we shall find within this self-contained continent very distinct lines of severance in its physical geography.

In the first place, the natural history of the Atlas, bears scarcely any affinity to that of the rest of the continent; and this distinctiveness may at once be traced to natural physical causes. To the naturalist North Africa is but an European island, separated, it is true, from Europe, by the Mediterranean, but far more effectually isolated from Central Africa by that sea of sand, the Great Desert. The Atlantic isolates it on the west, while a comparatively narrow but most impenetrable desert of ever-shifting sand cuts it off from Tripoli and Egypt, which on their part seem to lean rather on Asia than on Africa. No link attaches Barbary to the rest of the continent; no river supplies an arterial communication; not the most insignificant streamlet forms either a bond of union or a frontier line; the long Atlas chain abruptly terminates in Tunis, and sends not one solitary spur towards Africa; it rather seems by one of its branches to claim kindred with Europe. So far the Arab geographers are accurate in coupling “Mogreb” with

* The Great Sahara. By H. B. Tristram, M. A. John Murray. In the Appendix is a valuable chapter on the Geology of the Central Sahara of Algeria.

Europe instead of Africa. They, too, have the tradition mentioned by Livy, Pliny, and Seneca, that Spain and Morocco were once united—an idea which must so naturally suggest itself to any one who has sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, that it is needless to imagine that it had any foundation in historic memory.

If we might here hazard a conjecture, it would be that the same convulsions and upheavals which at the close of the Tertiary epoch indented the southern coasts of Europe at the same time drained the ocean which hitherto had rolled over the plains of the Sahara, and submerged the low-lying lands which probably united the Canaries and Madeira to the main land. The natural history of these islands is so essentially European as to point to an identical center of creation. We may then imagine that, towards the close of the later geological epoch, Barbary was a vast peninsula, linked to Europe by Gibraltar, and washed on the south by the ocean of the Sahara, on the north by that inland lake which is now the Mediterranean.

But when, leaving the southern slopes of the Atlas, we enter upon the Sahara, the physical and geological characteristics are changed at once. Upon the surface of the secondary and some of the tertiary deposits we stumble over beds of rounded pebble and large gravel, besides the extraordinary mountains of pure rock-salt which in various places rises suddenly from the lime-stone.

To picture the Sahara, imagine what the north-east portion of England would be if completely drained of its streams and denuded of its vegetation; wooded dells transformed into rocky naked nullahs, and tillage plains covered with a soil pulverized by the combined action of heat, wind, and attrition.

With all its monotony, the Desert has its varieties. One day you laboriously pick your steps among bare rocks, now sharp enough to wound the tough sole of your camel, now so slippery that the Arab horse can scarce make good his footing. Another day you plunge for miles knee-deep in loose, suffocating sand-drifts, ever changing and threatening to bury you when you halt. Sometimes a hard pebbly surface permits a canter for

hours over the level plain amidst dwarf leafless dust-colored shrubs. Perhaps, on surmounting a ridge, the mirage of a vast lake glittering in the sunshine excites both the horse and his rider. On, on gallops the wiry little steed over sand hard and crisp, and coated with a delicate crust of saltpetre, the deposit of the water which at rare intervals has accumulated there and formed the Chotts and Sebkhass of the Desert. Occasionally the traveler is gladdened and refreshed by pitching his camp in a dayat, or reposing for a few nights under the palm-trees of an oasis.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE name of the late ABRAHAM LINCOLN, greatly lamented President of the United States, is embalmed in the memory of vast multitudes in this land and in other lands, and his character and deeds are recorded in the annals of history for all coming ages, and for the admiration of mankind.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon his personal history, the great events of his public life, and the terrible scenes which environed his last hours, or attempt to describe the funeral obsequies and mourning millions, who gazed with sad hearts and moistened eyes at the funeral train, as it swept along from Washington, a distance of some thousand or fifteen hundred miles to his ever memorable mausoleum in the West. Such a life—such a personal and public history—such a death so tragic and awful—such a funeral with its attendant circumstances of public grief and sorrow along the avenues of our principal cities, villages and hamlets, gazed at by witnessing and attending millions, presented such a funeral scene, as earth has seldom beheld, or history recorded. His name and biography have been written on many hearts, in many lands. We desire to offer our humble tribute of grateful respect and admiration of his name and character by embellishing this number of the *Electric* with a fine Portrait of his face and form as a permanent record. A brief biographical sketch is all that will be needful on these pages to accompany his portrait, as a more extended history of

his life and character is to be found in numerous forms in the current annals of our land.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, was born in Harden county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

His ancestors, who were Quakers, went from Berks Co., Penn., to Rockingham Co., Va., and from there his grandfather Abraham removed with his family to Kentucky about 1782, and was killed by Indians in 1784. Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham, was born in Virginia, and in 1806 married Nancy Hanks, also a Virginian. In 1816 he removed with his family to what is now Spencer Co., Ind., where Abraham, being large for his age, was put to work with an axe to assist in clearing away the forest, and for the next ten years was mostly occupied in hard labor on his father's farm. He went to school at intervals, amounting in the aggregate to about a year, which was all the school education he ever received. At the age of nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans as a hired hand upon a flat boat. In March 1830, he removed with his father from Indiana and settled in Macon Co., Ill., where he helped to build a log cabin for the family home. In the following year he hired himself at \$12 a month to assist in building a flat boat, and afterwards in taking the boat to New Orleans. On his return from this voyage his employer put him in charge as clerk of a store and mill at New Salem, then in Sangamon, now in Menard Co., Ill. On the breaking out of the Black Hawk War in 1832, he joined a volunteer company, and to his surprise was elected captain of it, a promotion which, he says, gave him more pleasure than any subsequent success in life. He served for three months in the campaign, and on his return was in the same year nominated a whig candidate for the legislature. He next opened a country store, which was not prosperous; was appointed a postmaster of New Salem, and now began to study law by borrowing from a neighboring lawyer books which he took in the evening and returned in the morning. The surveyor of Sangamon Co. offering to depute to him that portion of his work which was in his part of the county, Mr. Lincoln procured a compass and chain and a treatise on surveying, and did the work. In 1834 he was elect-

ed to the legislature by the highest vote cast for any candidate, and was reelected in 1836, 1838, and 1840. In 1836 he obtained a license to practise law, and in April, 1837, removed to Springfield, and opened an office in partnership with Major John F. Stuart. He rose rapidly to distinction in his profession, and was especially eminent as an advocate in jury trials. He did not, however, withdraw from politics, but continued for many years a prominent leader of the whig party in Illinois. He was several times a candidate for presidential elector, and as such, in 1844, he canvassed the entire state, together with part of Indiana, in behalf of Henry Clay, making almost daily speeches to large audiences. In 1846 he was elected a representative in Congress from the central district of Illinois, and took his seat on the first Monday of Dec. 1847. In Congress he voted for the reception of anti-slavery memorials and petitions. He voted 42 times in favor of the Wilmot proviso. On Jan. 16, 1849, he offered to the house a scheme for abolishing slavery in the district by compensating the slave-owners from the treasury of the United States, provided a majority of citizens of the district should vote for the acceptance of the proposed act. In 1849 he was a candidate for the U. S. Senate, but the legislature was democratic, and elected Gen. Shields. After the expiration of his congressional term Mr. Lincoln applied himself to his profession till the repeal of the Missouri Compromise called him again into the political arena. He entered with energy into the canvass, which was to decide the choice of a U. S. Senator in place of Gen. Shields, and was mainly to his exertions that the triumph of the republicans and the election of Judge Trumbull to the Senate was attributed. At the Republican National Convention in 1856, by which Col. Fremont was nominated for President, the Illinois delegation ineffectually urged Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the Vice-presidency. On June 2, 1858, the Republican State Convention met at Springfield, and unanimously nominated him as candidate for U. S. senator in opposition to Mr. Douglas. The two candidates canvassed the state together, speaking on the same day at the same place. The result of the elec-

tion was a vote of 125,275 for the republican candidates, who were pledged to the election of Mr. Lincoln, 121,190 for the Douglas candidates, and 5,071 for the Lecompton candidates. Mr. Lincoln had thus a majority of more than 4,000 on the popular vote over Mr. Douglas; but the latter was elected Senator by the Legislature, in which his supporters had a majority of 8 on joint ballot. On May 16, 1860, the republican National Convention met at Chicago, and on May 18, began the ballot for a candidate for president. The whole number of votes was 465—necessary to a choice, 233. On the first ballot Mr. Seward

received 173½, Mr. Lincoln 102. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln was subsequently made unanimous on motion of the chairman of the New York delegation.

With the great leading facts and history of Mr. LINCOLN's administration during his first term of four years, and of his re-election to that high office, the public are familiar. His assassination by wicked hands on the night of April 14, at Ford's theatre in Washington, are known over the civilized world. The history of his life and times will be read for ages to come by an admiring posterity as that of a great and good man.

POETRY.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL WINDOW.

AN OLD LEGEND.

The Great west window was framed and done;
How proud was its painter, Father John!
The watchings by night at the furnace-door,
The long days' ponderings, all were o'er;
The fires were quenched, and the flaxes and paints,
The tracings of monarchs, and prophets, and saints,

Were rolled and labelled, and hid away,
And life for Friar John was all holiday;
His brushes were thrown in the nettly cleft,
And so was the palette he'd used so oft.

But when he saw that shining rood
Glow like sunset seen through a wood,
There rose in his soul a wicked pride,
And his heart beat quick with a fuller tide,
Nor thought Friar John, as his work he eyed,
If God in that work was glorified.

The window was a wondrous thing,
Blooming with an eternal spring
Of jewel colors and precious dyes,
Deep and rich as the western skies
At summer sunsets, and hues of flowers
That start up purple after the showers—
The rose's crimson and iris bloom;
Sunny lustres and topaz gloom,
Such as the depths of the forest hide;
Lapis, sapphire for martyr's robe;
Scarlet for Herod's fiery pride;
Ruby for Michael's flaming sword;
Golden splendor for crown and globe
Of David, the chosen of the Lord;
Amethyst, emerald, peacock's dyes,
Encircling a pale sad face,
A glory lighting it shed from skies
That shone like God's own dwelling-place:
And all these burned and melted so,
That there was within a kingly glow,
A pulse of light, a life-blood flowing,
Its varied colors ever showing.

What wonder, then, that as he gazed,
As in a mirror, he saw upraised
The veil that hides the spirit-world,
And the dim curtain slowly furled,
Showing behind that crystal wall,
Fiends that danced and mocked at his fall,
And monsters beaked, and fanged, and horned,
Goblins that him and his glass saints scorned,
And sneering Satan above them all.

But Friar John prayed loud and long,
And chanted many a holy song,
And read his vesper service through,
Ave and Pater not a few,
Till heaven opened, and angel and saint
Came to comfort that sinner faint
With prayer and vigil; and now again,
With purer eye and calmer brain,
He looked, and through the colored screen
That parted earth from heaven's serene,
He saw, through flushes of rainbow dyes,
The jeweled gates of Paradise.

—Chambers's.

BY THE SEA.

This was to have been my wedding-day—
It was to have been, ah me!
Could it only have been this morning
I went out as the day was dawning
To take my last look at the sea!

Gaily I sauntered down to the shore,
My future seemed all so bright;
Little I thought, as I watched the hue
The rising sun or the waters threw,
I should wish I were dead ere night.

Stormy and boisterous had been the wind,
The wild waves were still at play:
What was the form that lay on the beach
Above where the longest wave could reach,
But drenched by each dash of the spray?

A death-like chill came over my heart,
Tears came to me thick and fast;

I stumbled over the yielding sands,
At each step groping with outstretched hands,
Till I fell by his side at last.

No need to question the garb he wears,
Upturned is the dear, dead face:
My love, my husband that was to be—
You are gone then, and the cruel Sea
Has left this dead form in your place!

Slowly I raise his head to my breast—
Oh how heavily it lies!
It was bright with love but yesterday,
With love for me; but the drenching spray
Has washed the love-light from his eyes.

And I was to be his wife, to-night
His heart my pillow should be;
A bunch of seaweed has got my place,
And no smile comes to the pale cold face
As I fling the weed in the sea.

I lay my cheek to my dead love's lips,
That have kissed mine o'er and o'er;
Vainly I weary the air with cries,
For nought but the moaning Sea replies
With sad "Never more, never more."
—*Temple Bar.*

K.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

Thou, whose sad and darkling brow
Seems to tell of care and woe,
Dost thou pore upon the cloud
Which futurity doth shroud,
And thy trembling fancy fill
With anticipated ill?
Ask the lilies of the field
For the lessons they can yield
Lo! they neither spin nor toil,
Yet how cheerily they smile.
In such beautiful array,
Solomon, in bygone day,
Deck'd in Ophir's gold and gem,
Could not equal one of them!
Hark! to Fancy's listening ear
Thus they whisper, soft and clear:
"Heaven-appointed teachers, we,
Mortal, thus would counsel thee:
Gratefully enjoy to-day,
If the sun vouchsafe his ray;
If the darkling tempest lower,
Meekly bend beneath the shower
But oh, leave to-morrow's fare
To thy Heavenly Father's care.
Does each day, upon its wing,
Its allotted burden bring?
Load it not, besides, with sorrow
Which belongeth to the morrow.
Strength is promised, strength is given,
When the heart by God is riven;
But foredate the hour of woe,
And alone thou bear'st the blow.
One thing only claims thy care—
Seek thou first, by faith and prayer,
That all-glorious world above,
Scene of righteousness and love,
And whate'er thou need'st below,
He thou trustest will bestow,"

—*Sunday Magazine.*

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

The winter-wind blew cold
O'er the snow-fields far and near,
The sunlight on the wold
Was gleaming pale and drear.

Slowly I sally forth
Beneath th' inclement sky,
And wander towards the north
In pensive reverie.

As I my way pursue
Across the leafless wood,
My sad heart takes the hue
Of nature's mournful mood.

Hark, from yon tower, the bell,
With solemn message fraught,
Rings out a funeral knell,
Like echo to my thought.

Ah, sound of sorrow keen,
Telling of vanished years,
Of days with promise green
Too soon bedimmed with tears.

Starts forth the buried past
Of echequered memory,
Bright joys that could not last,
Hopes that bloomed but to die.

Why weave we fondly ties
Which death so soon shall rend?
Why seek in melting eyes
A bliss that ne'er shall end?

Shield we 'neath love's soft wing,
Shrine in our inmost heart,
The closer aye we cling,
The fiercer pang to part.

Thus as with eyelids wet,
Musing, my home I sought,
A sight my vision met
Recalled my wandering thought.

Three forms before me rose,
With noiseless steps and sad,
Pressing the frozen snows,
In humble mourning clad.

No pomp of grief was there,
Or vainly mocking show,
Only the sorrow bare
Of all parade of woe.

Within a little cart,
Made for glad childhood's play,
And framed with rugged art,
A little coffin lay.

One drew this lowly bier,
Herself a gentle child,—
Hung on her cheek a tear,
Yet she looked up and smiled.

With chastened grief, behind
Moved slowly mourners twain,
Soft weeping, yet resigned;—
This was the funeral train.

And I had held my breath
While the sad group was near;

It seemed that life and death
Had strangely mingled here.

Many a summer day
That happy infant, dead,
Had passed in childish play,
By its fond sister led.

Still faithful to the last
That sister's hand doth prove,
E'en now she clingeth fast
To her unselfish love.

She draws along the way
That silent little one,
As though their happy play
Scarcely yet were wholly done.

And I learnt lesson new
From the child's simple faith,
How love that's pure and true,
Is stronger aye than death;

How in the gloomy day,
When all around is bare,
Love lights the dreary way,
Sees its own sunshine there;

And how the early dead
Leave no sad memory,
For One with power hath said,
"Let them come unto ME;"

And from assault of sin,
From sorrow, fears, alarms,
Secure are they within
The Everlasting Arms.

A. D.

—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

A CRY OF PAIN.

"Light of the world! Why is there all this sadness?

What is the mystery of Thy dear love,
That we so seldom taste the heavenly glad-
ness,
So slowly lift our hearts to Thee above?

"Why must we watch the rosy morning break-
ing,

Yet not for us, who in our pain do lie?
Why must we part from those whom Thou art
taking?

So dear, that in their death we seem to die.

"How can we sow, who never see the reaping?

How can we pray, with hearts so full of sin?
Blessed the souls, who safe in Thee are sleep-
ing,

No strength of ours can hope that goal to
win."

And who are ye, to raise this loud complain-
ing

Up to the Throne, where holy angels bend,
Where saints in light (God's love their lips con-
straining)

To One Unseen their mighty anthems send!

What skill of yours can summon o'er the ocean,
The gathering blackness, or the whisp'ring
breeze?

How march the planets in their stately motion?
How breathes the Spring upon the greening
trees?

Jehovah's path is on the dark'ning waters:
When God is silent, man indeed is blind;
Yet this His message to His sons and daugh-
ters—

Me, if ye humbly seek, ye soon shall find.

For God is Light! No clouds with him are
dwelling,

Who in His Christ is fully reconciled.

Faith in His love will soothe the heart's rebell-
ing:

Where God is Father, safe must be the child.

Ours is a pleasant world, and we should love it,
Oh, far too well, if all were smooth and
bright;

Because its treasures we are apt to covet,
The best we have must vanish out of sight.

We weep to-day that we may smile to-morrow;
Now we are weak, that He may make us
strong.

He drank it first, who mixed our cup of sor-
row,
Soon shall we learn to sing the conquerer's
song.

No sin shall sully then the robes of whiteness
In which the Lord's elect shall glitter there;
No passing cloud shall dim their look of bright-
ness,
No thorns of life their bridal garment tear.

And if the thought should set your heart an
aching,

"We are not yet arrived at our home:
Before we find ourselves that joy partaking,
We may have many weary miles to roam;"

"Abide in me." Redemption is the story
Of helpless sinners saved by grace divine;
And all will say who wear that crown of glory,
"Through God's eternal love this crown is
mine."

ANTHONY W. THOROLD.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

LAST WORDS.

And have they told you all? Ah yes, I see
At last you know it—know that I must die.
Don't tremble so; but come and sit by me,
And hold my hand, and be as calm as I.
Bend nearer, for my voice is faint and low;
And I would tell you something ere I go.

I've known a long time now that in that heart,
Whose every beat was music to my ear,
I've held the *second* place. Nay, do not start;
I would but tell you—not reproach you, dear.
You loved *her* first; and though with all your
will
You strove to conquer it, you love her still.

'Twas hard to bear—to know that she whose
whim
Had blighted all the sunshine of your life,
Could make your cheek flush and your eye grow
dim

E'en with a word: *I* could not, though your wife,
I struggled hard to win your love; but no!
I could not win it; yet I loved *you* so.

The hope that lighted up my path so long
Has flickered and died out. I could not live
Without your love; but you did me no wrong—
I could not gain what you had not to give.
Nay, weep not! I am happy now I see
You'll love my mem'ry better far than me.

The strife has been so long, the way so drear,
I feared my patience and my trust in God
Would fail; but now I see the end so near,
'Tis easier far to bow beneath the rod.
The night is nearly o'er; the morn is nigh:
Thank God for taking me! Dear love, good-bye!
—*Temple Bar.*

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vols. V. and VI. London: Chapman and Hall. 1865. The concluding volumes of Mr. Carlyle's *Friedrich the Great* have appeared, and a premature death can not now intervene to add one more melancholy example to the long list of great historical works left half-finished. Now that we can look on the work as a whole, we can see how large a scope it permitted to Mr. Carlyle's peculiar powers, how apt a subject it afforded for the application of his peculiar theories, but also how far it has failed to let Mr. Carlyle do justice to himself. Mr. Carlyle has a knowledge of Europe in the eighteenth century which is wholly unrivaled, and the history of Frederick involves the history of Germany, France, and England, and of a large portion of French and German literature. Mr. Carlyle has a marvelous power of condensing the result of his researches and reflections into pregnant, epigrammatic, half-ludicrous sentences or expressions; and the various persons who floated to the top of European society in the middle of the last century were exactly suited to be described in this way, having a certain limited interest for the modern world, and being neither too wise nor too good to be dashed off with a humorous epithet or two. Further, Mr. Carlyle has a passion for accuracy of detail. He loves to take the utmost pains to make his geography and his chronology right. He is not satisfied with knowing that Frederick and his army crossed a brook; he wants also to know whether this brook had a gravelly or a muddy bottom. He is not satisfied with knowing that the brook was crossed on such a day of such a month, but he wants also to know what was the hour and the minute. Frederick's history offers an ample field for this sort of labor, for Frederick was continually, for near thirty years, crossing brooks, and the glory and delight of finding out these brooks is much increased by the dismal character of the country where they are to be discovered. A man who sets himself to describe very accurately and minutely the bogs of Bohemia may have the satisfaction of thinking that, if he can carry his readers successfully through this amount of topography, he can carry them through anything. Frederick, too, presents many of the qualities which Mr. Carlyle has spent his life in

trying to make the world admire. He was very hard-working, very despotic, with a stern purpose to which he succeeded in making other men bend, and full of a bull-dog courage. Undoubtedly he was a captain of men and a captain of industry, and made many millions of men fight, or dig, or die, as he pleased. But the life of Frederick totally fails to give Mr. Carlyle scope for his power of seizing that which is pious, noble, and good in the characters of pious, noble, and good men. He feels this, and shows that he feels it. He is obliged to be constantly patronizing Frederick, making the best of him, exclaiming and protesting that, although he was a heathenish old brute, he still fought and wrought so well that anything may be forgiven him. It may, therefore, seem as if the choice of Frederick were to be regretted, and that Mr. Carlyle might have devoted to a better purpose the maturest years of his intellectual power. We do not think so. This history of Frederick the Great appears to us quite a good enough work for the theory of captains of men and industry to have resulted in. It is better that the theory should be shown us once for all in its naked simplicity, and that we should not see it confused and overshadowed by the accidental virtues of a mixed character like Cromwell. Frederick affords a very fair instance of the kind of man Mr. Carlyle wishes to uphold. He was neither too bad nor too good. He worked towards ends that can not be called mean or purely selfish, and he showed unconquerable tenacity in his manner of working. To keep up the Prussian army, to crib bits of his neighbors' territory, and to improve Prussian trade and agriculture, were the sort of things which an able and resolute King of Prussia in the last century naturally felt himself called upon to do. Frederick did these things, and Mr. Carlyle praises him highly for doing them. According to Mr. Carlyle's view, he showed himself in this to be a man who saw facts, and the eternal purposes of Heaven, and who consulted the veracities. Frederick saw the fact that a very highly disciplined army like the Prussian, if well led, might give its owner a power disproportionate to the numerical strength of his force. He saw the fact that Silesia might be safely occupied, and Poland advantageously dismembered. He saw the fact that large tracts of land might be drained, by the active intervention of Government, which could never be drained or turned to any account by the poverty-stricken creatures who inhabited them. But then to see facts like these, though the foundation of much excellence, is not enough to make a man a hero. It is not so much his aim, as the mode in which he carried out his aims, that gives Frederick so high a place in Mr. Carlyle's estimation. He was wholly inattentive to the doggeries, and this is what makes him so dear to his biographer. That is, he did not mind what was said or thought of him, or what misery he caused, so long as he had his own beneficent way. To do things moderately good, with a perfect indifference to the feelings of every one, is the ideal of human life which Mr. Carlyle, amid some waverings, has set himself to preach up for the last thirty years; and Frederick the Great approaches this ideal sufficiently to warrant Mr. Carlyle in choosing him as a representative man.

But Mr. Carlyle is a very honest man, and he never consciously carries his theory further than he

thinks it warranted; and if an objection to it crosses his mind, he lets his readers know his thoughts. On one occasion the startling question seems to have occurred to him—"But what if there were no doggeries, or if they left off yelping altogether, and the captains did exactly as they pleased, without any one approving or disapproving them; would that be altogether so desirable a state of things?" If a sovereign, or other strong person, announcing himself as a seer of facts and an accomplicher of the decrees of Providence, were to march armies about, and dismember kingdoms, and in various ways trample on his neighbors, and no one objected, or resisted, or praised, or blamed him; would not this last state of things be worse than the first? Is it for example, altogether to be regretted that Europe shrieked a little over the partition of Poland? Mr. Carlyle is obliged to own that humanity, after all, requires its doggeries, or, in other words, that tyranny and robbery ought to receive the disapprobation of men. This opinion, wrung out of him, as it were, by his own troublesome conscience, is expressed as follows:

"For, granting that the Nation of Poland was for centuries past an Anarchy doomed by the Eternal Laws of Heaven to die, and then of course to get gradually buried, or eaten by neighbors, were it only for sanitary reasons—it will by no means suit to declare openly on behalf of terrestrial neighbors who have taken up such an idea (granting it were even a just one, and a true reading of the silent but inexorably certain purposes of Heaven), that they, those volunteer terrestrial neighbors, are justified in breaking in upon the poor dying or dead carcass, and flaying and burying it, with amicable sharing of skin and shoes! If it even were certain that the wretched Polish Nation, for the last forty years hastening with especial speed towards death, did in present circumstances, with such a howling cannibal of Turk Janissaries and vultures of creation busy round it, actually require prompt surgery, in the usual method, by neighbors—the neighbors shall and must do that function at their own risk. If Heaven did appoint them to it, Heaven, for certain, will at last justify them; and in the meanwhile, for a generation or two, the same Heaven (I can believe) has appointed that Earth shall pretty unanimously condemn them. The shrieks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind, in such case, are mankind's one security against over-promptitude (which is so dreadfully possible) on the part of surgical neighbors."

It is true that at the end of this passage Mr. Carlyle relapses into assuring his "articulate-speaking friends" that the solution of the riddle is not logic, but silence. He can not quite bear to let the doggeries fancy be a convert to them; and perhaps the doggeries may be content with the amount of adhesion to them they have got. And certainly the doggeries of this generation need not yelp very loudly about the part which Frederick took in the partition. It was not his idea, but that of the Czarina; and he merely managed the matter so that the partitioning Powers should not quarrel over the spoil. Nowhere in the whole of this long work has Mr. Carlyle been more happy than in his description of the Czarina and of Poland, and nowhere more graphic

in any of the portraits he has given, or of the countries and societies he has depicted. Poland is a subject after Mr. Carlyle's own heart. It must be owned that Poland in those days was, and for some time had been, anarchical; and "anarchies are not permitted in this world." More especially there was the *Liberum Veto*, "the power of one man to stop the proceedings of the Polish Parliament, by pronouncing audibly 'Nie Pozwalam, I don't permit. Never before or since, among mortals, was so incredible a law.'" But there the law, however incredible, was "like an ever-flowing fountain of anarchy, joyful to the Polish nation." But the Poles had something else in the anarchical way quite as peculiar as the *Liberum Veto*. They had the right of confederation, "the brightest jewel in the cestus of Polish liberty—right of every Polish gentleman to confederate with every other against, or for, whatsoever to them two may seem good." No wonder Poland, with such fountains of anarchy in it, was what Mr. Carlyle calls the door-mat of Russia—the country across which she stepped, and on which she wiped her feet as she pleased when she wished to visit Europe. But the Czarina did not mean to hurt Poland very much. She only did not know what to do with it, and first gave it as a kingdom to one of her ex-lovers, and then stripped off some of its superfluities. Of the Czarina Mr. Carlyle speaks in kindly terms, as "a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired, with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect a kind of Louis-Quatorze, if the reader will reflect on that royal gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males." And this good creature, as Mr. Carlyle believes, really wished to treat Poland in a philanthropic and handsome way which would do her credit in Europe, and to "gain glory both with the enlightened philanthropic classes and with her own proud heart by her treatment of that intricate matter." Thus rosewater is thrown over even the partition of Poland, and thus even Czarinas are rehabilitated. Not perhaps unjustly, for *Nie Pozwalam* is, it must be confessed, rather too anarchical for the stoutest friend of liberty; and we have no means of disputing the hypothesis that Catharine, in seizing on the most available part of Poland, really wished, not only to aggrandize herself, but to please Voltaire and her own improper male.

Mr. Carlyle is, as usual, admirable in the delineation of his characters of the second class; not only of the eminences whom, like Catharine, he hits off in a sentence or two, but of those whom he describes at some length—literary eminences, for the most part, known by name to most persons who have read anything about Continental literature in the eighteenth century, but only by name or by a dim notion of their words. Mr. Carlyle fills in their vague outlines, and lets us know what the men were really like. For example, he gives the following inimitable sketch of Gellert, and we will pay our readers the compliment of supposing they know Gellert by name:

"A modest, despondent kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: 'of neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open

brow';—a fine countenance, and fine soul of its sort, poor Gellert: 'punctual like the church-clock at divine service, in all weathers.'

"A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no means much; who was of amiable meek demeanor; studious to offend nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the established methods; and who, what was the great secret of his success, was orthodox of perfect and eminent. Whom, accordingly, the whole world, polite Saxon orthodox world, hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. Essentially a commonplace man; but who employed himself in beautifying and illuminating the commonplace of his day and generation:—infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. 'How charming that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical, and comfortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you creature plainly divine!' And the homages to Gellert were unlimited and continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish man in weak health."

And there are many touches equally good. For instance, there was a certain Büsching, who dined with the Queen of Sweden, of whom we read:

"Büsching dined with Her Majesty several times—'eating nothing,' he is careful to mention, and was careful to show Her Majesty, 'except, very gradually, a small bit of bread soaked in a glass of wine!'—meaning thereby, 'Note, ye great great ones, it is not for your dainties; in fact, it is out of loyal politeness mainly!' the gloomily humble man."

Here is a whole portrait of a man in two or three lines. Whether, as a matter of fact, Büsching in the flesh was like this, no one can say; but at any rate this is a first-rate picture of a possible Büsching—of a man gloomily humble—a character and a scene condensed into two words. In a more comic but equally vivid vein is the following account of a remedy to which the great Zimmermann, author of *Solitude*, heroically submitted:

"The famed Meckel received his famed patient with a nobleness worthy of the heroic ages. Lodged him into his own house, in softest beds and appliances; spoke comfort to him, hope to him—the gallant Meckel; rallied, in fact, the due medical staff one morning; came up to Zimmermann, who 'stripped,' with the heart of a lamb and lion conjoined, and trusting in God, 'flung himself on his bed' (on his face, or on his back, we never know), and there, by the hands of Meckel and staff, 'received above 2,000 (*two thousand*) cuts, in the space of an hour and a half, without uttering one word or sound.' A frightful operation, gallantly endured, and skillfully done; whereby the 'bodily disorder' (*Leibesschade*), whatever it might be, was effectually and forever set about its business by the noble Meckel."

And not less effective in its way, though with a comedy that is, we will hope, misplaced, is this account of the famous British Constitution in its palmy Hanoverian days:

"Stranger theory of society, completely believed in by a clear, sharp and altogether human head, incapable of falsity, was seldom heard of in the world. For King: open your mouth, let the

first gentleman that falls into it (a mass of Han-over stolidity, stupidity, foreign to you, heedless of you) be King: Supreme Majesty he, with hypothetical decorations, dignities, solemn appliances, high as the stars (the whole, except the money, a mendacity, and sin against Heaven; him you declare Sent-of-God, Supreme Captain of your England; and having done so—tie him up (according to Pitt) with Constitutional straps, so that he can not stir hand or foot, for fear of accidents; in which state he is fully cooked; throw me at his Majesty's feet, and let me bless Heaven for such a Pillar of Cloud by day."

Passages like these irradiate the volumes, and cheer up admiring readers after the dreary struggle of the Seven Years' War. In spite of all the pains Mr. Carlyle has taken to make it lively, the history of the struggle remains as dreary as ever. It is nothing but a long mournful series of marches across brooks at 2 p. m. and into bogs at 5 p. m. The brook and the bog are minutely described to us, and the hour precisely noted; but we can neither realize, nor persuade ourselves to care about, the contest. Sometimes Frederick wins, and sometimes he loses; but we know beforehand that all the parties to it ended as they began, and therefore the ups and downs do not affect us much. Unquestionably we learn to admire Frederick for fighting a losing game with such astonishing pertinacity. But the exact steps he took are duller and drearier to read of than most military events; and it makes the account of the Seven Years' War less interesting that, when it is over, we begin to read of Frederick only, and of his sayings and doings in daily life, so that we then get much more of the main subject—that is, Frederick himself—than when we are trying to keep up with the marches and counter-marches of his army. Among the small events of Frederick's latter days was the appeal to his justice in the case of the miller Arnold—a man who had lost the water from his mill, but who, as every successive Court, even to the very highest, repeatedly held, lost it because the man who took it had a legal right to take it. Frederick would listen to no legal arguments. Here was a poor man who lived by his mill, and a rich man took the poor man's mill-water away. It was a case for a King to interfere, and Frederick did interfere to Mr. Carlyle's great delight. The King was, as his biographer says, "very impatient indeed when he came upon imbecility and pedantry threatening to extinguish essence and fact among his law people." These wicked law people, in an imbecile and pedantic way, insisted on seeing what, under the acknowledged law of the country, was the position of the parties, what evidence was adduced, what damage done. But the captain of men acted in a far better way. His unerring sagacity taught him that what a poor man says must be true, and that what a poor man claims must be just; and for not seeing this, but for honestly abiding by their own views of law, he sent the judges themselves to prison—thus showing, as Mr. Carlyle says, that he had very little sympathy for mere respectability of wig. In modern England, we may say without regret, the doggeries are too strong and loud to let such noble principles of the unpedantic takeroot; and, greatly to their credit, the Berlin doggeries yelped bravely enough. But the captain had his own way, and

"continued his salutary cashierment of the wiggid gentlemen and imprisonment till their full term ran." And in this way, and in this mood, he set about everything, always assiduous, inexorable, doing everything possible, and doing everything possible himself. "The strictest husbandman is not busier with his farm than Friederich with his kingdom throughout; which is indeed a farm leased him by the Heavens, in which not a gate-bar can be broken, nor a stone or sod roll into the ditch, but it is to his, the husbandman's, damage, and must be instantly looked after." This was his notion of duty, and it was because he did his duty after his fashion so earnestly and thoroughly that Mr. Carlyle has set him up on a literary pedestal, grieved a little that he was not a greater and completer hero, but finding such comfort and assurance as are expressed in the following striking words at the end of the book:

"He well knew himself to be dying; but, some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him; coming as if by nature, or by long second-nature; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide; to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into him by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world; ultimately, yes;—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

"A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or a man who stood more faithful to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friederich that was all the Law and all the Prophets; and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!"

SCIENCE.

Professor Agassiz has laid before the Paris Academy a remarkable paper upon the "Metamorphoses of Fishes," which he states are, according to his observations, as important as those of Reptiles (Amphibia.) At the present time, when pisciculture is so much studied, it appears remarkable that such metamorphoses should not have been sooner observed, but Agassiz accounts for it by the fact, that the metamorphoses generally commence immediately after hatching, at which period the fishes die rapidly when kept in captivity. He says he is prepared to show that

certain small fishes, which at first resemble Gadoids, or Blennioids, gradually pass to the type of Labroids and Lophioids; and that certain embryos, similar to the tadpoles of the frog or the toad, take by degrees the form of Cyprinodonts—that certain Apodes are transformed into Abdominal fishes, while some Malacopterygians (soft-finned) are changed into Acanthopterygians (hard-finned;) and, further, that a natural classification of Fishes can be founded on the correspondence which exists between their embryonic development and the complication of their structure in the adult state. M. Agassiz lately discovered that the metamorphoses of some members of the family of the Scomberoids are still more unexpected. All ichthyologists know the generic characters of the Dory (*Zeus faber*), and the peculiarities which attach it to the family of the Scomberoids. Another fish, less known, but more curious, which lives also in the Mediterranean, the *Argyroplecus hemigymnus*, has been generally classed with the Salmon family, or placed with the salmon as a sub-family. Systemic authors have generally considered the *Scomberoids* and *Salmon* as very different fishes, the first being Acanthopterygians, and the second a Malacopterygian. But the *Argyroplecus hemigymnus* is nothing else than a young *Zeus faber*. Agassiz says he expects ichthyologists to declare this opinion erroneous, but, in reply, he invites them simply to compare specimens of *Argyroplecus* with young Dorics, 8 to 10 décimètres in length.

Why the Wind Blows.—What, then, is the cause of the winds? The simple answer is—the sun. If you light a fire in a room, and afterwards stop up every chink by which air can gain access to the fire, except the chimney, the fire will go out in a short time. Again, if a lamp is burning on the table, and you stop up the chimney, at the top, the lamp will go out at once. The reason of this is that the flame, in each case, attracts the air, and if either the supply of air is cut off below or its escape above is checked, the flame can not go on burning. This explanation, however, does not bear to be pushed too far. The reason the fire goes out if the supply of air is cut off is, that the flame, so to speak, feeds on air; while the sun can not be said, in any sense, to be dependent on the earth's atmosphere for the fuel for his fire. We have chosen the illustration of the flame because the facts are so well known. If, instead of a lamp in the middle of a room, we were to hang up a large mass of iron, heated, we should find currents of air set in from all sides, rise up above it, and spread out when they reached the ceiling, descending again along the walls. The existence of these currents may be easily proved by sprinkling a handful of fine chaff about in the room. What is the reason of the circulation thus produced? The iron, unless it be extremely hot, as it is when melted by Mr. Bessemer's process, does not require the air in order to keep up its heat; and, in fact, the constant supply of fresh air cools it, as the metal gives away its own heat to the air as fast as the particles of the latter come in contact with it. Why, then, do the currents rise? Because the air, when heated, expands or gets lighter, and rises, leaving an empty space or vacuum where it was before. Then the surrounding cold air, being elastic,

forces itself into the open space, and gets heated in its turn. From this we can see that there will be a constant tendency in the air to flow towards that point on the earth's surface where the temperature is highest—or, all other things being equal, to that point where the sun may be at that moment in the zenith. Accordingly, if the earth's surface were either entirely dry land, or entirely water, and the sun were continually in the place of the equator, we should expect to find the direction of the great wind currents permanent and unchanged throughout the year. The true state of the case is, however, that these conditions are very far from being fulfilled. Every one knows that the sun is not always immediately over the equator, but that he is at the tropic of Cancer in June, and at the tropic of Capricorn in December, passing the equator twice every year at the equinoxes. Here, then, we have one cause which disturbs the regular flow of the wind-currents. The effect of this is materially increased by the extremely arbitrary way in which the dry land has been distributed over the globe. The Northern hemisphere contains the whole of Europe, Asia, and North America, the greater part of Africa, and a portion of South America; while in the Southern hemisphere we only find the remaining portions of the two last named continents, with Australia and some of the large islands in its vicinity. Accordingly, during our summer there is a much greater area of dry land exposed to the nearly vertical rays of the sun than is the case during the winter.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ART.

Masterpieces of Industrial Art.—Messrs. Day have at length issued their great work—a representation, in colored lithography, of the principal Art-treasures contained in the International Exhibition, 1862, and designed as a sequel to that they published soon after the Great Exhibition, 1851. It is dedicated to the Queen, and is a right regal offering, for it contains three hundred prints, in most instances facsimiles of the objects pictured, and is, therefore, a worthy monument to the Exhibition, of which it will be a record long after that event is forgotten. Even now, it would be difficult to bring together a hundred of the hundreds of thousands of beautiful works collected at South Kensington; they are widely scattered; few of them were returned to their producers; their homes are in the mansions of the wealthy in Great Britain, where, although they continue to give enjoyment, they have ceased to be instructors. In these volumes, however, their teachings are perpetuated. There is no manufacturer of the kingdom, neither is there any artisan, who may not here acquire valuable lessons, that will add to his honor and to his prosperity; on this ground, chiefly, the work is to be commended and recommended. It ought to be a cherished guest in every Art-workshop; probably it is so; for, we believe, the list of subscribers contained the name of nearly every British producer of Art-works, and no doubt the work was obtained less as a luxury than a necessity. We gladly endorse the statement Messrs. Day have put forth regarding this most remarkable achievement:

"This important work, more complete than any of the kind published, is the most magnificent, useful, and interesting souvenir of the International Exhibition of 1862—rendering with exact fidelity, both in form and color, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the world's progress in Art and industry. Its value is enhanced by the thorough independence with which the selection of examples was made—the only influence brought to bear on that selection being the merit of the subjects themselves,—which, as a series, form, both in style and size, an attractive and elegant work, and also as permanent models for all interested or occupied in the various arts and manufactures represented."

There is no class of Art or Art-manufacture that is not represented; we turn over page after page to refresh our remembrances of the wonderful assemblage of Art-treasures—such a collection as even the youngest among us are not likely to see again in England. They were indeed the treasures of the world, for there was no country that held back from a contest in which victory was almost sure to the swift and the strong; and now that we have obliterated from our note-book humiliating memoranda of fatal mistakes committed, generally from incapacity, but sometimes wilfully, we may contemplate with exceeding satisfaction the memory of a glorious assemblage of Art-wonders, that made the year 1862 memorable in Art history.

Here are the rare jewels, set with true Art-power, by the most famous jewelers of England, Italy, Germany, and France; plate, the value of which is a thousandfold beyond the cost of the precious metals of which they are composed; furniture of surpassing beauty, from a hundred renowned establishments; porcelain, rendered by Art of greater worth than gold: in a word, every class of Art manufacture is here, very few objects being omitted which the memory recalls with satisfaction and pleasure; each and all supplying lessons to Art-manufacturers for centuries to come.

We can not devote to this valuable work the space to which, in review, it is entitled. It must suffice to say, there is no class of Art-manufacture unrepresented, and that consequently there is no manufacturer who may not study with advantage the works of his rivals side by side with his own. Mr. J. B. Waring, to whom was confided the duty of "selecting," and whose written descriptions accompany each print, merits the praise he has received for the entirely satisfactory manner in which he has accomplished his arduous and onerous task. Messrs. Day have sacredly fulfilled the pledge they gave to the thousand subscribers by whose support the costly work was undertaken, and has been carried to completion.—*Art Journal*.

MacIse's "Death of Nelson."—This great picture is now finished, and will shortly be open to public inspection. The work is spoken of as completed, but all available time will yet be employed in re-touching parts which may seem to require strengthening; and although, by the ordinary observer, the details of this revision would be inappreciable, yet the effect will be felt as a whole. This magnificent painting having been already more than once minutely described in these columns, it is not now necessary to repeat the story of its composition, and

that of the labors of the artist. It has been in contemplation by Mr. Maclise to exhibit at the Academy the carefully finished oil picture from which it has, figure by figure, been worked out. If, however, he had determined to send it for exhibition, he has, we believe, abandoned that resolution from a chivalrous regard for the interests and feelings of others. It is to be hoped that the singular delicacy and modesty of such an act will be understood, although as regards the line of sight at the Academy there are two extreme feelings which extinguish all considerations immediately relative—those of exultation, and those of bitter disappointment. But for the last five years we do not remember that Mr. Maclise has occupied a foot of the line. The exhibition, therefore of such a picture could not reasonably open a source of discontent, even to the most ambitious or most unworthy pretenders. There are many important reasons, entirely independent of its great merit, which render it desirable that the oil study should appear on the walls of the Academy, and those alone would have morally silenced the voices of the small authors of smaller themes. The extensive and patient research whereby, in the Waterloo picture, the military equipment and material, already all but forgotten, of the early part of the present century has been reproduced in painting, has, if possible with greater earnestness, been applied to circumstantial verification of the Trafalgar picture. Sentimental battle-painting is not, and never can be, a fashion among us; if it were a national taste, it could be more than gratified without divergence from truthful narrative. The accounts that have come down to us of the death of Nelson are too meagre to satisfy the inquiries of a very conscientious artist, and of the persons who were with Nelson when he fell, but very few are known; therefore, in the direction of portraiture the painter has had but little assistance. In modern pictures called historical, there is a marked tendency to dramatize serious narrative, but here is no approach to theatrical effect. The emotions of all the actors are absorbed by the circumstances of their situations respectively, without acknowledgment of an exterior circle of spectators, to whom the scene is as nothing without some vain compliment to national glory. Mr. Maclise has read his subject naturally, and set it before us with as near approach to reality as possible. With him an exaggerated utterance of grief is not necessary to the description of a calamity, nor an expression of wild exultation indispensable to that of a victory. We can not dismiss the subject without one word in reference to the inadequate remuneration granted for these national pictures, the discussion of which, at any length, may, however, be postponed until the subject is again brought before the House of Commons.—*Art Journal*.

Tuscan Sculptors: their Lives, Works and Times. With Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs. By CHARLES C. PERKINS. 2 Vols. Published by Longman & Co., London. It has often occurred to us as something singular that the attention of English writers upon Art has never been directed to the subject of Sculpture in the same way that Painting and Architecture have

been. These two Arts appear almost to have been exhausted by historians, who have investigated each subject respectively from the earliest known period to our own time, both in its rise and progress in different nations, and in its universal life. Sculpture, on the other hand, has met with entire neglect, except as connected in some way or other with the other Arts, or in the mere outline sketches contained in academical lectures. It has, in fact, "found but few admirers or illustrators," so says Mr. Perkins when speaking of the Sculpture of Italy, and it is equally true of the Sculpture of other countries. The reason for this, he says—still with reference to Italy—"does not lie so much in the greater claims of painting upon lovers and students of Art, as in the existence of an antique standard, by which all modern Sculpture is habitually judged, and of which it falls short; while Painting, which can not be submitted to this formidable test, is judged more according to its merits." Another and more positive reason why Italian Sculpture is so much less known, and consequently less widely appreciated than Italian Painting, is because it can only be studied in Italy, where its masterpieces are not to be found in splendid and commodious galleries, but in scattered churches and palaces, in which they are seldora so placed as to attract the attention of any but careful observers." He, however, admits that the collection of Italian Sculpture at south Kensington "makes it possible for a student to learn more about it in England than anywhere else out Italy." But Mr. Perkins entirely overlooks the vast and magnificent collection of casts at the Crystal Palace; true, they are principally of statues, and not of *relievs* and other works of numerous figures, such as compose the majority of the sculptures at Kensington; still along that lengthened vista of sculptured Art at Sydenham, from which scarcely a statue of note, whether ancient or modern, is absent, the student and the man of taste may pause, and admire, and reflect, and learn. And one has only to notice the utter disregard of these noble works by the thousands who visit the Palace, and also to observe the few who ever enter the Sculpture-room of the Royal Academy, and the problem of our national indifference to Sculpture is at once solved. It has comparatively but very "few admirers" among us, and hence there is small encouragement for men to write about it. Let us hope Mr. Perkins's volumes will inaugurate a new era in this matter. He divides his history of the "Sculptors of Tuscany" into six books. The first is assigned to architectural sculptors, Nicola Pisano and his scholars; the second to allegorical, Andrea Pisano, Balduccio, Orcagna, and others; the third to pictorial sculptors, Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others. The fourth book is entitled "Tares among the Wheat;" it is devoted to a record of certain sculptors whose works are presumed to have had a deteriorating influence upon the art, who departed from the pure traditions of their predecessors, and "aimed at smooth elegance rather than at truth and character." The fifth book speaks of Michael Angelo and his scholars; the sixth of Tuscan Sculpture under Cosimo I., among whom stand prominently forth Cellini, Bandinelli, Tribollo, and Gian Bologna. The history is thus brought down to the end of the sixteenth century, from which date the art,

as practised in Tuscany, possesses no longer any interest.

A narrative which, like this, embraces so wide and varied a range of subject-matter, and that includes in it a record of the labors of a very large number of artists, many of whom are comparatively unknown out of their own land, can not but be a most welcome addition to the Art-literature of our country, especially when we are able to recognize and estimate the care and industry evidently bestowed in collecting the materials and preparing them for the press; and, in addition to this, feel that the critical examination of the works referred to, though generally concise, has been guided by discriminating judgment and a knowledge of the art spoken of.

It is not to be denied that artists of transcendent genius exercise oftentimes an unfavorable influence upon their successors, who, attempting to imitate them, and possessing but little of their supreme ability, fail utterly in their endeavors. Such, in Mr. Perkins's opinion, were the imitators of Michael Angelo. "We are not prepared," he writes, "to say what would have been the fate of Sculpture had he never lived, for we have already pointed out signs of decay in artists who were old men when he was born, such as Pollajuolo, whose vicious style was unredeemed by any sublime element, and in those who enjoyed great reputation contemporaneously with himself, such as Andrea Sansavino, of whose evil influence the bas-reliefs upon the Santa Casa at Loreto may suffice as an example; but as Michael Angelo was far stronger than these men, his power for good or for evil upon his times was proportionably greater, and as his peculiarities were especially marked and imitable, while his sublimity was unattainable by men of inferior stamp, he above all others did harm in his day and generation."

The period at which Mr. Perkins's history ends, commences almost a new era in the annals of Sculpture, not only in Tuscany, but also throughout the whole of Italy. Simplicity of design and dignified expression, gave place to florid compositions and finished and elaborated execution. Bernini, the Neapolitan, and Algardi, of Bologna, led the van in the march of decadence, and their followers degenerated more and more till real Art became entirely a thing of the past.

We are promised by the author a continuation of the subject in the history of the Sculpture of other parts of Italy, and trust that the success which we predict will attend these volumes—they are, by the way, copiously illustrated with engravings of many of the principal works to which reference is made—may ensure the fulfilment of the promise.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

John Berridge's Clock.—The following lines were written and posted on his house clock by the Rev. John Berridge:

"Here my master bids me stand,
And mark the time with faithful hand;
What is his will is my delight,—
To tell the hours by day and night.
Master, be wise, and learn of me,
To serve thy God as I serve thee."

The name of Berridge is familiar to all who know the history of the revival of evangelical religion in England, from the days of Wesley and Whitfield to the close of the last century. The leading events of his personal history may be gathered from the characteristic epitaph written, with the exception of the last date, by himself: "Here lie the earthly remains of John Berridge, late Vicar of Everton, and an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ; who loved his Master and his work; and, after running his errands for many years, was called up to wait on him above. Reader, art thou born again? No salvation without a new birth. I was born in sin February, 1716; remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730; lived proudly on faith and works for salvation till 1751; was admitted to Everton Vicarage 1755; fled to Jesus for safety 1756; fell asleep in Christ Jesus, January 22, 1793."

The admirable Crichton.—In the minutes of the Council of Ten for the 19th of August, 1580, it is set forth that "A young Scotchman has arrived in this city, by name, Giacomo Critonio, of very noble lineage, from what one hears about his quality; and—from what has been clearly seen by divers proofs and trials made with very learned and scientific men, and especially by a Latin oration which he delivered extempore this morning in our College—of most rare and singular ability; in such wise that, not being above twenty years of age, or but little more, he astounds and surprises everybody—a thing which, as it is altogether extraordinary and beyond what nature usually produces, so ought it extraordinarily to induce this Council to make some courteous demonstration towards so marvelous a personage, more especially as, from accidents and foul fortune which have befallen him, he is in very straitened circumstances. Wherefore it will be put to the ballot, that of the monies of the chest of this Council there be given to the said Crichton, a Scottish gentleman, one hundred golden crowns. Ayes, 22; noes, 2; neutrals, 4."—"Venetian Archives," by W. Rawdon Brown.

A Styrian Landscape.—A pilgrimage-looking church shone white upon a hill, and in the distance to the west rose the rocky barrier of the Caldron—one huge stony mass in particular, the Raducha, representing in this direction the last bulwark of the Alps; eastward now lay the plains of Hungary, and then the Carpathians. With two heavy farm-horses we started for Cilli about eleven o'clock. At the leisurely pace they took, it was seven at night before we reached it—all down a widening valley, expanding till it was almost a plain, and a cluster of dark peaks on the backward horizon alone remained of the mountain world. The day was pleasant, with a fresh autumn feel in the air. Gardens, gay with dahlias and China-asters; orchards, laden with plums; corn-plots with the harvest all gathered; low hills covered with wood, crowned with small white churches by the dozen, and stretching into hazy, sunshiny distance on either hand; a river flowing broadly in the center, and bearing innumerable timber-logs, to be formed lower down into rafts for the navigation of the Save and Danube; such was this Styrian landscape. By five o'clock the valley had become quite a plain, an expanse of Indian corn, though still bor-

dered by hills. Villages thickened, and twice or thrice a tract of blackened timbers showed that one had been destroyed by fire. Then a long low cloud of dust marked a high road in the distance, and châteaux, in a sort of dishevelled grandeur, lifted their turrets here and there. Suddenly we were in the broad road itself, not more interesting than that of Barnet in times of yore, but unlike that of Barnet; for where an avenue turned off to a mansion, a great golden crucifix was fixed, the rich man's testimony to his religion; while, farther on three lofty statues in marble, of sainted ecclesiastics, marked the limit of his estate, and shone far over the landscape. Soldiers were seen lounging about the inns and villages—an unpleasant suggestion of crowded quarters at Cilli, which appeared at last in the distance, glimmering over trees and backed by castle ruins on a hill. And there—there are the long low lines or the rail! Oh, how different in their mathematical rigidity from the soaring, sweeping, tossing, broken lines of mountain and hill, and the trembling lines of lake and stream that had been our delight so long.—*Gilbert's, Dolomite Mountains.*

Jersey.—The climate of Jersey is mild and genial, somewhat resembling that of Ponza. To invalids troubled with chest complaints it is very suitable; but the more robust find it relaxing. The fruit is good, abundant, and cheap. The figs, apricots, and Charentais pears are excellent, and grapes are extensively cultivated in public and private vineries, in greenhouses, and out of doors. In 1859 there were 10,302 lbs. of Jersey grapes exported to Covent Garden market; and one proprietor of vineries in the island is now under contract to furnish all he grows to one of our great fruiterers at prices varying, according to the season, from 2s. 6d. to 22s. the lb. The island is also celebrated for its butter, of which 93,598 lbs. were exported to this country in 1861. A substitute for butter is made in the island from apples, which is termed black butter. Cider is also largely produced and largely exported from Jersey and Guernsey. In 1861 we received from the islands 56,820 gallons. The population of Jersey is over 55,000. There are eleven newspapers published at St. Helier. Upwards of 500 boats are engaged in the oyster fisheries of the islands. The value of the oysters dredged from September 1st, 1860, to April 30th, 1861, was £18,371 5s. Oysters are also preserved and pickled in the islands in large quantities. The value of oysters pickled between 1856 and 1857 amounted to £14,400. The shipping tonnage of the islands is very considerable. In Jersey there were, in 1862, 430 vessels, measuring 41,000 tons. There are only eleven ports in England in advance of Jersey as respects tonnage.—*Leisure Hour.*

London Fish Markets.—Henry III., to increase the Queen's custom at Queenhithe, ordered all fish to be landed at that port, and this led to the establishment of the great London fish market in Bread Street ward. It is described by Stow as commencing with moveable stalls, set out with fish on market days, whence they grew to shops, and to tall houses, three and four stories in height. One fishmonger mayor had here, in 1349, two shops, one rented at 3s. and the other at 4s.; this market occupying a plot

of ground lengthwise, along Old Fish Street from Bread Street to the church opposite St. Mary Magdalen. Knight-riders Street was, in these early times, famous for fish and fish dinners; and Friday Street from fishmongers dwelling there, and serving the Friday market. Sir William Davenant, who was a boy when Shakespeare lived, describes Old Fish Street as so narrow that neighbors could shake hands from the garret windows across the street. The street was noted for its taverns and signs; and tokens exist of the sign of Henry VII. and Will Somers, Henry VIII's jester. Another tavern had the head of Wolsey for a sign; and Aubrey gossips, the Cardinal had here a stately cellar for his wines. In the reign of Edward II some of the principal dealers removed to Bridge Street, which market communicated with Billingsgate, but occupied other stations, as Fish Wharf, Oystergate Wharf, Stock-fish Row, and Eastcheap. In Bridge Street, at one time, lived "the topping men and merchants of the trade." The interments of wealthy fishmongers are numerous in the registers of St. Magnus and St. Botolph, Billingsgate. St. Michael's was a general burial-place of stock fishmongers: the church was founded and enlarged by Lovekyn and Walworth, Lord Mayors, and both buried here. The first Hall of the Company was in Thames Street, and does not appear to have been of any age or duration; it was built on the site of the house in which lived Lovekyn, four times Lord Mayor and M. P. for the city, and also Walworth, who was twice Lord Mayor.—*Leisure Hour.*

Lord Russell on Capital Punishment.—Lord Russell has published a new edition of his work on the "English Constitution." In a lengthened introduction, which his lordship has specially written for the edition, he expresses himself favorable to the abolition of capital punishment: "For my own part, I do not doubt for a moment either the right of a community to inflict the punishment of death, or the expediency of exercising that right in certain states of society. But when I turn from that abstract right and that abstract expediency to our own state of society—when I consider how difficult it is for any judge to separate the case which requires inflexible justice from that which admits the force of mitigating circumstances—how invidious the task of the Secretary of State in dispensing the mercy of the Crown—how critical the comments made by the public—how soon the object of general horror becomes the theme of sympathy and piety—how narrow and how limited the examples given by this condign and awful punishment—how brutal the scene of the execution—I come to the conclusion that nothing would be lost to justice, nothing lost in the preservation of innocent life, if the punishment of death were altogether abolished. In that case a sentence of a long term of separate confinement, followed by another long term of hard labor and hard fare, would cease to be considered as an extension of mercy. If the sentence of the judge were to that effect there would scarcely ever be a petition for remission of punishment, in cases of murder, sent to the Home Office. The guilty, unpitied, would have time and opportunity to turn repentant to the Throne of Mercy."